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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SYDNEY



The girl in the car has caught the sun
Over the miles that the roadways run.
Young and glad in the summer day,
Chasing the wind along the way.

SPEED NYMPH

By PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN

Flushed with the joy and thrill of speeding,
Following where the miles are leading,
Love of the road and the wind she knows,
The girl in the car, as on she goes.

AUSTRALIAN GIRLS Write LONDON Comedy HIT

Casually Posted It By Air Mail—Then "Big Time"

Critics Compare Sisters to Wodehouse at His Best

When The Australian Women's Weekly discovered the brilliant Australian girls who write under the pen-name of Margot Neville great deeds were predicted for them.

The publication of several of their novels as free supplements to The Australian Women's Weekly assured them of a very wide public in Australia.

Now the huge electric lights of St. Martin's Theatre, in the West End of London, are telling the world that these girls have "arrived," with their play, "Heroes Don't Care," the comedy success of the season.

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

WITH "Heroes Don't Care," by Margot Neville, the most outstanding comedy success of the London stage this season, two brilliant Australian girls have come to the forefront, with the critics comparing their flair for comedy to that of Wodehouse at his best.

The play came to London unheralded and unsung. An agent showed it to the producer for St. Martin's Theatre, Mr. Claud Gurney, and he at once sensed its possibilities.

All London is now asking, "Who is this brilliant dramatist, Margot Neville?"

Night after night there are calls for the author, but the call is unanswered.

Instead, the producer informs the crowd that Margot Neville is the "nom-de-theatre of two girls, Margot Goyder and Anne Neville, her married sister, resident in Melbourne, and of whom more will be heard."

And that is all London knows of its latest finds in the farce-comedy world.

With almost every second person hawking a play around London, and with a shortage of theatres to house the work of even well-known play-

wrights, the success of these Australian sisters is the more remarkable. Their agent told me that the girls just posted their play to him from Melbourne and waited for something to happen.

"The first manager I showed it to grabbed it," he said.

Play That Broke London Heat-wave

THE sisters, when seen at their home at East Melbourne by a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly, expressed themselves as delighted with the success of their play.

"You see," said Margot Goyder, "Anne and I wrote the play—it's about Arctic explorers—put it in the air mail and forgot about it."

"Then things began to happen. Our agent got it placed, and now everybody wants it."

"It was launched in the worst month of the year for new plays in London, and we were very worried about its fate. Luckily for us it was an instantaneous success."

"They have had a heat-wave over there, you know," interposed Anne Neville, "and perhaps an Arctic comedy was just what the public wanted."

"The critics have been most kind. Almost all of them have nothing but praise for the play, and one celebrated writer compared the humor to Wodehouse in his heyday. Others expressed

amazement that it was the work of collaborators."

"People have always been surprised at that," broke in Miss Goyder.

"When The Australian Women's Weekly published our novels as free supplements, and incidentally, introduced us to a wide Australian public, we received fan mail which expressed the opinion that one wrote the story and the other just helped."

"That is not true. It's a fifty-fifty job with us, and we find nothing difficult about it."

"It was the same with 'Heroes Don't Care,' and I'm glad for the sake of Australia that we have been able to put a play over big in the West End."

"I consider it a lucky day from all angles," said Mrs. Neville, the other

partner of the play-writing combination.

"Coral Brown, an Australian in the cast, has won to stardom as a result of her work in the comedy."

"Incidentally, the play is making other

records. Almost immediately the film people made an offer for the talcum rights, and it is likely that a film will be made later in the year."

"The big publishing house of Gollancz

was the next to become interested,

and the play is to be published in the 'Best Plays of 1936.'

It wasn't long before New York heard of our success, and the play has been bought for a New York season."

"The play is approaching its 100th

performance in London, and our agents

have received offers of translation into

five languages."

"If the air mail isn't popular after

this, you can't blame us," she concluded.

Explorers in Family

THE playwritings come of a pioneering

family. Mr. George Goyder was

Agent-General of South Australia.

With the girl's grandfather he did much

exploration work.

Together they dis-

covered the Gwydir River (N.S.W.).

Goyder is the Anglicised version of the old Welsh name, Gwydir, which

the family dropped on coming to Australia.

partner of the play-writing combination.

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**Let's Talk Of
Interesting
People**



Dr. Hugh Devine.

Famous Surgeon

SIR HUGH DEVINE, M.B., M.S., F.R.A.C.S., recently appointed as a member of the Medical Board of Victoria, is one of the most eminent surgeons in Australia.

He is senior surgeon at St. Vincent's Hospital, Melbourne, and vice-president of the Royal Australian College of Surgeons, which he helped to found.

Originated the Australian and New Zealand Journal of Surgery in 1928, and is chairman of the editorial committee.

**Husband's Right-hand**

TO his actress wife, Marion Lorne, Walter Hackett, the famous English dramatist and producer, owes much of his fame. She portrays with amazing success characters which are the highlights of his plays.

Their latest success, "The Fugitives," opened at the Apollo Theatre in London, not long ago.

It is said that the Hackett-Lorne formula consists of giving the public action instead of oratory, with intricate plot and counter-plot around a central figure.

**Planning Programme**

WOMEN will play a big part in the 150th Anniversary Celebrations of N.S.W. in 1938, and an advisory committee, with Mrs. Mildred Muscio as president, is already at work.

Mrs. Muscio is an experienced leader. She is well-known throughout Australia, not only for her work in women's organisations, but in University circles. She was a member of the Royal Commission on Child Endowment, and travelled throughout the Commonwealth when the Commission was taking evidence in 1927-28. Has been president of the N.S.W. Council of Women since 1927, of the Lyceum Club since 1929.

LET'S ALL Go to OLYMPIC GAMES



Our Team of Nearly Seven Millions Would Dazzle the World in a Big Parade

What a novel touch would be given to future Olympic Games if a new section could be introduced in which nations would make a mass entry, to be judged on all-round sporting ability and physical and mental development.

That would be the world's greatest spectacle, with nation matched against nation in a huge display of ability and sportsmanship, and the indications are that Australia—the youngest nation—would sweep the pool.

That's because life itself, with its joys and sorrows, work and recreation, striving and conquering, is one long Olympic Games picnic to Australians.

THERE has naturally been some disappointment at Australia's showing in the Games just concluded in Berlin.

There is no need, however, to fear that the display of our men and women athletes at the Games indicates a lower standard of national physical ability as compared with other countries.

It would be just as ridiculous to assume that, if Iceland produced a marvellous swimmer who cleaned up Olympia in this sport, Icelanders, en masse, could beat all-Australia as a huge swimming team.

Sport here is an active recreation for all, not work for a comparative few, as it has become in other countries.

Our wholesale participation in tennis, golf, cricket, and above all, surfing, has developed a race of healthy people, who, in the mass, excel any equivalent group of people that could be assembled by nations with far bigger populations.

After all, the real guide to progress and development is the average all-round standard of whole populations, not the spectacular showing of the hand-picked few. And in this regard Australia can do better than any.

Open-air Sports

ON any beach you'll find the real sunny spirit at the back of Australian sport—men and women swimming, diving, running, jumping, playing in friendly but vigorous fashion all the games that world's champions at Olympia do under intense strain. In this carefree style Australians do their exercises, which other countries seem to prefer doing in uniforms.

The real truth of the matter is that Australians generally do not take the Olympic type of sports seriously (except perhaps rowing and swimming), and never have done so.

Australia is a country where the climate makes open air sport possible all the year round. But our popular sports, both for participant and onlooker, are cricket, football, golf, tennis, surfing, and (in a lesser degree) cycling and swimming.

Amateur running, jumping, hurdling, shot-putting, javelin-throwing, relay-racing, pole-vaulting, and weight-lifting have their Australian participants and followers, but they are not popular sports in the wider sense of the term.

They are minor considerations in comparison with cricket, tennis, football, or golf, and their participants are in a minority compared with those in overseas countries.

Science, Not Sport
In the United States, for instance, athletic events, in particular college events, are treated as matters of national importance.

In fact, the preparation of an Olympic team becomes not so much a matter of sport as of science.

Australians do not take amateur athletics so seriously. As a matter of fact, the average Australian does not take these sports seriously at all. "Good exercise, running and jumping, for youngsters, no doubt," is the verdict; "but, for the game's sake, not in the same class as first-rate cricket, tennis, or football."

Especially in the growing field of women's sport is this distinction

ON ANY BEACH you'll find the real spirit of Australian sport—men and women running, jumping, diving, swimming, playing in friendly, vigorous style all the games that world's champions at the Olympiad do under intense strain.

obvious. Women tennis, golf, and swimming champions share the popular limelight and draw big crowds in all kinds of exciting picnic, with an athletic contest "thrown in."

Which explains why Australia is not taking the team's lack of success to heart, as it would the loss of the cricket Ashes, or as it worried over the recent championship tennis, or the superiority of the English football team which recently toured Australia.

These Olympic Games are not our national games; we hoped for some great success—but failed; and we obviously do not rank our failure as of much significance in the realm of our national sport.

To the Australians, the Games were a



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At last you are able to learn all branches of art under the supervision of this famous Australian artist. This amazing short-cut method simplifies art. You learn at home.

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BRDIE MACK has made it possible by means of this remarkable Course for you to earn money in your spare hours. He shows you how to "cash in" on his experience. He teaches you how to rapidly develop your latent ability so that you are able to produce striking illustrations and art work. The fact of you reading this announcement points to you having a desire to be an artist—then send for this amazing book and let us prove that we can make you a skilled artist.

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Be An Artist." I enclose stamp to defray postage.
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Address



BUNGLE ON Homes Grant and Dole STIRS PUBLIC Government's Backward Move Hits People in all Directions

The action of the N.S.W. Government in withdrawing the ten per cent. subsidy to home builders has aroused strong public resentment, already stirred by the Government's "back to the dole" policy.

Following the disclosures made in last week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, many complaints have been received from disappointed home-seekers, who had either applied to the Rural Bank for financial assistance, or were about to do so.

WHO gave the decision? Was the matter discussed in Cabinet, or was it a decision of Mr. Spooner, the Acting Treasurer, that resulted in instructions being given to the Rural Bank that the 10 per cent subsidy, amounting to £100,000, would no longer be granted to home builders?

The Australian Women's Weekly tried to nail Mr. Spooner down to these questions.

Was it a Cabinet decision? our representative asked Mr. Spooner—it was a Government decision, said the Acting Treasurer.

Why did the Government make this decision in view of the improving financial position of the State? our representative asked.

"I don't know whether I should make any statement on this matter," replied Mr. Spooner, who was obviously un-

oyed at the prominence given to the Government's decision.

However, the Acting Treasurer finally decided to let the public into his confidence—just a little bit.

"I dealt with this matter," he said. "It was found that the Rural Bank had all the applications for advances for homes that it could finance, by applicants who were prepared to find 25 per cent. of the purchase price of their homes."

"But what about the hardship that will be caused to applicants who have only 15 per cent. of their purchase money, and were looking to the Government to find the other ten per cent?" he was asked.

"There will be no hardship," replied Mr. Spooner. "The subsidy was only granted by the Government in the first instance as an encouragement to the home building scheme." With that he intimated that the interview was over.

What He Forgot

THE full exposure of the home subsidy cuts in The Australian Women's Weekly last week perturbed the Government.

Electors at the Vaucluse by-election meetings heard Mr. Spooner defend his home subsidy "baby" when speaking at Rose Bay in support of Mr. Hugh Foster, U.A.P. candidate. He said:

"We continue our policy of assisting

If you are SICK, NERVY, RUN DOWN

Don't Drug Yourself

Regain Glorious Health and Vitality with Nature's own Remedy

Thousands who are run down in health, nervy and irritable do not realise that their trouble comes from neglect of internal cleanliness. Yet this simple health rule provides the only sure way to overcome those fits of depression and that general run down condition.

Keep your intestines free of poisonous waste and you will enjoy glorious health and vitality.

Drugs cannot reach or dispel the cause of your trouble

People who fly to drugs for relief must realise that these give only temporary stimulation and benefit, and fail to reach or remove the cause—the poisons of Constipation which attack the nerves, tissues and body organs, causing blotchy, unhealthy complexion, severe illness and eventual breakdown.

Internal Organs and Blood must be cleansed daily

A small dose of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts taken first thing every morning in a long glass of warm water thoroughly clears the system and creates a natural and regular working of the body organs with the result that poisons generated by decaying food in the intestines are entirely eliminated, the blood stream is purified and the whole system rejuvenated. Depression, lassitude and nervous headaches become a thing of the past and life is worth living again.

SCHUMANN'S bring happiness after months of Agony

Here is proof! "For years I was subject to Neuralgia and for days on end I suffered untold agony. I tried everything I could think of, then someone recommended Schumann's. After the first few doses I felt better and its regular use entirely freed me of this painful complaint. I assure you now my present good health is Schumann's."



Sluggish Bowels cause severe illness

The world's most eminent scientists are agreed that the most serious human ills spring from Sluggish bowels, and if you are not regular and continue to neglect yourself you will soon become a victim of such complaints as

RHEUMATISM
CONSTIPATION
NEURITIS, BACKACHE
NERVOUS DISORDERS
HEADACHES
SLUGGISH LIVER

There is nothing to equal Schumann's for the relief and cure of these conditions.



ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
1/6 & 2/9 PER JAR

SCHUMANN'S
MINERAL SPRING SALTS

DON'T ACCEPT SUBSTITUTES — INSIST ON SCHUMANN'S

Fashion Spies Watch These Men



small home builders by advancing 75 per cent. of the value of the property through the Rural Bank, upon terms of repayment extending over 30 years, which amounts to the equivalent of rent. We will encourage the ownership of homes that will give our citizens an interest in their land."

A more correct statement of the position would have been for Mr. Spooner to have announced: "We have abandoned our policy of advancing 85 per cent. to assist small home builders, etc."

He should have indicated also what will happen to the £100,000 that will be saved by the abolition of the subsidy—£100,000 that is exacted from wage-earners through the wages tax. Will it mean a reduction of the wages tax?

But perhaps Mr. Spooner's explanation would not have assisted the U.A.P. candidate in his campaign, especially in view of the Government's new dole policy, which has also stirred the community.

BIG FOUR Lead in Men's STYLES

Gone are the days of depressingly drab dressing for men.

NO longer can one buy Dad or Jack a nice, warm, sensible dressing-gown for his birthday and expect it to be in daily use till the last thread of its brown flannel warp parts company from its strong and sturdy wool.

In short, men's fashions have assumed an importance unknown to them since the days of Beau Brummel.

High time, too. The almost flat, monotonous dressing of men has long been due for modernisation, and the world owes a debt of gratitude to the four Englishmen who are pioneering this particular path of progress for men.

These fashion stalwarts are the King, the Duke of Kent, Mr. Anthony Eden, and the Earl of Westmoreland—the world's big Fashion Four.

Modes For Men

TO-DAY, every movement of these "key" men of fashion is watched by American fashion spies. What they wear to-day is the rage of Fifth Avenue to-morrow, and of London and Paris a few days later.

This spring all the large Australian department stores are making a special feature of men's fashions.

Artfully dressed windows have said good-bye to the waxy piety of the lay figure. Their place has been taken by life-like bronzed Apollos, clad in apparel which has stolen all the hues in Joseph's coat and a bewildering range of styles.

No man hies him into a store and merely asks for a shirt. What kind of shirt, sir? Dress, day, tennis, golf, hiking? Will you have the sleeves long, seven-eighths, short, or do you prefer a sleeveless model? Shades? This new subgenre is popular. His Majesty . . .

Soon, Worth, Hartnell, Lelong, and their peers in creating modes for women will have their parallels in the male world.

Will the next step be exclusive fashion parades of men's wear?

THE KEY men of fashion. They are the King and the Duke of Kent (top) and Anthony Eden and the Earl of Westmoreland. They are spied on daily, and any new sartorial notes they adopt are copied and adopted round the world.

A Complete Short Story

Illustrated by BOOTHROYD

The autograph hunters queued up, and Averil and her assistants got busy with the records. Keith was busy too. Averil, glancing in his direction, saw the set smile and heard the low, attractive voice speaking to each stranger as if no one else existed for him in all the world.

SWEET Bells JANGLED



JIT was only eleven o'clock in the morning, and already six customers had asked to hear the record of Keith Carson's new number.

The seductive tenor voice filled the department, making the young assistants go all dewy-eyed, causing hurrying customers to pause and listen, making even Mr. Cox, the floor director, straighten his tie, and remember some of the girls he hadn't married.

"No rose in June,
Sky without moon,
Life out of tune
Without you."

Only Averil hardened her heart against the insinuating voice. "If I hear that song once more I shall go stark, staring mad."

"But Averil," protested Edie, the younger of two assistants. "It's lovely."

"Sickly, you mean." She looked at the pile of records under her hand. "Here's something serious—a twenty-pound order at our discretion—classical records to be sent to one of the outposts of Empire. And how can I think when every second customer wants to hear Keith Carson moaning about the roses in June?" A fat, middle-aged woman approached the counter. "Quick, Edie, you serve her. She's just the type that likes crooners."

Averil resoundingly closed her study of the letter from the outpost of Empire. At twenty-one she was the head of her department with two young girls to train and subject only to the floor director.

"Mr. Cox wants you. He's in his room."

Averil walked across to Mr. Cox's private office, which was behind her counter, and from which he directed the activities of the whole floor.

"We've got great news for you, Averil. We've got a tie-up with Keith Carson."

"Already we seem to hear nothing but Keith Carson from morning to night."

"This is different—we're going to have him in person."

"What?"

"Yes, our publicity man pulled it off. It's costing the firm something, but it should be a big draw. Next week he's

Averil was an unusual girl; she did not like husky tenors... not at first!

to come from eleven to one and every afternoon from three to five."

"Extraordinary how the women run after him. Haven't they any self-respect?"

"You wait," said Mr. Cox. "You wait till I've seen him."

"I know every feature of his face by heart. His picture is everywhere—I've never seen more wooden perfection. It's not a face. It's a kind of model."

Keith Carson proved better than his pictures. The dark eyes were lively and intelligent, the mouth was flexible, and the lines which the photographers had eliminated gave character to the face. There was life behind the mask.

"Good morning," he said, and he produced a well-practiced smile that expressed exactly nothing.

Averil did not smile in return. Her wide grey eyes were serious.

"I would like you to look at my suggestions, Mr. Carson," she said.

Mr. Cox felt that there was a certain frigidity in the air. He tried to put matters on a friendlier footing. "I suppose we'll open with 'No Rose in June'."

"Oh, no, Mr. Cox," said Averil quickly. "We can sell that anyway. We want Mr. Carson for the records we can't sell—the early ones."

Keith Carson looked up, awake, interested, surprised. "You can't sell those? Why? They were good."

"Yes. Better than the present ones," said Averil impersonally. "There's nothing against them except that they were made before your restaurant and radio hit and people have forgotten them."

"Better than the present ones," he

repeated in astonishment. "You think that?"

"Yes—don't you?"

For a moment he was silent. "Come to consider it I suppose you're right."

Averil nodded indifferently. "Now—would you first make a little speech?"

She handed him a typewritten sheet.

"Here it is. It's about how you'd like to sing them some of the songs you sang on your ladder to success. Then after the first day we can say they're by request."

"They might be you know," suggested Keith Carson.

"They might," she admitted dryly.

Mr. Cox still felt this was not quite the way to treat the distinguished stranger. "Averil is a very good organiser," he said apologetically. "You'll find she has everything beautifully arranged for you."

"I'm sure she will," said Keith Carson, his eyes on Averil's face. "It's so refreshing to find someone with their minds on their business."

Mr. Cox laughed nervously. "I expect you get a little tired of all the adulation."

"Tired!" echoed Keith Carson. "That

isn't the half of it. Positively I long for someone to sock me on the jaw." His face clouded. "It isn't as if it all meant anything."

He got up. "We've all set then."

He turned to Averil. "I'm relying on you." His smile was now quite genuine. "I'll do whatever you say. You seem a tower of strength."

Averil steeled herself against his smile. "Very well, Mr. Carson. We'll

be all ready for you—Monday afternoon."

By ten-thirty on Monday there were already a crowd of eager women in the gramophone department.

By eleven o'clock the place was packed. At five-past eleven Mr. Denham, junior, the proprietor's son, arrived to welcome the guest. "By

the same firm tone she answered, "I'll take you down the private stair."

She led the way into Mr. Cox's room. "Thank Heaven that's over!" he said. "Lead me at once to a long drink and the private stair."

"There isn't any private stair. You'll have to sit here till they disperse unless you want to be mobbed, and the only kind of drink I can offer you is a soft one. Our restaurant has no licence."

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Complete short story!

By...

**HYLTON
CLEAVER**

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

A GIFT of FLOWERS

He had been promised a job... if he could prove he had personality



WHEN a young man starts for an appointment much too early it usually means that he is excited at the thought of it.

George Mackenzie had started two and a half hours early for Aunt Alice's cocktail party for quite a different reason. She lived ten miles away, and he was going to walk there.

Now George was out of work, funds, and favor with the family, and so the question must arise: Why walk so far to get a cocktail?

Well, George was making a point of walking everywhere, not only to save money, but because he argued that it was just as well to get used to being a tramp since he would probably end as one, and that he must harden his feet to the rigors of the future.

Of course, there would not be much excuse for George if he simply strolled to cocktail parties with his hands in his pockets. He was going to Aunt Alice's for a definite reason. There would be snacks there, and snacks would provide him with the only meal he would enjoy that day. Also, Aunt Alice had promised to have somebody there who could give him a job, if he could only be persuaded that George had personality.

Now when he was nearing the end of his forced march George discreetly paused to dust his shoes in some long grass. He then looked curiously ahead, spotting what must be the "modern cottage" to which Aunt Alice had moved to get away from a family with whom she was not in much better favor than George.

Some people were just getting out of a car, and strutting through Aunt Alice's gate about fifty yards ahead

And, to George's perplexity, they were all carrying parcels—neat packages that dangled from loops of string held by little fingers; and it dawned on George that this was really, of course, a house-warming. They had each brought some "little thing" to add to the household furniture.

Now while his failure to do likewise might not have been a serious omission had he been first to arrive, and therefore unobserved, it would be awkward for him now because he was arriving last. Not that he cared what people thought, but he did not wish to slight Aunt Alice, the only one of his relatives he liked, by seeming niggardly.

HIS eyes settled covetously upon the garden of a house. Though it was dusk he beheld that this was stocked with autumn flowers. This house stood well back from the road, and there were no lights in the windows at the front. Surreptitiously he opened the gate, crept in, and darted under cover of some rhododendron bushes.

Disregarding mere asters and chrysanthemums, and looking about with a finger held selectively against his chin, he plumped for dahlias. His thieving fingers hovered above them, then with a last look across one shoulder, George Mackenzie stooped to stealing. And he took generously for Aunt Alice.

The raid was over. He was out on the road again. All he wanted now was a clean white sheet of paper which he could fashion into a florist's cone.

A stores delivery van stood up the road. George persuaded the man in charge to fix him up, and marched on confidently to the house.

"Mr. Mackenzie!" cried the maid. George, like a stage-door johnny, stepped up behind his fine bouquet. Aunt Alice shrilled, unwrapped the paper cone with busy and delighted fingers, then turning to the man beside her, cried:

"Oh, Major! Did you ever see such gorgeous dahlias?"

The major had seen such gorgeous dahlias once. But only once. There came, then, one of those agonising halts in conversation which drive it home to the most thick-skinned maker of faux pas that something is amiss. And Major Clarkson-Burns, short, white-moustached, and rubicund,

whose eyeballs had already swelled to bursting point, now had the stage.

"Confound you, sir, these are mine! They must be! Nobody else could grow them!"

Then, as George feebly gesticulated, he made a grab, snatched the bouquet from Aunt Alice, and shook it frantically in George's face.

"You desecrating blackguard! I have been tending these for the autumn flower show ever since last June. And now, sir, you've picked them!"

George struck an attitude, begging

with one hand for silence and with the other for a hearing.

"For show?" he breathed at last. "But surely—surely, sir, you would grow flowers for show under glass?"

"Oh, don't be such a fool!" cried the major, almost sobbing. "People do not grow dahlias under glass! The whole idea, man, is to grow them out of doors. They're for the autumn show . . . the autumn, man—autumn!"

George could only shrug regretfully. "I'm really very sorry, sir, I really am. I'd no idea. It does seem bad, I admit. You must take them back. You can still show them in the cut-flower event!"

And it was at this moment that Aunt Alice chose to do what she could to smooth things over.

"Major," said she, "I'm sure there must be some mistake! George, this is Major Clarkson-Burns, whom I so wished to meet. And Major, this is my nephew George, who does so want that post you mentioned. Now, sit down together and have a nice long chat!"

The major gave one squeal of rage. As the door crashed behind him, a small, cool, and reprimanding voice of great charm spoke from just by George's shoulder.

"You could have done just one thing worse, and only one," it said. "You could have presented the bouquet to him instead of to your aunt."

George turned. He spread both hands appealingly.

"Couldn't he have put up a board, to warn a fellow?"

"But," said the girl who had spoken,

place where—in my embarrassment—I could lie down in the shade whilst you laid healing hands upon my forehead?"

"It would do me more good," said she, "to put mine round your throat and shake you. I am his daughter, and I helped him grow them."

The guests had gone.

Aunt Alice sat amid that most depressing of all spectacles: the debris of a party from which much has been hoped and nothing has accrued. At her side sat George Mackenzie, drumming on his knees with his fingers.

"I will at least say this," Aunt Alice said. "You meant it kindly, George."

Then the door opened, and that cool, quiet girl walked in with the same air of limpid calm that had seemed to George so exquisitely reminiscent of a forest pool after the boiling lava of the major's eruption.

"Well," he said, rising, "did you find him?"

"Oh, yes, he's at home all right."

"What is he doing now?"

"He's stamping up and down the gravel with his hands behind him. I shall get him something specially nice for his supper. Invalid food of some sort will be best."

"Perhaps I had better wait until he has got that down," said George, "before I ask him about this job of mine."

T

HE girl stared at him.

"You don't really expect to get a job from father—after this?"

"Why not? I made an ace of myself about the flowers, but I am worth my weight in gold as an engineer."

"He will say no sane man could employ you in any capacity whatever."

"I can only ask."

"If you do ask, I'll bet you a hundred to one that you get nothing. In fact, he is much more likely to run at you with a fork."

George cast his eyes up to the ceiling.

"A hundred to one, eh? Will you really offer those odds? Well—have you got eight-and-fourpence if I can stake a penny?"

"Oh, I'll pay if I lose."

George's eyes were now devoutly taking in her milk-white skin, unusual, he thought, in one who spent her spare time in a garden, even if usual in those whose hair is rusty-red.

Please turn to Page 20

Leave Them Alone



KITTY CLAIR read her brother Roderick's letter thoughtfully and with what was at least the beginning of a bitter smile.

"Expect us all up for Easter Week, and perhaps a little longer. Thanks a million times for that fifty you loaned me; it certainly came in handy. When I think how much I owe you I feel heartily ashamed, you've been a trump."

There was a good deal more, but those few sentences were the gist of the letter. Rod, with Milly, his wife, and their four dear but devilish young offspring, were coming to stay a week (which would probably lengthen into a fortnight), and he was grateful for the fifty pounds she had loaned him (and would probably borrow another fifty from her).

She felt that even Rod was becoming too much for her. He was a great chap and all that, but still . . .

The busy whirring of a lawn-mower drew her attention. She looked out of the long French window of her delightful drawing-room and saw old Johnny Clark, her gardener and general handy man, mowing the long, broad lawn.

Johnny, she reflected, cost her two pounds a week in cash and at least another pound to keep. Certainly he earned it, but around the corner taking his ease in the most comfortable hammock and smoking her best cigarettes was her young brother, Blair, who was quite capable of doing Johnny's work and so saving her the expense of Johnny.

She wondered what Blair was doing. Probably writing sonnets to his mistress eyebrows she thought, and she went around to the verandah not so much as to verify as to confirm the thought.

"Hello, Kit," he said languidly, scarcely lifting his eyes from the novel she had just brought from her library and had not yet begun.

"Hello," she returned briefly.

"Liver?" he asked casually, flipping the ash of the cigarette on the polished floor of the verandah, a thing he knew she detested.

"Why liver?" she demanded, compressing her lips.

"You sound Liverian," he retorted.

Trysting-place

Why must I be remembering
A mad lark's seeking call,
From an old track blind with
tawny grass
Where wind-whipped blossoms
fall? . . .

What is the witched wind calling
Over the shadowed hill,
Where we met as lovers long ago
When a twilit bush was still.

Do magpies flood their melody
As wattle boughs are tossed,
And do white stars tell when
evening falls
Of a shattered dream that is lost? . . .

Betty Helen Neakes.

curiously ready for battle. "Haven't been missing your morning physic, have you?"

"I feel liverish when I see you wasting your time."

"Oh Lord, yes, I know. When you were my age you were clearing your two thousand a year making hats for the over-fed and under-dressed." He scrambled to his feet and glared at her. "Get on; snap into it. I have no feelings, you know, so don't spare me."

"I can't be bothered to-day," she said. "Besides, it would be only a waste of breath; you're beyond reformation."

He began an angry speech, but she went quickly to her room and slammed the door viciously.

She would have had a quiet and lengthy weep had she not been made of sterner stuff. Her equivalent of a lovely cry was to fling herself on her bed by the window, and think furiously.

Her mind ran back a dozen years to the day when she had announced her intention of becoming a milliner.

How the family had scoffed! How it had tried to squash the idea almost by brute force! The Clairs, she had been told, did not do mental work; the Clair women never went into business; the Clair women . . .

Complete Story

By—

**Marjorie
DEE**

But she won out. Reluctantly her father had her apprenticed to Madame La Monte, the exclusive Collins St. milliner. That very astute lady soon realised that she had something of a genius in the happy, eager-faced Kitty. Before long she was delighting her clients with hats which she murmured were "Genuine French creations, Modern" but it was Kitty Clair who had done the creating — often with what seemed a mere bundle of remnants until her clever young hands made them take shape.

Kitty realised her own talent and at nineteen told Madame that she was leaving to start her own shop. That excitable Frenchwoman, at any rate, French enough, gave a scream of anguish at such perfidy and foolishness, and foretold failure and dire misfortune.

To that Kitty gave a sceptical smile, at the sight of which Madame literally threw up her hands and announced that she would give her a partnership for a mere song.

She did, and when a year or so later she made such a matrimonial match that the purveying of hats was far beneath her, she virtually made Kitty a present of her business.

Kitty prospered exceedingly. The money which flowed into her small shop and the amount which remained for her own young self was simply amazing. At twenty-three she was making two thousand pounds a year, and it seemed very likely that she would make more as the years went by.

She had a good deal of business sense, and she was rather cautious with her money.

Her father and her elder brother were doing well and, with the exception of an occasional gift to Blair, who was younger than she, and just getting a foothold in business, she had nobody dependent on her.

Her first big investment was a home in the hills.

She decided to make Castle-Craig a home of homes, and within a year had succeeded in doing so, bringing to bear all her imitative flair for color and decorative schemes.

It was her purchase of Castle-Craig which first made the family sit up and take notice. Previously she had been "young Kitty," who was more or less playing at selling hats, but the house was actual concrete proof that she was making money—making a lot of money, in fact.

HER next big purchase was either foolish or magnificent according to one's point of view.

She went into a motor salesroom to buy a small roadster, and almost the first thing to catch her eye was a gorgeous, altogether alluring Lancia. Long of body and ultra smart of line, it was absolutely the latest thing. Le dernier cri, to use some of her shop patter.

"A thousand," said Kitty thoughtfully. Her mind dodged from pros to cons. A roadster would do as well; she must, simply must have it. She had to keep Castle-Craig going; she would make the money in six months. She must save for her old age; wasn't she



Illustrated by
FISCHER

entitled to at least one extravagance after all her hard work?

In short, she bought it and it was such a visible sign of prosperity that the family was impressed.

Came the depression. And with it came disaster to most of the Clairs. Daddy Clair, it appeared, had been enjoying only paper prosperity. His money was invested in things loosely called "margins" and when they vanished almost overnight he was virtually penniless.

How pleased Kitty had been then to install her parents in Castle-Craig.

"You and mother may make yourselves comfortable for life," she told her father happily. "You don't need to do anything again, ever."

"I think I'll put in a few strawberries and make some pocket money that way," he said. "Besides, I'm not getting any younger."

"You're not to do a thing," she said vigorously. "Take your ease. Surely you've earned it after sixty years of hard work."

When a little later Blair lost his position as accountant to a firm of importers and could not find a position in the overcrowded labor market her own business was beginning to decline, but she gave him sanctuary at Castle-Craig too.

He also had an idea of "posting in a strawberry or two," but she persuaded him that he, too, needed a little holiday.

She was secretly just a little disappointed to see how completely they all relaxed. They seemed, before long, almost somnolent and quite content that she should keep them. The acceptance of her money and of her hospitality became a right instead of a privilege.

There were quarrels over the Lancia. Blair commanded it one evening to take Molly Crammer to a ball. Kitty came home from a walk to the town-

shop to find her beloved car gone and the garage doors swinging violently in the wind. It caused her first serious quarrel with Blair and made a decided rift in the family line.

"How dare you take my car without permission?" she demanded.

"What did you think I was going to do?" he snapped. "Walk?"

"It wouldn't kill you if you did. You should have plenty of strength stored up, the way you lie about the house all day."

"That's right. Throw it up at me that I can't find a job."

"I'm not." She tried to bite back a bitter retort, but failed. "What I am throwing up at you is that you don't try."

"Don't try!" His eyes shot fire. "I like that. Didn't I . . . ? And didn't I . . . ? And you know very well . . . Miles of that sort of thing."

KITTY was amazed to find that her father and mother were definitely on Blair's side.

"It isn't fair to speak to him like that," her mother declared. "Remember he's your brother."

"And your taunts to Blair because he can't find a job," snapped her father. "Does that apply to me, too? Perhaps you'd like us all to go? Shall we begin to pack now?"

She was so amazed and enraged that she could not answer them. After all she had done for them! Had they no sense of justice? Anybody would think that she had done them an injury. Her mind was awhirl.

It was Hamer McLean who first told her the truth about things. Hamer was one of the McLeans and he owned

Balnagowrie, a magnificent home which lay about a mile from Castle-Craig.

Hamer was the catch of the district, and many wily minds had set their cap at him without avail, but it was obvious from the first day he met Kitty that he was hers for the taking. Just why she refrained from taking she did not know herself.

"Just a little longer, Hamer," she pleaded when for the hundredth time he asked her to marry him.

"But why? There seems no reason."

"Well, you see, I've been Kitty Clair, the business woman and mistress of my own destiny for so long that I'd like to be independent for just a few more months."

"You'd be just as independent married to me as you are now."

"Oh, no I shouldn't." She smiled shyly at him. "When I'm Mrs. Hamer McLean I'll have stopped being Kitty Clair, the chic hat creator. By the way, I'm no mere milliner, Hamer McLean."

"The trouble is that you think your people will starve themselves to death without you." He was very blunt, and rather grim.

"Indeed, I don't." His mentioning the subject always annoyed her. "They've had wretched luck, as you know."

"Up to a point," he admitted grudgingly. "Still, you know your father refused a good position only last week."

"Do you call six pounds a week a good position after what Dad used to earn?" she demanded. "Besides, he would have had over a mile to walk to the office every day."

Please turn to Page 36

MARCHILLOR THE MODE by René

BLOUSES . . .

Acquire Special Fashion Significance

SPRING brings a most delectable collection of blouses. They range in type from the extremely simple to the charmingly fussy. Whatever the occasion, there's a blouse which will be a fitting accompaniment to your frocking scheme. Whatever your type, you can find a blouse which will be becoming to you.

On this page, René, our fashion artist, has sketched half-a-dozen delightful examples, each of which has its own special place in the fashion scheme of the season.

• BLOUSES are smarter than ever and more varied than ever this season. They are worn on every occasion and range in type from the tailored shirt to the fluffy.

Below is sketched a very useful type of blouse for wear with a long black skirt for dining at home. It is of yellow crepe, and Shirring makes the yoke and defines the waistline.



• A BLOUSE in dull green taffeta, with new leg-of-mutton half-length sleeves and very unusual neckline drapery. Suitable for wear on more than one occasion.



RENE'S FASHION ADVICE

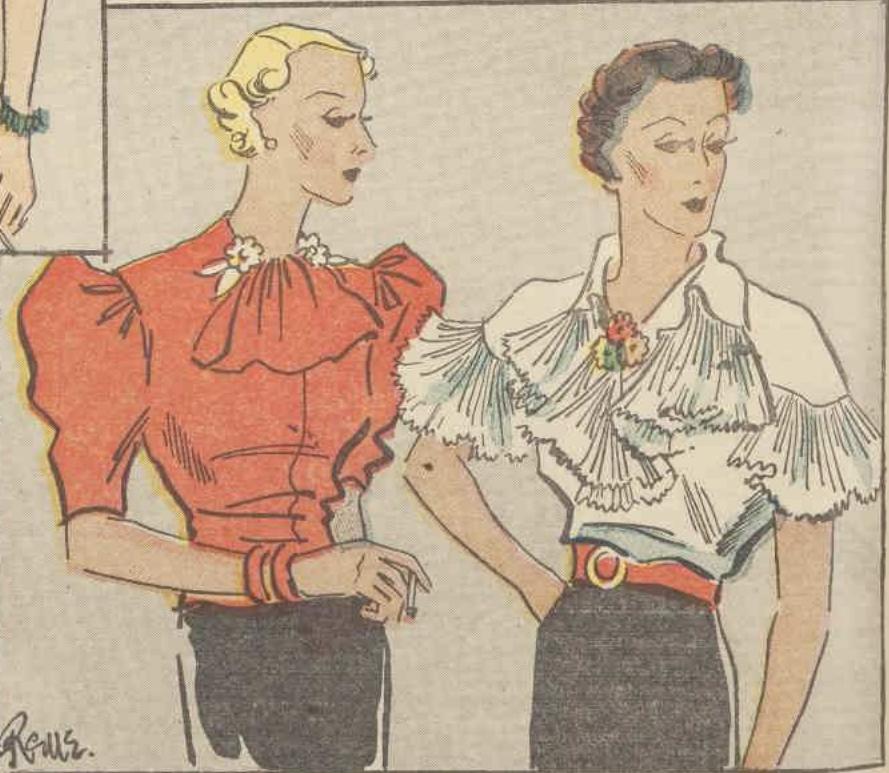
FOR those whose wardrobe must be limited, blouses and jacket-blouses are the soundest economy. With one short skirt and one long skirt and a variety of tops one can attain so many different effects and dress correctly for so many different occasions.

Satin and lames make the ideal top for short or long skirt for cocktails, dinner, or bridge. Chiffons are lovely for night-time with a long, black skirt. Brocades and printed satins and taffetas make snappy jacket-blouses to transform a formal evening gown into a cocktail or dinner gown before going on to dance.



• THE JACKET-BLOUSE, which buttons right down the front—a type which makes an excellent accessory for a sleeveless frock. This one is in pearl-grey chiffon.

• THIS blouse is a double-duty garment. Made of yellow satin, printed with enormous black daisy spots. It is equally at home as an overblouse, with a black satin skirt, and as an evening jacket.



• RED CREPE for this blouse, which is worn over the skirt or tucked in. It features the more popular-than-ever exaggerated shoulder-line, and has a high neckline finished with a jabot effect.

• THIS IS the real blouse—the one we simply must possess—of plain white sheer and frills. A blouse which is always fresh, feminine, and correct for all occasions under the black tailleur.

DINNER FROCKS

Pompous Sleeves and
.... Dashing Prints!



• THE DINNER frock above is of black slipper satin. It features elaborate sleeves with a new dropped shoulder-line effect. The unusual bodice is made of latticed strands of the satin; otherwise it is severely tailored, the only ornament being the jade buttons which fasten from the base of the high collar to the waist. This idea of combining elaboration and simplicity is one of the most interesting phases of the mode to-day. The attractive belt buckle is also of jade.

• AT THE RIGHT above are two very charming hostess gowns, both of which are fashioned from printed fabrics. That on the left is gaily bedecked with all the lovely colors of a bright spring day. It has a new Shirred neckline and three-quarter length shirred sleeves. The other is a black gown on which is printed a handsome design of brilliantly-colored tulips. It, too, has a new neckline. A little loose matching coat accompanies it and is donned when the occasion demands.

• ON THE RIGHT a dinner frock of the new tree bark crepe concentrates its interest on the bodice and sleeve treatment. The bodice is elaborately shirred to form the neck and yoke, and looped scarf-like sleeves fall from the yoke.



FASHION photographs reproduced on this page were selected in London by Margie St. Claire and sent by air mail.



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K/12

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HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE . . .

The Fashion Parade by Jessie Lait, sketched by Petrov

Spring Ways with Evening Gowns



Three Silhouettes—Each with its own fashion code!

• **EXTREME LEFT:** A fitted slip of printed crepe—black with large yellow flowers. It is worn under the sheerest black chiffon overdress.

• **THE TAFFETA TUNIC** next is of pale blue with burgundy flowers, flares out from the waist. The skirt is finely pleated burgundy crepe.

• **A PALE** grey chiffon dress (left), with a very high waistline, features a flounced skirt made of four layers of chiffon. Raspberry chiffon cape.

• **AT RIGHT:** Dress of heavy black crepe with the skirt Shirred up in front and bands of shirring on the bodice. Long fringe hangs from the shoulders of the scarf.

• **BELOW:** A bouffant dress of black net. Skirt very full, trimmed with rows of narrow black lace. Black satin slip. White violets.



THERE are styles suitable for every type of figure and variety enough to suit any taste.

There are three silhouettes from which to choose, and these go to two extremes. First there is the bouffant skirt which is tremendously full at the hem. Then there are two types of sheath dresses; one is built on Empire lines, with the waist mounting to just below the bosom and the skirt clinging to the figure as far down as the knees.

The other has a normal or slightly low waistline and a more or less fitting skirt. The third silhouette is the tunic. Tunics are of any length from hips to ankle, and are worn over slim straight or pleated skirts.

You will find it hard to choose between these two extremes in skirts. The slim line is definitely more practical. Yet the very wide skirt is so new and so attractive!

Wide skirts are always in a transparent fabric—net, chiffon, organdie or tulle. The slip beneath fits tightly and the skirt stands well away from it at the hem. It may be gathered at the normal waistline or be only slightly full from waist to hips and then flare out fully from there downwards. The width at the hem may be as much as twelve yards.

In order to keep these skirts from falling in at the feet, the hems are banded with horsehair, bands of taffeta or grosgrain ribbon, narrow pipings or tiny frills of stiffened lace. A good example is sketched at the foot of this page.

OUR first spring evening dress will be totally different to any of your winter evening gowns.

Transparent fabrics, gay prints, soft pastel shades, and entirely new silhouettes will greet you temptingly.

Organza, net and tulle are the best materials for the really bouffant skirts, the slips beneath of satin, taffeta or crepe. The bodices fit closely to the figure and have very low decolletage back and front; there are narrow shoe-string shoulder straps, softly draped corsages or girlish puffed sleeves—very short.

Waistlines are marked by narrow belts of the fabric, in which case you will probably wear a huge bunch of colored flowers on your bosom or tucked into the belt; or you will have a contrasting belt of colored velvet or a wide jewelled or beaded band.

Very smart are the full chiffon dresses worn over printed slips. The slip should be tight and preferably in a large pattern, the chiffon overdress veils the bodice and has a full skirt flaring out at the hem. The first sketch on this page shows a dress of this type.

Net Over Satin

NINETY per cent. of the bouffant dresses are of black net or tulle over black satin slips—with these wear white, pink, yellow, cerise or cyclamen flowers. Other colors are white, navy-blue, pale grey and mauve. For the printed frocks have a black ground with bright flowers and the sheerest chiffon overdress, or a white ground with flowers and a white chiffon dress.

The sheath-like silhouette with either the high princess waistline or the normal waistline is carried out in heavy fabrics such as satin, crepe or print, or in chiffon. Bodices are draped, folded and shirred. Sometimes the shoulders are covered. Otherwise, they are very bare.

There are no trains and many skirts are cut up in front; one model in blue and white print has a tulle section

across the front of the skirt, exposing the legs from the knees down. Skirts can be draped to one side, pleated all the way down, cut on the cross and draped up at the back with a bustle-like effect, or more or less straight with a split up the front or side.

Many of these dresses have beaded bodices or bouquets of flowers beaded here and there all over the dress. Colors are white, all shades of mauve, greenish-blue, black, navy, and pink.

Tunics are of printed taffeta or crepe over slim skirts of chiffon or crepe. Or you might wear a pastel satin or crepe tunic over a dark skirt.

The taffeta tunics are usually just below hip-length—these flare out from the waist, but beware of them unless you are tall and slender.

The crepe—printed or plain—and satin ones are usually longer. They can flare slightly and finish at any length between wrist and below knee length.

Tunics have tight waists, low necks and just shoulder straps or puffed sleeves. The skirts beneath should be as narrow as possible unless they are finely pleated.

Concluding Instalment of THE A.B.C. MURDERS

In which M. Poirot, with dramatic suddenness, reveals the murderer who called himself A.B.C.

HE has no need to go into them minutely—his experience obviates that—the net result is the definite impression that something is wrong. But it is not a guess; it is an impression based on experience.

"En bien, I admit that I did not regard that first letter in the way I should. It just made me extremely uneasy. The police regarded it as a hoax. I myself took it seriously. I was convinced that a murder would take place in Andover as stated. As you know, a murder did take place."

"There was no means of that point, as I well realized, of knowing who the person was who had done the deed. The only course open to me was to try to understand just what kind of a person had done it."

"I had certain indications. The letter—the manner of the crime—the person murdered. What I had to discover was the motive of the crime, the motive of the letter."

"Publicity," suggested Clarke.

"Surely an inferiority complex covers that," added Thora Grey.

"That was, of course, the obvious line to take. But why me? Why Hercule Poirot? Greater publicity could be ensured by sending the letters to Scotland Yard. More again by sending them to a newspaper. A newspaper might not print the first letter, but by the time the second crime took place, A.B.C. could have been assured of all the publicity the Press could give. Why then Hercule Poirot? Was it for some personal reason? There was discernible in the letter a slight anti-foreign bias—but not enough to explain the matter to my satisfaction."

"Then the second letter arrived—and was followed by the murder of Betty Barnard at Bexhill. It became clear now (what I had already suspected) that the murders were to proceed on an alphabetical plan, but that that, which seemed final to most people, left the main question unanswered to my mind. Why did A.B.C. need to commit these murders?"

Megan Barnard stirred in her chair. "Isn't there such a thing as—as a bloodlust?" she said.

POIRO turned to her. "You are quite right, mademoiselle. There is such a thing. The lust to kill. But that did not quite fit the facts of the case. A homicidal maniac who desires to kill usually desires to kill as many victims as possible. It is a recurring craving. The great idea of such a killer is to hide his tracks—not to advertise them. Why, then, did the murderer feel it necessary to call attention to himself? Was it the necessity of leaving on each body a copy of an A.B.C. railway guide? Was that the conclusion? Was there some complex connection with the railway guide?"

"I found it quite inconceivable at this point to enter into the mind of the murderer. Surely it could not be magnanimity? A horror of responsibility for the crime being fastened on an innocent person?"

"Although I could not answer the main question, certain things I did feel I was learning about the murderer."

"Such as?" asked Fraser.

"To begin with—that he had a ticklish mind. His crimes were listed by alphabetical progression—that was obviously important to him. On the other hand, he had no particular taste in victims—Mrs. Ascher, Betty Barnard, Sir Carmichael Clarke, they all differed widely from each other."

"One slight inference I permitted myself to make. The choice of the A.B.C. suggested to me what I may call a railway-minded man. This is more common in men than women. Small boys love trains better than small girls do. It might be the sign, too, of an in some ways undeveloped mind. The boy motif still predominated."

"The death of Betty Barnard and the manner of it gave me certain other

indications. The manner of her death was particularly suggestive. (Forgive me, Mr. Fraser.) To begin with, she was strangled with her own belt—therefore she must almost certainly have been killed by someone with whom she was on friendly or affectionate terms. When I learnt something of her character a picture grew up in my mind. To, to persuade her to come out with him, must have had a certain amount of attraction! He must be able, as you English say, to 'get off.' I visualized the scene on the beach thus: The man admires her belt. She takes it off, he passes it playfully round her neck—says, perhaps, 'I shall strangle you.' It is all very playful. She giggles—and he pulls."

Donald Fraser sprang up. He was livid.

Poirot made a gesture. "It is finished. I say no more. It is over. We pass to the next murder, that of Sir Carmichael Clarke. Here the murderer goes back to his first method—the blow on the head. The same alphabetical complex—but one fact worries me a little. To be consistent the murderer should have chosen his towns in some definite sequence."

"If Andover is the 155th name under A, then the B crime should be the 155th also—or it should be the 156th and the C the 157th. Here again the towns seemed to be chosen in rather too haphazard a fashion."

THE Churston crime gave me very little extra help. We were unlucky over it, since the letter announcing it went astray, hence no preparation could be made.

"But by the time the D crime was announced, a very formidable system of defence had been evolved. It must have been obvious that A.B.C. could not much longer hope to get away with his crimes."

"Moreover, it was at this point that the clue of the stockings came into my hands. It was perfectly clear that the presence of an individual selling stockings on and near the scene of each crime could not be a coincidence. Hence the stocking-seller must be the murderer."

"I will pass over the next stages quickly. A fourth murder was committed—the murder of a man named George Earlefield—it was supposed in mistake for a man named Downes, who was something of the same build and who was sitting near him in the cinema."

"And now at last comes the turn of the tide. Events play against A.B.C., instead of into his hands. He is marked down—hunted—and at last arrested."

The case, as Hastings says, is ended!

"True enough as far as the public is concerned. The man is in prison and will eventually, no doubt, go to Broadmoor. There will be no more murders. Exit! Finis!"

"But not for me! I know nothing—nothing at all! Neither the why nor the wherefore."

"And there is one small vexing fact. The man Cust has an alibi for the night of the Bexhill crime."

"That's been worrying me all along," said Franklyn Clarke.

"Yes. It worried me. For the alibi. It has the air of being genuine. But it cannot be genuine unless—and now we come to two very interesting speculations."

"Supposing, my friends, that while Cust committed three of the crimes—the A, C and D crimes—he did not commit the B crime?"

"M. Poirot. It isn't—"

POIRO turned with a look.

Megan Barnard with a look. "Be quiet, mademoiselle. I am for the truth, I am! I have done with lies. Supposing, I say, that A.B.C. did not commit the second crime. It took place, remember, in the early hours of the 23rd—the day he had arrived for

the crime. Supposing someone had foiled him? What in those circumstances would he do? Commit a second murder, or lie low, and accept the first as a kind of macabre present?

"Such a hypothesis had the merit of explaining one fact—the discrepancy between the personality of Alexander Bonaparte Cust (who could never have made a hit with any girl) and the personality of Betty Barnard's murderer.

And it has been known before now that would-be murderers have taken advantage of the crimes committed by other people.

"But then I came up against a definite difficulty."

"Up to the time of the Barnard murder, no facts about the A.B.C. murders had been made public. The Andover murder had created little interest. The incident of the open railway guide had not even been mentioned in the Press. It therefore followed that whoever killed Betty Barnard must have had access to facts

Agatha Christie's Great Thriller!

known only to certain persons—myself, the police, and certain relations and neighbors of Mrs. Ascher.

"That line of research seemed to lead me up against a blank wall."

The faces that looked at him were blank, too. Blank and puzzled.

Donald Fraser said thoughtfully: "The police, after all, are human beings. And they're good-looking men—"

He stopped, looking at Poirot inquisitively.

Poirot shook his head gently.

"No—it is simpler than that. I told you that there was a second speculation."

"But that doesn't make sense!" cried Clarke.

"Doesn't it? I did then what I ought to have done at first. I examined the letters I had received from a totally different point of view. I had felt from the beginning that there was something wrong with them—just as a



FINELY tucked crepe makes this charming hostess gown worn by Myrna Loy, M.G.M. player. The long tunic is caught in at the waist with a self girdle.

picture expert knows a picture is wrong."

"I had assumed, without pausing to consider, that what was wrong with them was the fact that they were written by a madman."

Please turn to Page 39

"The Secret is
the 333's
Blend."

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An Editorial

AUGUST 29, 1936

DOMESTIC TRAINING FOR BOYS



SHOULD boys receive training in household management? The suggestion, made by a woman-speaker at a conference in Melbourne, at which an attempt was made to solve the many problems of domestic service, may appear, at first sight, somewhat fantastic, and no doubt a proportion of the male sex will make it a target for ridicule. But is it so unusual?

The average man's acquaintance with domestic duties usually begins and ends with an occasional "hand with the washing-up"; anything beyond that he looks on as beneath his male dignity. In any case, the care of the household (he will tell you) is the unassailable domain of the "woman of the house."

But consider his plight should his wife fall ill, or should circumstances necessitate her absence from home for a period. The average married man in such circumstances is ludicrously helpless—not from lack of willingness, but from sheer ignorance of domestic matters.

In cases of sickness he is forced to call in a female relation as combined nurse and housewife, or employ a nurse and depend on "scratch" meals or cafe fare (if he can afford the latter). In cases of his wife's absence he may essay to "bach"—which usually ends in domestic chaos, "tinned" food, and a final refuge in meals prepared elsewhere.

Here and there one certainly finds the occasional male paragon who combines the virtues of first-class cook and domestic handyman, but it must be confessed the breed is rare among married men, and especially rare in our cities and suburbs.

If every boy received an elementary training in domestic duties as part of his education, all this later trouble (and expense) would be obviated. With universal adoption of this course the stigma of "women's work" would be removed, and the knowledge gained looked upon as a normal acquisition necessary for the future householder of either sex.

Such training would be of equal value to the single or the married man; it would add to the comfort of the former, and considerably increase the self-reliance of both. It need not involve more than the elementary routine of household management—a knowledge essential for all male householders in the event of sickness or other unavoidable crises in family life.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN.

A Bouquet

CRITICISM of the Australian Broadcasting Commission is quite an indoor pastime these days, but it certainly deserves a bouquet for the handling of its children's sessions.

The saddest thing in radio is the picture of a perspiring radio uncle trying to work up a little synthetic enthusiasm for little Willie's birthday and the antics of grandma hiding his birthday presents in the inaccessible fastnesses of her bedroom. Nowadays it's good-bye to all that. Children of to-day demand something more vigorous than the elephantine antics of the grown-ups to amuse them. Intelligent talks, music with a tune in it, and stories and plays to suit the searching mind of the child have been substituted with a remarkable degree of success.

It's about time, too, since the implication of the old programmes was that all children were morons and most adults weak-minded.

Domestic Scientists

THE little Mary Anns and Marthas of suburbia are not forever to remain domestic Cinderellas now that Australian women's welfare organisations have taken up their cause.

Hostels and scholarships for domestic workers are suggested by a Victorian conference, and Perth women say that a Chair of Domestic Science should be established at every Australian University.

Whether Mary Ann, Bachelor of Domestic Science and living in a hostel, will arrive on time to cook the breakfast egg is another matter. She may live to regret that she got "all-organized" and reduced herself to the level of the other poor workers of the world who have to punch a Bundy clock instead of staying peacefully in bed until called.

These old domestic customs should not be lightly cast aside for the glitter of a liberty which may not be all that it seems.

The Ray of Hope

WILL bloodless surgery be the next development in the healing of the sick, relegating the anaesthetic and the surgeon's knife into the limbo of the past?

The Marchese Marconi, whose experiments gave us wireless and the radio, is busy at the moment building for himself an even more enduring monument. His experiments with ultra short-wave healing are being watched with interest by a waiting world.

The micro-metre ray, as it is called, has such intense penetration that it can reach any diseased tissue with its curative powers. Think of what the successful use of this ray would mean to suffering humanity! What suitable memorial could the world offer to such a humanitarian?

But personal values are strange things. The Italians have built a monument to Mussolini as high as a hilltop, yet it is probable the Ethiopians have never heard of Marconi.

King's Visit?

IF the King should visit Australia after the Coronation, as has been suggested, such a tour would make history. We have never been visited by a reigning British monarch although, of course, both the late King George and the present King toured Australia before they were called to the throne.

The visit of the King would do more than establish an historic precedent. It would give Australians an opportunity of paying tribute at first hand to the King they remember as a prince—the man who, despite the cares of State, can walk with kings but yet retain that human touch which so endears him to his subjects.

The King will be visiting India next year after his Coronation, and the occasion seems an appropriate one to urge that Australia should be included in the itinerary.

Fish Story

ZANE GREY, famous American novelist, says that he is convinced there are 80-foot sharks in Australian waters, and he is coming back to fish for them.

Well, there is always a good audience for a well-told fish yarn, and mathematical-minded clerks in the Tourist Bureaus are working out how many tourists will go into a yarn about an 80-foot shark.

No Surrender

RECENT skirmishes between the Diggers and the Repatriation Department concerning pension rights suggest that the departmental mind is like love—the same the whole world over.

The cases of the men whose condition grows worse is tragic, but the departmentalists get



HEREDITARY ENEMIES—an Alsatian dog, a cat, and a white rat—owned by Mr. Beverly B. Dobbs, of California, have formed a firm friendship. And now Monty, the dog, Phyllis, the white rat, and Damon, the cat, spend most of their playtime together.

annoyed with soldiers even if in desperation they take up their beds and walk.

Arthur Gershall, an English soldier, was badly shell-shocked and the War Office said he was crippled for life and gave him a pension and a bath-chair to wheel himself about. Later he was cured and able to walk again. He told the War Office about this, and offered to forgo his pension. He received a short, sharp note stating that the files showed he was incurable and the pension must stand. So the soldier left it at that.

But that wasn't all. For months afterwards an official from the War Office turned up every now and then to oil his bath-chair.

Lyric of Life

RETROSPECT

Is this my life . . . a little road
That runs from hill to hill,
And dips in valleys fringed with shade
Where all the trees are still?

A road that very few have known,
And nearly all forgot,
A little lonely road that leads
Past meadows of regret.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

How Spring Appears in Other Lands

By MARJORIE FLORANCE

There is every evidence that spring is not far behind. The wattle is bright along the roads and the magpie's voice has taken on a lyric note.

THE almond trees are bursting into bloom. There is that spring feeling in the air—you know the feeling; it makes one think of other springs in other countries.

In England I was taken into the woods one freezing day to hear the first cuckoo.

"Ah, there it is," said my friends. "Now you know that it is spring. Listen!"

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" said the bird on the bough. "Cuckoo! Quite!" said I, shivering in my fur coat.

But they were right. Spring was indeed there, as I found when I wandered deeper into the woods.

My eyes were bewildered by bluebells—dazzled by daffodils primroses, and hawthorns. Springtime in Italy—soft, warm winds—a bunch of violets pushed into one's hands by a laughing boy.

In Paris—fountain play—the pink and white of flowering chestnut trees, and lovely, laughing ladies.

In Belgium—crops of cabbages and turnips pushing their way up in the intensively-cultivated fields. Cottages gay with tulips; clusters of wooden sabots nailed to the cottage walls to season, I suppose, in the spring sunshine.

Trees in bud everywhere, save in those two or three acres which have been kept untouched since the last guns were silenced in 1918. Untouched, that those who run may read . . . and remember.

And In Australia

THE trenches are there, too shallow, surely, to hide a full-grown man. Duckboards half hidden in mud and slush. Pearsome holes in the earth.

I hoped to find that Nature, in her kindly way, had thrown a coverlet of grass or some small flower over such ugliness. But even Nature has turned her face from that embittered soil. No grass grows there.

The remains of what was once a tree points a blackened arm to the sky in warning. They have killed your heart, too poor old tree.

In this gentle spring of 1936 the minds of men have turned to many things: to poison gas, to bombs and shells; to aeroplanes capable of performing incredible feats of destruction; to munitions, and still more munitions. In the name of peace? But certainly, in the name of peace. Who could doubt it?

AND now—here is the spring in my own country. The gums grow tall and straight, with a jackass laughing at me from a high branch. White lambs frolic in green paddocks, and every now and again along the wind comes the sharp sweet scent of the bush.

Comedian Caned on Honeymoon

WHEN Sir Henry Lytton, famous Gilbert and Sullivan comedian, died in London the other day, he had a record of fifty years of stage romances, but a record of one to equal his own.

At seventeen, with other pupils of St. Mark's School, Chelsea, he went to see the operetta "Olivette," which the late Nellie Stewart played in Australia.

In the cast was little Louie Henri, very slim, very demure, very young. She had a tiny part, but young Lytton forgot the stars.

He wrote her a note, met her at the stage door, bought her chocolates, fought a schoolboy rival, "wagged" it from school, and married her. Louie was seventeen, too, and just at the right age to enjoy a honeymoon spent in a handsome cab. The day following the marriage Lytton went back to school and little Louie returned to her job.

The school headmaster discovered that Lytton had "wagged" it, and birched him in front of his class. But the lad had found sudden dignity and dramatic eloquence, and shouted that the birching must stop.

"You cannot birch a married man," he cried, and got it harder than ever.

When the truth was brought home to the master he refused to have a married man of seventeen at his school.

Almost crying, Henry went to his girl-wife, "You must get a job," she said. "I'll see Mr. D'Oyley Carte. He must give you one."

And D'Oyley Carte did—a job that lasted for over fifty years. And through all that time Louie Henri stood loyally by his side—in the great Savoy comedian's own words, "the best, the oldest, and the truest of all my friends."

BLONDIE

Stories Without Words



VALUE!



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2/-

Tek is the best toothbrush made — good value at any time. Now, with every Tek you get a beautiful tumbler in matching colour — value, indeed!

Ordinary brushes can't clean as Tek cleans, for they can't fit the curve behind your front teeth where tartar forms. Only Tek will clean everywhere, inside and outside, front and back.

And Tek's better bristles will keep their better shape. After long hard use, they are still upright and active. Tek, in six colours. Bristles hard, medium (or extra hard). Price 2/-.

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No. 10: MOUNT BUFFALO

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THE AUSTRALIAN

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
ST. JAMES BLDG., ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY. Tel. MA 4496.

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

A Story of the Stage that is Not Theatrical

Artistry of Compton Mackenzie

What happens to the girls of the ballet when they grow too old to dance, too jaded to please the critical eyes of the stalls? Compton Mackenzie tells us all about it in "Figure of Eight," an unusual and brilliantly written story of the stage.

He takes eight girls from the ballet of the Orient Music Hall and traces for us the design of their lives both on and off the stage.

It is all done so cleverly and so sincerely that each girl's adventure is in itself a fine study. The different mentalities and viewpoints stand out clearly and vividly, only to be merged once again into the whole pattern of the tale as the story progresses.

In reading the book one feels that here is the real stage—real life behind the scenes, and yet there is not a theatrical gesture in the whole book.

Rich Humor

THERE is drama, pathos, and sudden tragedy in the telling of the story, and a rich humor as well in the intimate details of the lives revealed with the unerring touch of an artist.

No artificial glamor has been introduced into the story, and the girls are depicted as quick-witted, independent, shrewd-tongued Cockneys who go their

various ways after the stage has done with them.

They live life hungrily, grabbing at every jewelled minute of it during their brief careers on the stage. Then they go one by one into obscurity, weaving for themselves their figure of eight which is the pattern of their lives. The girls' lives run in many directions. One becomes a lodging-house keeper, another a war spy, and yet another achieves a more enviable career.

Lucy Arnold's story is the highlight of the book.

The stage-door "Johnny" who waited for her every night in the days of her dancing marries her and she needs all her Cockney self-assurance and common sense to avoid quarrels with Terence's wealthy family.

Character drawing



MRS. E. W. SAVILLE, author of many Anglo-Indian romances. Her latest story, "A Fresh Deal," is proving very popular.

here is excellent. Not once do these human and lovable people lose their contact with existence. One feels all the time that the story concerns real people in a real world.

Women particularly will like this book for its sincerity and its graceful avoidance of the sordid and unpleasant.

"Figure of Eight," Compton Mackenzie, Cassell, 7/6. Our copy from Angus and Robertson Ltd.)

"HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE," Max Saltmarsh. It is no exaggeration to describe this novel as a real thriller. Archie Lumaden, the hero, is a big, hefty world rover, always on the lookout for adventure.

While in London he accepts an engagement with the Near East Trading Syndicate to undertake a particularly hazardous job, that of destroying the pipe lines carrying oil from Baku to Batum. The object of the vandal is to affect the oil stocks market. Lumaden falls foul of an international gang of dope manufacturers during his adventures, and has many hairbreadth escapes.

Interspersed with the story of his adventures is the romance of the attachment of two women for him, one of whom, Dinah Preval, eventually puts an end to his adventurous career in the usual way. (Angus and Robertson, 6/-.)

—J.A.S.

SHORT REVIEWS

WHAT OF AUSTRALIA'S FUTURE?

Joseph Hamlet. There is a deep sincerity in this book dealing with the political perplexities of Australia, and the author does not mince matters.

Argument is sound and invariably well supported. Mr. Hamlet finds quite a lot wrong with the nation politically and economically, but he is a constructive critic. A book that most Australians should read, and all politicians. (Angus & Robertson, 5/-.)

THE DARK PATH.

Evelyn Winsch. The story of a "perfect secretary" who fell in love with her boss. Sir Alan Guthrie thought that Gerry was a decorative office fixture, but Gerry had other ideas. Then a mystic called Khubila Chakar entered her life and under his influence, Gerry learned a lot of things. She learned them most successfully, too, fr wedding bells rang for the secretary, who became Lady Guthrie. (Collins, 7/6.)

Incapacitated and Wounded Sailors and Soldiers' Assn. (Qld.) Reg.

Crossword No. 17 £130 1st, £100; 2nd, £15; 3rd, £10. £130 £5 Cash to competitor submitting most solutions.

CONDITIONS FOR CROSSWORD

£100 will be paid to the competitor submitting the solution agreeing with the official solution of the Crossword Puzzle set out below, or in the event of no correct solution being received the prize will be awarded to the nearest correct. In the event of a tie the £100 will be equally divided between those competitors who receive the nearest correct solution. The £100 will be divided among the three winners. Prizes will be awarded next in order of merit and treated in like manner. The Official Solution has been set by a Committee of this Association, who hold the Prize Money and will award it to bona fide prize winners. Alternative solutions, if any, will be treated as correct.

ALL PRIZES MUST BE WON, but no competitor shall receive more than one share in First, two shares in Second, or three shares in Third place. All prize money forwarded to winners within seven days of competition closing date.

All entries to CROSSWORD No. 17, Box 2219, G.P.O., Brisbane.

A sealed copy of the Official Solution has been lodged with the Editor of the "Courier-Mail," Brisbane.

For benefit of competitors who desire, a list of ALTERNATIVES to the Official Solution will be posted upon receipt of all entries. Official Solution will be posted upon receipt of all words used found in Chambers 20th Century Dictionary and Supplement.

The decision of the Committee in all matters appertaining to this Competition is accepted as final and legally binding by all competitors.

Please enclose 14c stamp for Result Slip.

Result Slip posted to every competitor.
ENTRY FEE, First, £3 extra 1/- each. Each additional entry, 6d. extra. If Postal Notes available, 1d. stamp preferred.

17. I. & W.S. & S. ASSOCIATION.

Postal diagram may be obtained from I. & W.S. & S. Association, 22 Queen Street, Brisbane; or A. H. Mitchell, "Kiosk," 31 Collins Street, Melbourne, C.I. Solutions on plain paper accepted.

Competition closes on 14th September, 1936. Results published in this paper 20th September, 1936.

18. I. & W.S. & S. ASSOCIATION.

Official Solution will be posted upon receipt of all words used found in Chambers 20th Century Dictionary and Supplement.

The decision of the Committee in all matters appertaining to this Competition is accepted as final and legally binding by all competitors.

Please enclose 14c stamp for Result Slip.

20. Glider along.

21. The third and re- move fat.

22. Ugly old woman.

23. The line.

24. Mouth's wife.

25. Two-thirds of SEA.

I	Z	W	3	4	S	D	1
E	G	F	A	9	10	11	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
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36	37	38	39	40	41	42	
43	44	45	46	47	48	49	
50	51	52	53	54	55	56	
57	58	59	60	61	62	63	
64	65	66	67	68	69	70	
71	72	73	74	75	76	77	
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85	86	87	88	89	90	91	
92	93	94	95	96	97	98	
99	100	101	102	103	104	105	

CLOSING DATE, 14th SEPT., 1936

NAME
ADDRESS

Picture of the Year Rushed by Air Mail — Exclusive



NO HAPPIER PICTURE than this has ever been obtained of the Duke of York and his family. It is an exclusive study secured by the London office of The Australian Women's Weekly, and just received by air mail. The Duke and Duchess are seen with their two children at Y Borthyn Bach, the little cottage in the rose-garden grounds of Royal Lodge, Windsor Great Park. It is a three-quarter size model of a Welsh thatched cottage, and was given to Princess Elizabeth on her sixth birthday by the people of Wales. It is entirely looked after by the two little Princesses.

The Princess Margaret Rose and the Duke of York are holding Welsh Corgi dogs, which belong to the two Princesses. A Tibetan Lion Dog is seen in the foreground, and on the right is one of the Duke's yellow Labradors, of which he has several fine specimens. The innate simplicity of Royalty at home is strikingly depicted in this unusual study, the happy and comradely spirit of which resembles the homely atmosphere prevailing in any ordinary family circle.

Copyright Major Melford Erec. Photography by Studio Liss. Exclusive in The Australian Women's Weekly.



THE QUIST FAMILY, of Adelaide, another interesting family group. Adrian Quist, Australia's tennis star, is not included, as the picture was taken only a few days ago, and he has not yet returned from abroad. Bruce Quist is seated between his mother and father, and Ronda is seated in the arm of the settee. Neville, a promising tennis player, and Valerie are on the floor. Adrian is 22 years old, and Valerie, who is 21, is the only other member of the family who has come of age.



AND HERE'S ANOTHER INTERESTING FAMILY STUDY. It is the latest picture of the Johnson quadruplets, of New Zealand. Snugly wrapped, the four are taking a stroll — which means, in this case, that Bruce, as the young man of the house, pushes the pram holding his three sisters, Vera, Kathleen, and Mary. But what else can a young fellow do when he's outnumbered like that? The "Quads" are nearly 18 months old.

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



CITY GIRL: Will the memory of my kiss linger on your lips for very long?
DAVE: Yours, if it doesn't get washed off when I'm having my breakfast.



"Isn't writing a thankless job?"
"Oh, I don't know! Everything I write is returned with thanks."



HE: That's Brown—he makes mountains out of molehills.
SHE: A pessimist?
HE: No, the owner of a second-hand car.



CANNIBAL CHIEF: You fool! I told you to take him away and fatten him—not flatten him.

YOUR HARD-WORKED FEET
NEED REGULAR CARE WITH
Zam-Buk

HOUSEWIVES! It is estimated you walk over three miles a day in the course of your many duties—cooking, cleaning, shopping and so on. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that your hard-worked feet burn, become painful and are tired out long before the day is done?

Be kind to your feet by adopting this easy nightly treatment. First bathe them in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. As this refined herbal Zam-Buk is absorbed into the skin,



"Rubbin' Zam-Buk nightin' on my feet greatly relieved the aching and soreness that had troubled me so much. It's a pleasure to walk now and to be able to visit my friends again."
Mrs. A. Cheeseman

"Constant standing in the shop caused painful, swollen feet. Walking was a punishment, but applications of Zam-Buk soon made them sound and healthy. I now eat about us howt the slightest discomfort!"
Mrs. E. Owen

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

DOCTOR: You ought to be in bed! It's a case of mumps!
Fruit Hawker (absentmindedly): How many in a case?

THHEY say she's amassing a fortune.
"Yes, my dear, she's getting it by decree."

I HEAR your girl's father threw a party last night. Did you go?"
"Did I what? I was the party and, believe me, I went all right."

TEACHER: How is it you've written only ten lines on milk when the others have done pages?
Tommy: Did mine on condensed milk, sir.

SENIOR PARTNER: I'm sure there's a way to improve business. All we want is a brainwave.
Junior Partner: Seems to me we want to have our brains permanently waved!

PAMELA: Yes, he takes me to the Museum every Saturday.
Joyce: Really? What is he studying?
Pamela: Economy.

WIFE: Notice anything unusual about the dinner?
Husband: Yes. It's rather nice.

DID you take little Ikey to the doctor, Rebecca?"
"Yes, and he said it's nothing but heartburn."

"Heartburn! An' ye ain't got 'im covered for fire risk!"



"I expect he's constipated. Show me your tongue, Johnnie. Yes, I thought so. See how it's coated. Your head aches, too, doesn't it Johnnie; and you feel poorly? Sure signs that he's out of sorts."

That's the trouble, Mrs. Wilson, his system wants a thorough cleansing. Give him a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs'—Califig—now and he'll be as happy as a sandboy in a few hours. It's difficult to keep them regular when they're young they get lax about it and are soon upset. But you can avoid all that by giving Johnnie a dose of

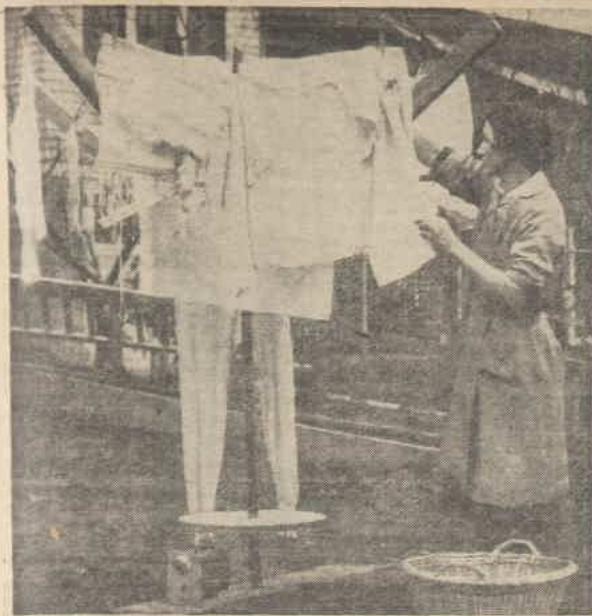
'California Syrup of Figs' regularly every Saturday night. It will keep him fit and save you a world of sickness and worry.

Safe? You couldn't have anything safer! It's a natural fruit laxative, and acts like fruit on the bowels. That's why so many doctors recommend it, and give it to their own children.

You can't afford to take chances with medicines, particularly with the children. No matter whether it is for myself or a patient, I always insist on 'California Syrup of Figs'—Califig."

"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say "California" and look for "Califig" on the package.

"California Syrup of Figs"
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE



THE CLOTHES go round and round and come off dry—An ingenious device for getting the laundry dry in record time. An electric motor attached to its base spins the drying-tree about gaily while the wind dries the whirling clothes.

AIRMAN'S IDEA To Honor JIMMIE MELROSE



CLEANING METHODS CAN MAKE OR MAR YOUR BATH

Smooth porcelain baths can become scratched and roughened in a very short time. Harsh scourers containing jagged particles bite deep into the porcelain, leaving tiny furrows to catch more dirt. Baths need Monkey Brand's smooth cleaning. Monkey Brand is made of specially fine polishing materials and mild soap. It cleans gently and it is easier to rinse away.

See the difference between HARSH SCOURERS and MONKEY BRAND GRAINS!



DON'T SCRATCH IT CLEAN—CLEAN IT CLEAN—with MONKEY BRAND

Rename Centennial Air Race

Roy Gropier, the young Adelaide airman, who learned to fly with the late Jimmie Melrose, and who has lodged his entry for South Australia's Centennial Air Race, suggests that the race be called the Melrose Centennial Air Race, out of respect to the dead young pilot.

GROPIER himself is only 20 years old, and it is likely he will be the youngest pilot in the air race.

Although different in practically every respect from Melrose, Gropier had two things in common with him—a retiring disposition and a love of flying.

Melrose's shyness was a byword, but Gropier is, if anything, more retiring. Yet his achievements prove that he is a worthy successor to his late friend.

At sixteen he was so eager to fly that he got a job on the ground staff at Parafield Aerodrome, in Adelaide, and then got his flying licence. He passed the written examination for his "B" (commercial pilot) licence, and after only 60 hours' flying he decided to go to England and fly back the plane. His father had bought the plane in which he was to start his career as a commercial pilot.

Doesn't Like Fuss

IN October last Gropier set off without any sort of a fuss. It is doubtful whether many people beside his own immediate friends knew he was flying to England.

When he got there he knew not a soul, but spent six weeks in England sightseeing and flying. At the end of that time he left on the return trip to Australia, but this time his flight was fraught with difficulties.

He took three weeks to cross Europe, instead of the three days he had intended. On one occasion he landed on the wrong side of the river in Czechoslovakia instead of Hungary, and his papers were not in order for this side of the border.

He had to wait four days before anybody reached the village who understood English.

Like Father, Like Son

WHERE Jimmie Melrose was very fair, Roy Gropier is correspondingly dark. Unlike Jimmie, he very often has a fair passenger.

This is the first time he has entered in any race, and when he leaves for Queensland, where the race is to begin early in December, he will fly over the competition course to Brisbane, and will then turn round and fly back in the race. His machine—he uses it for his commercial work—is the property actually of his father, who has an intense interest in flying, but has not flown a plane himself.

Roy Gropier was the first person in Australia to go straight through his "B" licences and blind flying tests, and went to Melbourne for the purpose in February of this year.

GRACE BROS

51ST BIRTHDAY GIFT.

for SPOT CASH
2/- IN THE £
DEDUCTED FROM YOUR BILL UNTIL DEC 31ST

New 4 PRICE "FROCK SHOP"



ME14.—Most Popular Style for the Larger Figure. Vest of Figured or Floral to tone with Plain-quality Marocain. The ever-popular Belt coming from the Vest to give straight line in front. Skirt has finished panel in front. Sizes: S.O.S., O.S. and X.O.S. Shades of Black, Navy and Brown.

Birthday Special 10/-
(Less 2/- in the £)

ME15.—Fashion looks after our Larger Figures in designing this fine-quality Crepe Frock with soft Cascade of self material and lace stitched front to tone. Double Collar with tabs, trimmed with buttons, finished neat neckline. Skirt has knife pleats back and front. Wanted shades of Rhinegold, Royal, Brown, Black and Navy. Sizes: S.O.S., O.S. & X.O.S. Birthday Special 15/-
(Less 2/- in the £)

ME16.—Illustration one of many styles in this price group. Pebble Crepe Frock with vest to tone, small back collar, long sleeves with trimming of small cascade to match front treatment. Knife pleats back and front of Skirt. Sizes: S.O.S., O.S. and X.O.S. Colours: Black, and Navy. Birthday Special 20/-
(Less 2/- in the £)

ME17.—Afternoon Frock of fine Sand Crepe, combined with lace to tone. Lace treatment on bodice of Frock, and sleeves with Georgette lining. Skirt cut on the bias to fit the figure with back belt, finished with double brilliant buckle to match clip of neck line. Delightful Frock for either afternoon or dinner wear. In shades of Royal, White, Navy, and Black. Sizes: S.O.S., O.S., X.O.S. and XX.O.S. Birthday Special 25/-
(Less 2/- in the £)

Eugene Permanent Wave 22/6 during August Ladies' Hairdressing Department, Top Floor, 7-storey Building.

GRACE BROS., Ltd. BROADWAY PHONE SYDNEY M 6506

"WHAT," he asked, "is your name?"
"Vanille."

"Well, Vanille, I dare you," said George, "to ask me home to dinner."

She only laughed.

"I like excitement, but I'm not absolutely potty."

And then she went, and George was left alone with his Aunt Alice.

"Vanille is a nice name, but," he murmured, "when we are married, I shall call her Bill."

It was early morning, sunlit, dewy. Leaves were on the ground.

Major Clarkson-Binns had risen because he could not sleep.

He had gone to the window, and had flung it open. There he leaned his elbows on the ledge, and his face became reminiscent of a structure which, on the removal of the scaffolding, subsided.

For while he brooded on the fate of his dear dahlias, his eyes were attracted to the stooping hind parts of a human figure.

Of course, Major Clarkson-Binns employed a gardener, but he was not that kind of fellow. These hind parts belonged apparently to some casual laborer who affected a bowler hat, and brought his own shears with him on a bicycle. Major Clarkson-Binns therefore let out a penetrating cry.

"What the devil are you doing, man?"

"Weeding," said the marauder.

"You will find no weeds, heah, sir!" squealed the major. "Nor any litter to pick up with pointed sticks." He now saw that the man was not a jobbing gardener, but George Mackenzie. In

A GIFT of FLOWERS

Continued from Page 6

borrowed corduroys and a very ancient jacket. "Good heavens! You are the lunatic who stole all my prize dahlias!"

"I know, sir, but I came to make amends!"

"Amanda, sir? Confounded impudence!"

The major sprang back, swung about, and ran to get his gun. He soon arrived holding his gun by the barrel and flourishing the butt and shouting, "Get out of here! Clear off! You are demmed!"

As George walked suddenly towards the gate, he saw the figure of the major's daughter on the steps in her pyjamas and a dressing-gown. He looked pathetically in her direction, as he was chinved out. And then there sailed across the garden in a very clear, cool voice this observation:

"A pound to a penny, now!"

Somehow this pleased George. He stopped and turned, seizing the threatening barrel of the gun, and holding it away from him.

"Now, sir, look here. I'm not a gardener. I'm an engineer. How would it be if I made you a lily-pond?"

"Lily-pond, sir, be hanged!"

"Well, what about a grotto?"

"Next," said the major, chokingly,

"you will suggest illuminated caves, sir, and a native village!"

And he chased George out and clanged the gate behind him.

After lunch Vanille went round to call upon Aunt Alice.

The truth was that Vanille had never

before met anybody in this outer suburb who intrigued her, or amused her half as much as George, and she had been feeling compassionate about him. She now faced Aunt Alice, therefore, with her feet close together, and her hands behind her, then tilted up her rounded chin and said:

"Is George here?"

"No; he's gone to take back some clothes he borrowed from my odd-job man."

"I'm glad he has taken those back. I think he ought to occupy himself in a better way than playing in the garden. My uncle rang up this morning, and so I spoke to him. I spoke to him," she added, almost bashfully, "about a job for George. I suppose he is up against it, isn't he?"

"Yes, my dear," Aunt Alice said.

"Well, my uncle's coming to dinner to-night, and so he wanted to see George at my home, but that's impossible because my father would see him, too, and that would scotch it all. The great thing is not to tell my uncle that George is in this district, and not to tell George that my uncle is coming to my home. So I've made an appointment for him to see my uncle at the works in town this afternoon, and then it can all be cut and dried before my uncle comes to-night, and father will have no chance to spoil it."

"I came along on purpose, but I mustn't stay," said Vanille. "I'm going out this afternoon, but if I leave you the address could you tell George to go to town this afternoon, and see my uncle?"

"He'll be delighted," said Aunt Alice.

And George was. But Vanille's uncle wasn't.

"The young ass did not turn up," he declared. "I waited twenty-five minutes, and then I went. The one thing I cannot bear in a young man is unpunctuality, and to be late for an appointment of this nature absolutely rules him out."

Vanille looked at her uncle with uplifted brows. "But are you sure he didn't come? He was most awfully keen."

"My dear, I asked repeatedly if he were there and in the end I left."

"Well, then," said Vanille, "he has let me down. And that's conclusive."

When George knocked at the door of Major Clarkson-Binns' house and asked for Vanille, she was at dinner. George would wait. He was shown into another room and sat down warily.

He waited with such patience as he could till Vanille arrived, and when she stood in the doorway at last, he could see from her expression that he was not in her good graces. She lost no time, either, in coming to the point.

"Aren't you being a rather silly person, really?"

"Eh?" said George.

"Hanging about round here instead of keeping an appointment in town?"

"That's what I've come here to explain. I'm terribly sorry I was late, but I had to walk."

He waited for that to sink in.

"I've been out of a job for a long time, you know. I walk everywhere to save money. I didn't tell Aunt Alice I couldn't afford to buy flowers, because she would have tried to lend me money, and as long as I can use my legs I don't want to borrow from her for fares besides spending on her for my lodgings and my meals. My only real crime this time is that I misjudged the distance, and although I ran the last mile, my uncle hadn't waited."

Vanille was studying his tired expression.

"Well," she said sympathetically, "it's a good alibi, I must say. Perhaps I can ring up my uncle and smooth his ruffled feathers. Wait here a minute and I'll try."

When Vanille came back, however, she had an expression which did not exactly betoken good news.

She said, "Have you had dinner?"

"No. I've had no chance yet."

"You could do with a drink, too, I suppose?"

He smiled in expectation.

"I'm terribly sorry, but," she said,

"I've given my word of honor not to let you have either."

"Oh!" he said. "To your father?"

"No. But my uncle's just as big a martinet, and he wants to test your story. He will be home this evening, and if you're keen enough to go there at once he will see you at his private house at ten o'clock. But he makes the condition that to show him what you're made of, you are not to borrow the fare, or get anything to eat or drink from me. In fact, to get to his house by ten you'll have to start this moment and hurry. So—if you feel you can do it—here is the address."

"Well," said George levelly, "that's fair enough."

Somehow he no longer thought this was amusing. His jaw was set and Vanille looked at him as he moved to the door.

"I don't think it's very fair myself," she said, "but it was all I could get him to agree to."



White Queen
of the
Jungle

Violet McTurk is the golden-haired queen of the British Guiana jungles. She operates a trading post at Kangaruma, 150 miles in the interior, and is the only white woman in the jungle—the nearest white man lives 15 miles away. Mrs. McTurk, who is carrying on in the footsteps of her dead husband, recently visited civilization for the first time in her 27 years of life.

pointed out. "You won't get there by ten, and this is your last chance."

"What is he doing here?" said George peculiarly. "Is he your uncle? Then why on earth couldn't I see him at the house?"

"Because I mean to find out what you are worth."

George turned and dubiously glanced at Vanille.

"It's not my fault," said she. "That just how they behave."

It was the major's turn.

"I came to take you home. To show that I was not unreasonable I was prepared to over-rule my brother, and to give your friend a job myself. But if this be I refuse to do so. He can go marching on till doomsday, but when he gets there he will find that your uncle has been fully advised by me what sort of a fellow you have sent."

To his surprise his brother's voice now interrupted firmly.

"I don't care what he uprooted in your garden. I said that if he walked to town again to-night I would give him a job and I shall stick to it. I do like determination in a man."

"So!" squealed the major. "It is not that my daughter should defy me. My brother is against me, too!"

"Well, father," Vanille said, "if you give George a job yourself, that will settle uncle, and then I can come home with you immediately."

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HE major danced about in his exasperation.

"It all boils down to this then? He is going to get a job of one sort or another either way. Heaven alone knows why. In that case it would be a noble gesture to give him one myself and see that he does not sleep in a field to-night with his head on your lap. I will give him a job. Now I hope you are satisfied, and will kindly come home."

"I'm not satisfied," said Bob. "I want a fellow of strong character, and I could have done with this chap. It was good pay, too."

"You can have him in twenty-four hours," said the major, "but for those twenty-four hours I am going to make him work in my garden like a navvy."

George turned upon him pointedly.

"Well," he said with uplifted finger, "I will do it for you this once, as a gesture. But my idea that I ought to learn this gardening business has been cancelled. When we get married we are going to have a labor-saving flat and at the very most some red geraniums in a window-box."

"Married, sir? Why—what do you think you'll marry on?"

"We haven't thought of that," said George, "but while your daughter and I were stepping it out along the high road in a spirit of revolt just now, you left us alone just long enough for me to ask her if—when I'd got the job—she'd have me."

The major turned in a crouching manner and faced Vanille.

"Do you tell me you accepted?"

"NO!" said she. "Unfortunately, before I could reply, you ran up behind us and interrupted, but if you'll go back in the car with uncle and let me walk with George we can go on—where we left off."

(Copyright)

STOPS COUGHS QUICK

A slight exposure, a sneeze or two, a slight cough, a husky throat, a deeper cough, and then pneumonia, or probably worse. Check a cough at once and save yourself torture by taking

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY



Lustre

● The lovely lady is wearing beneath her gown two exquisite LUSTRE garments. The VEST 1259 is made from Warp Loom Velvray Fabric in a dainty diamond pattern, lace trimmed at 4/11. The KNICKERS 1025, in the same fabric, are 5/6 in SW. W. and OS. Both styles are in a choice of Camelia Pink, Pearl-glow or White.

● The STOCKINGS, Ivory Line X. Sheer, Ringless and Pure Silk, 6/11 pair.

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

INDIVIDUAL OR TYPE?

IT is said that when a woman falls in love and cannot win the man of her choice it is impossible to find a satisfactory substitute. But is this really so? Do women love the individual or the type? On first thoughts one is emphatically in favor of the individual, but it seems to me that much may be said in defence of the type theory, for no doubt the average woman prefers one special kind of man.

Yet, if failing to marry the particular man she admires she marries another of that type, is there not quite a reasonable prospect of a woman being just as happy with "the next best" man?

£1 for this letter to Miss N. Thompson, Fisher St., Unley, S.A.

* * *

YOUTH NOT EVERYTHING!

YOUTH is so impulsive that it overlooks small happinesses. Youth is so enthusiastic, so up in the air, so down in the dumps. Youth is so inexperienced that it makes sad mistakes and, because it is youth, it suffers too much for those same mistakes. But age does not take its sorrows so deeply to heart nor does it lose its head over joys. Experience is a great teacher, and although it may take the first glamor from pleasures, at least it does not let us suffer so deeply.

All ages have their charm. Life rightly lived gets richer all the time.

Mrs. Ida E. Cresswell, 15 Franklin St., West Hobart, Tas.

* * *

PRAISE FOR EMPLOYEE

AN article featured in the dailies recently stated that a manager, observing an employee working with energy and enthusiasm, made a note of the fact and marked this man for future promotion.

Now, if only others would encourage their workers so!

Without encouragement the willing worker becomes a "drone." He still does his work efficiently, but gone are the interest, enthusiasm, and cheerfulness with which he first tackled his job.

If employers realised how heartening it is to the worker to hear his good work appreciated, they would not withhold their word of praise. And any extra money spent on salaries would be amply covered by the increase in production.

Mrs. W. Pratt, Cr. Gambari and Main Streets, Wallend, N.S.W.

* * *

HONESTY RARE

If a census could be taken, I wonder how many people would be found who are scrupulously honest?

I am afraid there are very few of us who do not practise a little deceit when it suits to do so. Lots of people scorn

By Borrowing Lose Prestige!

IS it a wise policy to borrow from one's friends? Dr. Johnson's advice was "to keep our friendships in repair." But is it not difficult to do that when making demands upon them?

I have known many estrangements among old friends because of the inability of one to repay.

Our friends are only human, and we persist in the borrowing habit we will eventually be regarded as scoundrels.

It has been said that no matter how trivial the article is, one cannot borrow it without loss of prestige.

What do readers think?

Mrs. A. Brown, 20 Princes Street, Adelaide, S.A.

The post thief, but if their circumstances were different and they found themselves in actual need, who knows but that they would do the same?

Others, again, have different codes of honour, and would scorn to countenance this type of wrongdoing while closing their eyes to another.

I think a truly honest person is about as rare as a bansom cab.

Mrs. H. Burgess, 6 Arcoona Rd., Kilkenny, N.S.W.

So They Say

Where Mothers Fail Their Children

MRS. SEBERRY (8/8/36) asks why mothers fail to hold their children's confidence after childhood. She has unwittingly supplied the answer in her letter when she says of her three tiny children: "At present I am their whole world."

Mothers cannot always be the "whole world" to their children. As they grow older it is only natural that there will be other influences in their lives. The wise mother allows for this, keeps abreast of her children's interests and, being always sympathetic and understanding, is the receiver of confidences and court of final appeal.

But many mothers resent outside influences and still expect their word to be "law" on every subject, thus losing the confidence of their children and driving them outside for advice.

Mrs. A. Weatherley, 46 Elphin Grove, Hawthorn E2, Vic.

Won't Admit Being Wrong

I HONESTLY believe children's lack of confidence in their parents is due to the fact that parents will never admit they are wrong.

I vowed before my marriage, if ever I had children of my own, that I would not be too foolishly proud to admit my faults. Many times I have asked their forgiveness when I honestly believed I had been unfair or hasty, and as far from losing their love and respect I found an understanding spirit even when they were quite little children.

Children's eyes see very clearly. We may hoodwink ourselves, but we don't hoodwink them into thinking that either mother or father, however dear, is a paragon!

Mrs. A. E. Morgan, Liambeda, Orange, N.S.W.

Mothers Don't Fail!

I AM a young girl and I can gladly say that my mother is the most understanding person I know. Looking around my girl friends' mothers, I find that on the whole they also seem to understand their daughters and help them. Of course, I admit there are some mothers who don't, but there are also some children who shut their mothers right out of their affairs. The majority of girls, however, confide in their mothers and act on their advice.

Mrs. Wynsone O'Reilly, Gladon, 64 Rawson St., Haberfield, N.S.W.

Expect Too Much

MOTHERS, in their great love for their children, set too high a standard for them to live up to. We are sometimes the most reserved with the ones we love the most because we are so conscious of all they expect of us. It may be, too, that just because we are their mothers we are inclined to keep thinking of them as babies.

Mrs. C. Andrew, 1206 Buckley Point Rd., Sans Souci, N.S.W.

Try to Understand

IT is true we have watched our children grow, but it does not follow that we know them well.

Confidence and trust between parents and children must be built up gradually. It is the hours we spend with the little child that count. If there are no temper storms, no punishments; if we have been sincere even in small things; if we have been careful not to destroy the child's sense of security by allowing him to come up against adult problems, which he cannot understand, then the child will develop wisely and happily in his relationship to his parents.

We must be prepared, also, to realise that they are of the new generation, we are of the old; therefore we have no right to impose our ideas on to them.

Mrs. H. J. Sommer, Norman Avenue, Norman Park, Brisbane.

Through Weariness

FROM my own experience I think a mother's understanding fails through weariness.

The continual household duties, combined with anxieties over accidents and illness, take their toll of a mother's strength.

To keep in sympathy with a younger generation we must be in tune with all new thought, ever ready to listen and give sympathy and understanding; but with the unceasing work and anxiety, the never-ending mending, how is the busy mother to find time for reflection on such new problem?

F. N. Johnstone, 53 Brougham St., Hotham Hill N.L. Tas.

Nellie McCartney, West Ulverstone, Tas.

Are Booby Prizes Unkind, or Just Good Fun?

I DO not agree with Mrs. Avard (8/8/36) that booby prizes are "unkind and unspiring." Australians are renowned for their sporting spirit, and I think anyone who goes to card parties should take the booby prize in the spirit in which it is given. It is not always the worst player who gets it.

Mrs. Douglas James, c/o A. S. Wickham, Allawah, Young, N.S.W.

Take it as a Joke

MRS. AVARD seems to have lost her sense of humor when she says that booby prizes are "unkind and unspiring." My experience of such things has been that they cause a lot of fun. Having myself on occasions been the recipient of the booby prize, I fail to understand Mrs. Avard in not accepting it as just a joke.

Mrs. C. Miller, 122 Gipps Street, Drummoyne, N.S.W.

Dangerous Umbrellas

I WONDER if women who carry umbrellas under their arms in a crowd or when shopping know how dangerous a habit it is?

Recently I saw one woman just escape the point of an umbrella thus avoiding a nasty accident.

Why not carry the umbrella by the cord which is attached? It certainly looks much better!

Miss E. M. Cocks, 122 Drummoyne St. South, Sutherland, N.S.W.

Advertises Failure

BOOBY prizes are anything but the consolation they are meant to be. How can one enjoy the advertisement of her failure to the accompaniment of loud hilarity called forth by the sheer stupidity of the prize? To my mind,

anyway, I have never seen a "dunce's cap" presented as a booby prize. Mostly it is either an amusing gift, or else a useful, though inexpensive, article which may be taken as a consolation prize for bad luck.

Miss Dorothy Marshall, c/o Mrs. Hennetts Street, Glenferrie E2, Vic.

Childish

I HEARTILY agree with Mrs. Avard re booby prizes.

Besides being childish, it is rather un-sportsmanlike to hold up the loser to ridicule. Surely it is embarrassing enough for the sensitive person to lose cheerfully without having his position made more conspicuous by a "humorous" presentation.

Then we must consider the person who, knowing that he has no hope of victory, purposely plays a losing hand to win the "booby" prize, thus spoiling his partner's chances of topping the list.

Miss M. Joyce, 740 Burke Road, Casberwell E5, Vic.

Great Fun

I THINK booby prizes are great fun, especially at a party where everyone is in a happy mood. I have been present at many gatherings when booby prizes have been given; and in every case the recipient has accepted it in the same happy and joyful way that it is given. I entirely disagree with Mrs. Avard when she says that booby prizes are unnecessary and unkind.

Jean Baird, 43 Bertie St., Croydon Park, S.A.

Not Very Amusing

I AGREE with Mrs. Avard that booby prizes are not in the best of taste.

Although, of course, it does not mean you are the worst player, still you can't help feeling unhappy about getting the booby prize—although you cannot show it, laughing and joking with the rest of them. Even a snappy little prize doesn't take the sting away.

And after all, I can't see anything very funny in anyone coming last.

Nellie McCartney, West Ulverstone, Tas.

Who Says Women Have No Inventive Powers?

I DO not agree with Miss D. Seife (8/8/36) that women have no inventive powers. What of Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium? And Sister Kenny and her treatment of infantile paralysis? There are many others, too numerous to mention. Again, in many cases, the idea for minor discoveries, such as kitchen gadgets, has been given to men by women, who after all, feel the need more than men do, and are set thinking over the problem. It is generally their suggestion which is the basis of the invention.

Mrs. G. J. Monkhouse, Box 1984X, G.P.O., Brisbane.

Here Are Examples:

I DON'T agree that women cannot invent things. Flying foxes, which have been destroying the citrus crops,

WRITE NOW!

No elegant writing is needed here—just an interesting thought sincerely expressed, and every letter published receives a cash prize. But keep your letter short.

IRRITATING MANNERISMS

SO many of us have developed little habits or mannerisms that irritate those around us—whistling tunelessly, tapping with finger-tips, pencil or cutlery on the table, shuffling feet, and



THERE'S nothing more unnerving than tapping with finger-tips.

any other needlessly noisy movements. There are gestures as irritating—over-expressive contortions of the face, posings, patting and pullings of hair or clothes.

And nobody is friend enough to speak of the nuisance to the unconscious offender, and so end the irritation. But so many will mention it, and most unfavorably, behind one's back!

Mary L. Lane, Quantong, Vic.

GOOD MANNERS

"THE secret, Eliza, is not in having good manners or bad manners, or any particular kind of manners, but in having one manner for all living creatures that is behaving as if you were in Heaven where all souls are equal." I quote from memory from G. B. Shaw's Pygmalion.

How much happier the world would be if everyone followed this advice. Even in this democratic country of ours, there are people who assume three kinds of manners—the obsequious for their superiors, the friendly for their equals, and the frankly condescending for their inferiors. Let us all have one manner for everyone, but since good manners for everyone help to make life run more smoothly and pleasantly, let that one manner be courteous and considerate.

G. M. Sprout, House Hill Rd., Kenthurst, N.S.W.

INDIGESTION

In addition to the acute pains suffered by indigestion victims, there is the additional danger of ulcers forming. These are caused by heavy meals of bad food, but in the disordered stomach the food ferments instead of being properly digested. The food passes through the system without the nourishment being retained in the body. Bodily weakness is the result.

Writing from 5, De Lijn St., North Ryde, Mrs. W. G. Williams, Mr. L. Williams says: "I have suffered from indigestion and in the stomach and have used several so-called remedies. I tried a sample of De Witt's Antacid Powder and taking one dose I had instant relief."

Since then, I have used two tins of your precious powder, and have not had any further attacks of indigestion.

Now I have a real desire to thank you for your precious powder, and have not had any further attacks of indigestion.

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"WHAT do you get paid?"

"Four pounds a week."

"I'll give you ten. I want you to come and work for me."

"But what kind of work?"

"Run me like you run this department. My life is a chaos. I want a bully and a tonic—and you're it."

"I see."

"Will you come?"

"Ten pounds. I might."

"There's one condition."

"Which is?"

"The day you fall for me—you're sacked."

She tilted up her little chin. "Don't worry. You're not a man to me. You're a job."

"You're very cocksure."

"I am. The day I fall for you—I resign."

He held out his hand. "It's a bargain."

They were interrupted by a knock on the door and a moment later a young man stood on the threshold. He was tall and slight, and fair. He, too, had all the attributes that might be expected to lead to public success.

"Gene." Keith Carson clapped the young man delightedly on the shoulder. "When did you get back?"

"The tour ended yesterday. I'm to be at the old Sunflower with you tonight. I've got a two weeks' engagement there. Sort of try-out I think."

"Splendid." Keith swung the young man round. "Meet one another. This is Gene—alias Mr. Dean—and he's a

SWEET Bells JANGLED

Continued from Page 5

whale of a crooner and a devil on the saxophone. And this is Averil—she's a great girl—hard as nails, sour as a lemon, efficient as a machine and . . ."

"And pretty as a picture," said the young man with boyish assurance.

Averil smiled at him. "Despite Mr. Carson's rather poor recommendation, I think you should know that he's already hired me as his personal representative."

"She even knows what it's called," said Keith delightedly. "She's going to make crooning the fourth best paid industry in the United Kingdom. And the day she falls for me she's sacked."

"What are you talking about?"

"Just what I said."

Gene smiled impudently. "Then I can do all the love-making."

"You can, and welcome."

Averil's eyes challenged the young man. "It takes two to make a quarrel—or a romance."

Keith Carson laughed. "I shouldn't try it, Gene. The girl's innocent and inhuman. Monday then, Averil."

"Oh, but the shop—I've got to give proper notice."

LEAVE that to me. Your boss eats out of my hand. He'll be at the Sunflower to-night. I'll fix it with him. I'll expect you at my hotel ten o'clock on Monday morning."

And somehow or other Keith did fix it. Averil had thought that she was rather important to her department. It was a bit humiliating that the boss should have been so ready to part with her.

Keith presented a problem to her first thing on Monday morning. "Behold, the world chaos!" he said, greeting her in his dressing-gown from his position at the piano. "I've got an appointment at the recording studios this morning and I've forgotten at what time. Young Gene Dean is lunching with me but I've forgotten where. There's the morning's mail, my tailor wants a fitting. I've a suspicion my hair wants cutting. I'm due at the B.B.C. at six, and at the Sunflower at seven. I've lost my cheque book and my back collar stud—and will you please make sense of all that?"

And Averil did. Within a week she had regulated his correspondence, paid his bills, banked his cheques, computed the balance, sorted the music and generally tidied up the odds and ends of his life.

They were busy days and long nights for Averil but she was interested—in her work. She reminded herself very often that it was only in her work. Keith Carson wasn't a man, he was a job. But to do it efficiently Keith must

be kept fit, and every day it became more obvious that Keith's candle was burning much too fast at both ends.

This was largely Gene's fault. Gene was nearly always the third party to all their activities. Gene had too many meals and too many drinks and too many cigarettes at Keith's expense. But Averil was suspicious. A fresh young man of nineteen might photograph better than a rather tired young man of twenty-eight. Keith had been nearly ten years before the public. The strain was sometimes visible. And when they finished work Gene would propose late supper parties and supply a couple of dazzling blondes, but somehow it seemed that Keith always had to supply the answer to the waiter's bill.

AVERIL TACKLED

Keith one morning on the subject: "Why do you spend so much on supper?" She pointed reproachfully to the counter in his cheque book.

"But, Averil, there were others."

"I know. Mr. Gene Dean's party."

She looked at him squarely. "Why don't he pay for his own parties?"

"Don't be absurd. He does. That was just a fluke last night." He went on hastily, covering up this lame excuse. "Talking of Mr. Dean, he's asked me to do something for him tomorrow night."

"Don't look so glum, Averil. You've got mixed in your part. It's me you're supposed to hate, not Mr. Dean."

Averil laughed. "Perhaps, I hate you both."

Keith sighed. "I wouldn't be surprised." He looked at her wistfully. "Don't you ever weaken?"

"I know," said Averil. "I've mixed you a dose of quinine, and I've left your gargle ready in the bathroom, and you wouldn't be so tired if you cut out the supper parties." But she pushed him into the nearest armchair.

GIRLIGAGS



"THEN THERE was a girl so stupid that she thought a shoplifter was a strong man."

and she brought him the quinine, and she looked at him anxiously as he drank it.

"Now, tell me what you've promised to do for Mr. Dean," she said, but her voice was softer than usual.

"IT'S that charity cabaret—at Lady Crewes' in Richmond. Gene was to have the night off it. Now, he finds that Max Simon, of Hollywood, is coming to the Sunflower to-morrow night. He wants to be heard."

"But why just to-morrow?"

"Max Simon sails in three days time."

"And what about you? Don't you sing, too?"

"Yes, but I can't use Simon. I'm tied up. At least I presume I am. My new contract with the Sunflower comes up for discussion next week. By the way, Averil, see if you can find the old one. I don't suppose they'll drop me after all this time."

"No, but it might be advantageous to play up the American. If he offered you a contract that would send up your price here."

"Oh, I don't want to haggle with them," he said indifferently. "They've always been very decent to me. I've been with them two years. I can't get up-stage with them now."

"Well, I think it's absurd. You've got a cold; your voice is tired, and to Richmond is a dreary drive. Why should Mr. Dean swing his mistakes on to you?"

"You've got Gene all wrong, Averil. It's just that the kid's ambitious. He'll go far. He's good."

"I know he is," said Averil resentfully. "If he weren't it wouldn't matter. And you're such a fool—you're so generous, and unselfish, and trusting and bide-hearted, and so—so idiotic!"

HE caught hold of a fold of her skirt. "You've been such a wonderful success, Averil. You've put my life in order. Now, couldn't you be a little kind? I'm a sick man. I need sympathy."

She patted his arm. "You need sleep," she said. She jerked her skirt out of his fingers, crossed the room quickly, put out the light and left him.

The next day Keith's cold was distinctly worse, and the drive to Richmond proved long and cold. There were a number of performances and Keith was almost the last on the programme. They had a tiresome draughty wait, and it was one o'clock before they got back to the hotel.

"Please go straight to bed," said Averil anxiously. She rang for the waiter. "I'm going to order you a hot drink."

"Right you are," he said wearily.

"I'm sorry." He smiled apologetically. She watched him go. This process of hardening the heart was becoming more and more difficult.

Later Averil brought Keith his drink and a couple of aspirins. "You're not to get up till I come in the morning."

"All right," he said in a whisper. "I feel as if I'd never get up again."

"Nonsense." Her voice was soft. She straightened the sheets and her treacherous fingers strayed to the pillow and gave it a quite unnecessary pat.

"Good night, Averil," he held her hand for a moment, and his touch was hot and dry. "Good night, and thank you."

She made her way to her room. It was too late for bus or tube, she walked and wondered whether she should have sent right away for the doctor. Next morning she did not hesitate.

Dr. Wilson pulled a long face. "You're in bad shape, my boy. You'll have to cancel all his engagements for a while, Miss Averil. I don't like the look of that young fellow. You've been treating it unmercifully. No singing for you for at least a month."

W

HEN Averil had seen the doctor out she came back to her patient, and though for once she smiled at him her tones were conscientiously official. "I'm going down to the chemists' and then to the Sunflower. I'll keep your appointment with the manager and bring back that new contract. Don't worry," she said softly. "Everything will be all right." Then, as if afraid, she turned on her heel and hurriedly left the room.

At the Sunflower she explained the situation to Mr. Mellor. The manager had already got the new contract drawn up.

"If you'd show him this, I'll just point out to you the changes. He's not much of a business man, is he? Well, we're taking on that young fellow Gene Dean as a permanency."

"What?"

"Yes. You see one needs fresh blood all the time. Gene is coming up. He's going to go over big. His name will be billed with Keith's—same size. Then as to salary—£2000 as before. But there are one or two items that want altering. Up to now Keith has only sung in the evenings. To-day we're doing a big tea-dancing business. We'll want his services from four to six. After all we'll have young Dean in reserve. From Keith's point of view a colleague will be an advantage."

"I see." Averil's expression was strictly non-committal. "I'll show this to Mr. Carson, but, of course, I can't promise that he'll sign it."

Mr. Mellor permitted himself a superior smile. "Don't you worry," he said. "He'll sign."

Averil took pride in her organising ability, and she knew that this was the testing time. She knew just what she had to do, no matter how much it hurt. The banner of her independence was lowered. Her little head was no longer so high in the air, the wide, grey eyes were anguished, but her mouth was a thin red line of determination.

Her first call was to Denham's gramophones department.

Lillian and Edie greeted her enthusiastically. "What brings you, Averil?"

"I want some of Keith Carson's early records—you know the ones he put over when he made a personal appearance."

Please turn to Page 24

CALM STOMACH

So, Gain Strength by Day and

Peace by Night.

Bog twitching, abdominal nerves and muscles with indigestion, flatulence, Heartburn, Acid-Sourness etc., by taking HARRISON'S Stomach Powder. INSTANT relief. Pleasant sleep. Bowels too "tense" 15 per cent. of intestinal occurrences are relieved thereby by Harrison's Powder. REAL HEALING POWDER. It is the only powder you seek, as well as quick relief, take HARRISON'S Stomach Powder and RECOVER, as millions have. 2/6 of good chemists. Beware of "Maclean" substitutes—be sure to see the name HARRISON—that's very important.

HARRISON - Maclean Powder

Other Cashmere Bouquet Products that will appeal to you are: Toilet Soap, Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Foundation Cream, Lipstick, Rouge (Crème or Compact), Perfume, Talcum Powder, Dusting Powder, Brilliantine (Liquid or Solid).

Colgate's

Cashmere Bouquet

The Aristocrat of Face Powders

10/25

What Women Are Doing

For Conference

AMONG visitors to Adelaide in September will be Miss Ella Slack, B.A., principal of the Sydney Kindergarten and Preparatory Teachers' College, who is going at the invitation of the Centenary Council to attend a conference on Child and Maternal Welfare.

She will also read a paper at the Kindergarten Union Conference in Adelaide.

She Is Kind Fairy to Hundreds of Children

AN entertainment for children by children is Miss Hilda Oldfield's idea for all the children of the Metropolitan Homes and Orphanages in South Australia, and "The Magic of the Balloon" is the result.

August 28 and September 1 at the Australia were the dates arranged for the 33 small actors and actresses who had trained to lead their 600 small guests into Fairyland.

The mothers' committee, which has been working for months with designs and frocks also have a box of sweets in readiness for each child.

Sorcery has been quite a difficult problem to Miss Oldfield, but the fathers solved it by offering their services as carpenters.

Miss Oldfield had Miss Ivore Abbot in charge of the ballets, Miss Alice Burns arranging the orchestra, and Mrs. Alan Bertram for accompanist. This is the third concert Miss Oldfield has arranged, and she is hoping to make them an annual occasion for these children.

* * *

To Sing at Covent Garden

ANOTHER Australian song-bird to make good overseas is Etta Bernard. She has been on the other side of the world for only two years, and now she has signed a contract with the Royal British Opera Company to sing at Covent Garden in "Madame Butterfly" in November.

She is to have a small part in the opera, but will also under-study Leoncavallo in the role of Butterfly. Miss Bernard has also been successful as a radio artist in London, and was to be on the air in a broadcast to Canada and Australia on Saturday.

Miss Bernard

will also under-study Leoncavallo in the role of Butterfly. Miss Bernard has also been successful as a radio artist in London, and was to be on the air in a broadcast to Canada and Australia on Saturday.

Fine Achievement

HE ambitious hopes and ideals of the small group of women doctors who founded the Rachel Forster Hospital in Sydney have surely been realised.

The report prepared for the 14th annual meeting at the Women's College, Sydney University, this week is a remarkable record. In addition to the routine activities, which include an attendance of 250 women daily at the outpatients' department, a pathology department, a clinic for rheumatic manifestations in children, and a speech therapy clinic were established during last year.

The most valuable feature of the hospital's work, however, is the "follow up" system which is applied to all cases. Despite increased expenditure, finances show a credit balance of £165.

Professor Cullis May Open Vocational Guidance Conference

THE South Australian branch of the Australian Federation of University Women is planning a vocational conference for September 16 to help girls leaving school to plan careers.

Miss Esther Messant, organising secretary, is arranging for competent speakers on at least 20 different vocations open to girls, several new ones being added to the list discussed at the previous conference two years ago. After a three-minute outline of cost of training, required qualities, pay, conditions, and the general prospects for each vocation, girls and their parents may discuss the subjects which interest them.

This Centenary conference will probably be held in the Teachers' Training College, and it is hoped that Professor Winifred Cullis, of London, will open the proceedings.

Fourteen Years Nursing in Shanghai

FOURTEEN years of nursing in Shanghai has given Miss M. E. Pidge, a South Australian nurse, a real insight into the lives of the Chinese people, and a great deal of adventure. At the modern country hospital, Shanghai, where she has spent most of the time, both wealthy Chinese and European patients were nursed. The former cherished many weird superstitions, but Miss Pidge found them ready to respond to friendship, and most trustworthy.

Y.W.C.A. Officials Will Visit Adelaide Centenary

Y.W.C.A. officials from all over Australia will be in Adelaide for the conference planned for September 21 to 23. The national president, Mrs. J. G. Pott, will attend. Miss Grace Carr, general secretary in Melbourne, will read a paper on "The Place of the Volunteer in the Y.W.C.A."

Old and present members of the association, as well as interstate delegates, will meet at the Headquarters in Hindmarsh Square for the conference, and sessions will be held twice daily.

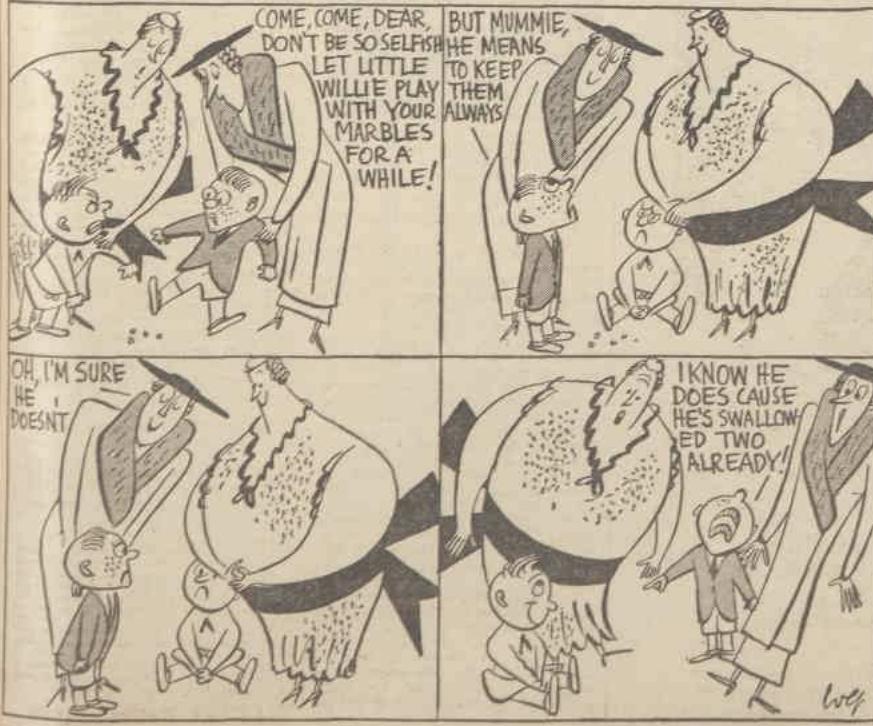
Mrs. Pott will join the Adelaide delegation to the meeting of the world executive of the Y.W.C.A. and Eastern regional conference in Colombo, and she and Lady Kidman, Mrs. J. A. Haslam and Mrs. A. L. Dawe will leave in October.

Busy Time With Floral Festival

MR. BRUCE SHEARER, elected this year president of the Creche and Kindergarten in Brisbane, has had a busy few weeks, as she is chairwoman for the floral festival to be held in the City Hall in September. For many years she has been associated with the Kindergarten and Arts and Crafts Society, but has decided to give up the latter and make the Kindergarten her "all time" job.

Mrs. Shearer was assistant secretary to Miss Bedford in 1928, honorary secretary in 1930, and last year she was chairwoman of the society.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY - - By WEP



Eye-training Is Her Big Interest

"I WOULD like to see eye-training taught in all the schools just as we teach children to brush their teeth properly," says Miss Marjorie Alison, who is practising eye-training work in Melbourne.

Miss Alison, who is the daughter of the late Mr. William Alison, of Dubbo, N.S.W., and of Mrs. Alison, of Moss Vale, N.S.W., has travelled extensively in many parts of the world.

She is well known in Moss Vale, where she conducted a library in aid of the Berima District Hospital for three years.

Christmas Tour For Women Teachers

THE Victorian Federation of Mothers' Clubs has had such success with its schoolchildren's tours that it is arranging a Christmas vacation tour to West Australia, and this time it will be for women teachers.

The tour, which begins on December 29 and ends on January 16, will include a forward journey by boat from Melbourne to Perth, and the party will return by the Transcontinental train.

The whole tour is being organised by the president of the federation, Mrs. M. G. McNaughton, a former teacher.

Organising "Animal Week" For Fifteenth Time

FOR the fifteenth time Miss Ruth Robin, secretary of the South Australian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is organising "Animal Week." It is to start on September 5.

The theme is to come into its own again for a fortnight from September 5 to 19, for Miss Audrey Morphett is arranging an exhibition of pictures of horses famous in the last hundred years. Animal Sunday is September 6, and the clergy have been asked to cooperate with the Society by giving special talks on kindness to animals on that day. Two very attractive buttons, one showing a koala and the other two love birds, will serve as mementoes of this week, and the proceeds will, incidentally, swell the funds for the Society's work.

The usual office will be at the show ground, as the week corresponds with Show week, and besides interesting pictures taken of animals by the inspectors and other animal studies, all the necessary information for the enrolment of new members will be available.

Good Work Done By Big Sister Movement

THE Big Sister Movement, founded in Sydney by Mrs. Edmond Gates in the early days of the depression, is one of the organisations that has functioned most efficiently for several years.

Its members assisted the National Council of Women when that organisation conducted a hotel and engaged in several activities sponsored by the Government for the benefit of needy women.

When these operations ceased the Big Sister Movement concentrated on its own objectives, and has been a tower of strength to women needing advice by assisting to obtain employment, and providing a shelter for those whose incomes did not permit them paying the usual fees for board and lodging.

The hotel at York St., Sydney, has been in existence for several years, and recently a cottage home was opened in the beautiful district of Pennant Hills, a few miles from the city.

Hundreds Compete in Physical Culture Competitions

FOR the first time since its inception nine years ago the girls' annual physical culture competitions arranged by the South Australian Combined Church Clubs Association had 30 competitors from Victoria taking part. Mrs. A. R. Black is secretary of the South Australian Association, which has sixty-four clubs, sub-junior, junior, and senior, and with hundreds of girls competing in the competitions is the largest association of its kind in Australia.

Two shields are competed for at the South Australian competitions, and the winners lead the team at the Ballarat competitions each year, and plan to leave in October to compete against teams of 11 church clubs in Victoria. Marching, exercises, rods, clubs, plastic, spectacular, song and dance, and action songs, as well as folk dances, form the programme.

The idea of competitions was originated by the secretary's husband, Mr. A. R. Black, and this year's idea of having interstate contestants has been so successful that it is planned to repeat it next year.

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ROSALIND RUSSELL
M.G.M. player,
looks more than
satisfied with her
jaunty "Abyssinian"
cap. It is
worn with an
attractive black
frock with finely
pleated bodice
and sleeves. The
smutual trimming
at neck and wrists
consists of chromed
jum grapes.

"I THINK we got rid
of them all. You were such a whirlwind
of salesmanship and so determined
to clear out the old stock."

But a hunt revealed that half a dozen
were still available. Averil borrowed
a case to carry them.

Tense with excitement, Averil made
her way to the Savoy. "I'm from Mr.
Keith Carson," she told the man at
the desk. "I want to see Mr. Max
Simon."

Keith's name worked its magic, and
five minutes later Averil was facing
Max Simon, the small, fat, shrewd
impresario.

"Now, young lady, what does Keith
Carson want? Why doesn't he come
himself?"

"I'm his personal representative.
That's just one thing he's temperamental
about. He'll work all day and
all night but he won't talk terms. He
hates business."

She looked very young and slight and
defeasible as she stood before him.
Max Simon's shrewd eyes twinkled and
his smile was fatherly. "Well, what
does he want?"

"It's like this," said Averil in her
most professional manner. "He likes
your climate. He wants to go to California."

"And he wants to go at my expense?"

"Exactly."

He shook his head. "But I heard he
ain't no good."

Averil sat down because her knees
were trembling, but she took the proffered
cigarette with apparent uncon-

SWEET Bells JANGLED

Continued from Page 22

"It's great," said Max Simon as the
record finished. "Put on another."

Averil worked through all the records
she had brought. Max Simon listened
attentively, nodding his appreciation
from time to time.

"What money does he want?"
said at last.

Averil felt sick inside, but outwardly
she looked elegant and indifferent and
very young and very modern. "He
wants four thousand a year free of income
tax—a two years' contract—in travelling
expenses—and the right to make records and work for the radio."

Max Simon nodded. "That ain't
reasonable. When can I see him?"

"You can't. I tell you he's resting.
Put it down on paper and I'll show it
to him."

"I sail to-morrow."

"I'll bring you his answer to-night,
and we can discuss the details."

"Seems a very funny way of doing
business."

"He's a very funny man," said Averil,
taking a sheet of notepaper out of the
rack on the desk. "Make it a letter
putting forward what you propose."

He paused. "You are on the level,"
he asked.

She looked him straight in the eye.
"Absolutely," she replied.

"I believe you." He walked over to
the desk.

With the letter safe in her handbag
Averil hurried back to Keith's hotel.
She had succeeded, but she did not
look any the happier.

"You've been an age," Keith grumbled.
"I've been lonely. No one has
scolded me for my own good for the
last three hours."

She perched on the side of his armchair.
"I've been terribly busy, and
I've a bag of good news."

"You're awfully pretty, Averil," he
said, irrelevantly, studying her flushed
cheeks and the excitement in her eyes.

"Whist!" she said, and put her
fingers across his lips. He caught her
hand and kissed it, and somehow it
stayed in his possession. "To-day I've
done my last and greatest feat of
organising."

"Tell me." He smiled as one might
at a child who was showing off.

"The Sunflower contract was
horrible." She rattled off the details
"Gene." For a moment his face was
troubled. "Well, I'm glad he's got it."

IN A MEADOW

I have put the whole field
In a vase;
Everything from barley
To cob corn lace.
So now on rainy days,
When I cannot roam,
I wander in a meadow
Here at home.

—By JOAN AIKEN.

He deserved it. We'll see a lot of each
other and have great fun."

"No, you won't," she said. "You're
not accepting that contract."
"But Averil—"

"Y

OU'RE going to California where there's a decent
climate for people who won't look
after their throats."

"California—but I can't."

"Oh, yes, you can. Here is Max
Simon's offer, and very good it is
though I say it who more or less dictated it."

"But I can't go to California—"

"Why not?"

"Well, not unless you'll come, too. I
must stay in London here with you.
Averil. You do see that, don't you?
I've got to be bossed and managed and
abused. I've got to see you every day."

Averil slipped off his chair. "That
won't help you any." The little chin
was very high.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm resigning."

"Averil!" His look said he was sick
and in a muddle and that she was letting
him down.

She went on ruthlessly. "You told
me to yourself. The moment I fell for
you I was to resign. Oh, Keith! I fell
for you ages ago—good and hard—but
I managed to hide it. Before I break
my word I must get out—so I resign."

"Darling," he pulled her toward him.
"You can't resign. I sacked you
five minutes ago. I forgot to tell you.
You're no longer my personal representa-
tive. You've got to be my wife."

"Oh, dear," said Averil, raising her
head from his shoulder. "and I only
asked for travelling expenses for one."

"Inefficient angel. Call yourself a
business woman. Easily seen your
proper sphere is the home."

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short stories which appear in
The Australian Women's Weekly are
fictitious, and have no reference to
any living person.

"BE LOVELY All Over"
SAY EXOTIC VIENNESE
AND GIVE YOU THEIR SECRET
OF REAL *Allure!*



"MADE WITH OLIVE OIL. PALMOLIVE SOAP KEEPS FACE, ARMS,
SHOULDERS SOFT AND SMOOTH. FOR THAT REASON, IT IS
THE FAVOURITE BEAUTY SOAP IN EUROPE."

FAMOUS BEAUTY SPECIALIST OF VIENNA, AUSTRIA

S. Pessl

HOW glamorous she is! And
how well she knows that to
be truly alluring you must have
"all over" beauty . . . face, arms,
shoulders, back—all exquisitely
lovely.

So, for bath as well as face,
these exotic Viennese use
Palmolive Soap. Make their
secret yours!

See how this beauty soap . . .
because it is made with olive and
palm oils . . . actually soothes
and beautifies your skin while it
cleanses. See how utterly different
its lather is. Rich, velvety.

As a matter of fact, it is olive
oil, nothing else, which gives
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colour. This very colour assures
its purity.

So keep lovely "all over" with
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for your complexion and bath.
Learn for yourself why
Palmolive is the favourite beauty
soap in France, Italy, Germany
and seven other European
countries.



THE WORLD OVER more women use PALMOLIVE than any other beauty soap

11-46

THE MOVIE WORLD

August 29, 1936.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page 25

CALLING Australia! Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and
JUDY BAILEY
from Hollywood and London

Amiable Marlene

MARLENE DIETRICH, on the eve of her departure for Europe on the Normandie, with daughter Maria, let loose some praise for members of her profession and American women generally.

In regard to the latter, she stated that American women are the most beautiful in the world.

Further, that although Paris created the styles, American women, collectively, were better dressed than those of any other country. That should send up her fan mail!

Speaking of the acting profession, she said: "Greta Garbo is my favorite

Hollywood Accidents

THE film colony nearly lost two of its brightest ornaments this week, when Arline Judge and Katharine Hepburn were both the victims of accident.

As the result of a fall while dancing, Arline is now wearing a leather brace over two broken ribs. Katharine, while boasting no broken bones, had a narrower escape still. While working on her new picture, "Portrait of a Rebel," she was tipped from a donkey-cart into a fast-running stream, and was not rescued until she had been badly shocked and bruised.

actress, and Ronald Colman my favorite actor." So there you have it.

In England the Dietrich will co-star with Robert Donat in "Knight Without Armour," the latter's first picture since "The Ghost Goes West," and a Korda production.

Cupid Aims Badly

CUPID'S bow-string has, apparently, twanged again, although, in this instance, his arrow has been caught by a gust of wind and hit the wrong victim. Or so it seems.

Briefly, this is the story. Film circles have been electrified by the report of the engagement of Marian Marsh to Al Scott of New York. The news has not yet been confirmed, but the know-all says it's "right."

The announcement, however, gets its pepy flavor from the following facts: Young stockbroker Al was formerly the husband of actress Colleen Moore. It has been thought for some time that he would select a Hollywood luminary for his next plunge into matrimony, but the one who was tipped as the future Mrs. Scott was Janet Gaynor, who has been weeping quite a lot of Al.

And now it seems that Marian Marsh has carried off the prize. Well, well!



Blonde CLAIRE TREVOR—A New Study

Dramatic Role

ANN HARDING'S first British picture has at last been decided upon. Max Schach, after seeing "Love From a Stranger," a play now enjoying tremendous success in the West End, considers that it provides the ideal vehicle for her, and negotiations for the film rights have now been finalised.

The story, by Agatha Christie, is a blend of mystery and romance, the central figure being a typist who is swept off her feet by the wooing of a fascinating stranger, and, in this role, Ann will have to run the whole gamut of the emotions from careless gaiety through harassing uncertainty to a final battle of will.

They Can't Agree

THE Elaine Barrie-John Barrymore romance has apparently struck another snag over possession of an 8½ carat diamond ring and a golden brocade mandarin coat. Miss Barrie first announced that the two valuable gifts were to be given to her after her twenty-first birthday. "I'm just about the happiest person. I became 21 last week, and, according to an agreement, they are then to be given to me."

But Mr. Barrymore immediately countered with the gruff statement: "I was never engaged to her. A man can't get along with a dame like that. We're not going to be married."

We're in the Money

YOUR London correspondent had it direct from Gracie Fields herself that 20th Century-Fox have offered her £50,000 to make a picture for them. This is an increase of £5000 on all previous offers.

"If I do accept, it won't be until well into the winter," said Gracie, "because I've promised to do two pictures for Mr. Basil Dean this autumn. I don't really want to go to Hollywood, but, of course, this is a tempting offer. Even a film star doesn't pick up £50,000 every day, you know."

As they'd say in Hollywood, "She's telling us!"

WHAT HAPPENS To Your Fan LETTER?

Handling the Huge Mail That Comes To the Stars

"Dear Mr. Montgomery,

"If ever I get married, you are the kind of husband I will choose. I see all your pictures and am probably your most ardent admirer. Please send me an autographed picture of yourself, which will ever remain one of the most cherished possessions of, "Yours devotedly, Annie Jones."

And there, my good readers, is a fan letter. Not brilliant, not constructively helpful to the star in question, but, for all that, the type of fan letter which enters Hollywood in a never-decreasing white torrent every day of the year. There are few of us who have never written a fan letter in our time! I know that I wrote my share in the old days.

FAN letters have been an integral part of Hollywood's life ever since the first flickering shadow of moviedom flitted across the screen. And ardent admirers will continue to write to their heroes and heroines just so long as there are men as handsome and virile as our Gables, our Coopers, and women as charming as our Colberts and Sulavans.

What happens to this ceaseless surge of envelopes once they arrive in Movietown? Who reads them; who compiles with the requests for photographs; and do the stars sign every individual photo themselves? What staffs are needed to cope with the letters when a star is at the peak of his, or her, popularity? Read on, Macduff! And you'll see that the life of a star is not all cocktails and caviare... at least, so far as fan letters are concerned.

Multiply the fan letter which appears at the beginning of this article by 600,000 and you'll have some idea of the staggering problem which confronts Hollywood stars.

£5000 a month—Stamps

FANS spend, at a very conservative estimate, something like £5000 a month on stamps alone. This is only a fraction of what it costs the studios and addressees and their fan-letter departments to answer this mail, and supply photographs, despite the fact that the majority of fans enclose stamps to defray the cost of return postage.

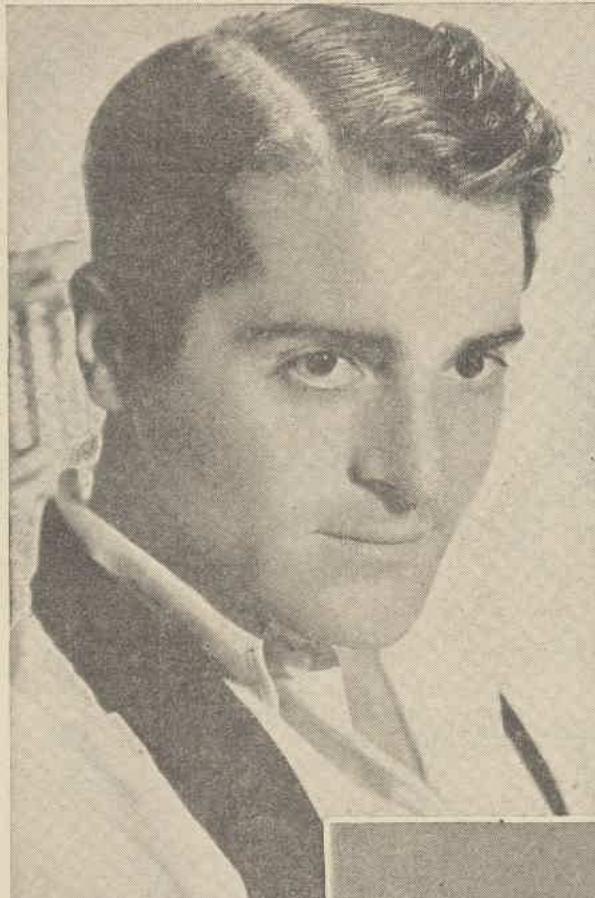
There are, at the present time, something like 430 stars and featured players on the contract lists of the varying studios—big names who each average approximately one thousand letters a month. Others, known as free-lancers, affiliated with no particular producing organisation, but whose popularity is sufficient to bring them into this class, number about 175. Then there are many whose mail averages around the 500 letters a month each class.

So you'll see that, despite the fact that San Francisco is far from being one of the biggest cities in the world, its post-office is certainly one of the busiest from the point of view of everyday turnover... and simply because of the fact that the likes of you and I want to write to our idols and tell them what swell guys they are.

After sorting at the post-office, the letters are "worked up" into bags addressed to the various studios. For M-G-M, at Culver City, and for Warner Bros., at Burbank, and for the rest of them in Hollywood, these bags are sent direct to the mail station for additional sorting by employees there so that they may be forwarded on to the stars concerned. Despite this bagging, however, the Los Angeles postal authorities still handle many thousands, including about ten a day with fresh addresses, such as photographs, etc. These must be sorted much to Uncle Sam's annoyance.

Let us trace Annie Jones' letter addressed to Robert Montgomery, care of the studio at which he works. It joins the thousands of others, all for Bob, and all couched in similar language. It is not unusual for him, as for other top-ranking stars, to receive as many as 20,000 letters in a month. This number fluctuates, of course, depending on the release of his latest picture.

But to return to the letter and its adventures. A quick glance by the studio authorities, whose job it is to segregate those which reveal the particular category into which it falls. If it is a routine request for a photo, as is the case with little Miss Jones' epistle, it passes to the proper department, and the requisite photo is sent on its way to the fan. However, those letters which have a



definite message are awarded the privilege of a trip to the star's home in Beverly Hills, where, if they pass the minute inspection of his astute secretary, they ultimately are read by the man to whom they were first addressed.

Most stars appreciate good, constructive fan-letters, even if they contain adverse criticism. After all, this is the never-failing barometer of how their popularity in a certain picture registered on the great masses. If more than a dozen letters complain about the one thing, then the star can be pretty certain that something in the particular picture or sequence under review was a bit on the blink.

Painstaking Una

ONE of the most painstaking of stars with her mail is pretty and very funny Una Merkel. Let's see what happens to one of her fan letters after it hurtles from some far-flung corner of the globe. On reaching the studio it falls into the capable hands of Mrs. Sadie Coon, her personal secretary. And Mrs. Coon says: "Miss Merkel has made it a rule to read those fan letters which may be helpful to her, just so long as she has been in pictures. The mail is sorted and set aside for her personal attention, and every few days I spend hours taking dictation from her."

Mrs. Coon also looks after the correspondence for other leading lights, and has a highly-trained staff of assistants. Indeed, it is a definite department, running on well-oiled wheels, with bright and efficient personnel.

Studios and stars are both very touchy on the subject of fan mail. Despite the tremendous expense, all are fully aware of the importance of keeping fans satisfied. Quite obviously, it is impossible to give personal replies to the



ABOVE: Una Merkel, whose correspondence is all handled, first, by Mrs. Sadie Coon, her personal secretary.



LEFT: One of the stars who gives many letters his own attention—Francis Lederer, the young Czech actor.



BETWEEN: Mary Brian, whose fan mail saved her screen career. Her case is typical of that of many of moviedom's top-notchers.



An Interesting Story of a Little Thought About a Phase of Hollywood activity.

By JEANNETTE MACMAHON

majority of letters which flood Hollywood. At the same time, the majority of constructive letters are actually read by the stars, and I am confident that the bulk of the letters is a tremendous force in the industry generally.

As a proof of this contention, you'll find that such players as Ralph Bellamy, Francis Lederer, Margaret Sullavan and others all give them personal attention. And very conscientiously, too.

To get the best result from a fan letter, you can do no wrong by following out the motto of most of those which I've seen lying on stars' desks waiting for individual reply. Should it be a message, and not a definite request for a photo, should it be intelligent and not fall into the "begging" class, which are the bane of all and sundry, it will, in nine cases out of ten, be read by the star for whom it is intended . . . and in about six cases out of ten it will be answered personally.

Saved Mary Brian

BEAR in mind, however, that your letter passes through many hands before it reaches its ultimate destination. Therefore, to reach the star, it must be worthy of attention. Can you make it so?

Apply this test—would you want to answer your own letter if it were addressed to you? Asking for loans—and this occurs in a surprising number of cases—obviously is a waste of effort. The stars do not lend money. A vast number of letters arrive daily asking the stars for left-off clothes which, if successful, would leave them with nothing to wear. Clothes worn by the stars belong to the studio, are designed by high-price fashion experts, and go back to the prop room after the part is finished.

Don't be afraid to say what you think, and write as often as you please. Every last one of them wants at least to read of his or her worth per medium of fan mail, and the great majority want to answer.

Perhaps they all remember what happened to Mary Brian. Paramount was about to drop her several years ago, when some executive said: "How much fan mail does she get?"

She was getting more than anybody else on the lot . . . and so Mary Brian stayed in pictures.

HOLLYWOOD Weddings Usually HUMOROUS

Funny Happenings When Stars Say "I Do"

THERE is something about a wedding, most places, that is glowing, tender and very, very sweet. When the girl next door marries the boy up the street, there is that air of sentiment, of romance, of sanctity.

But in Hollywood 'tis different—as you might have expected. Film marriages in six cases out of ten are always very funny. If the unusual does not occur unexpectedly, there is sure to be some wag who will be unable to resist the opportunity to perpetrate a joke, a bridegroom anxious to break a little extra publicity, or a bride who insists upon the unconventional or unorthodox, just to be different from everybody else.

After years of watching rice throwing, toast drinking, and caviare eating at the cream of the film colony nuptials, I have suddenly realised that Hollywood seldom turns out a conventional and uneventful ceremony. Sometimes they are humorous, oftentimes they are ridiculous, and occasionally just plain ludicrous.

Why, I've even heard a group of friends burst into appreciative applause when a certain famous bride, glorious in 55 yards of tulle and satin, emerged onto the church aisle!

Another bride who wanted a record of the occasion had the entire ceremony performed beneath the relentless glare of a spotlight (borrowed from the studio) and wore film grease paint because she did not photograph well in everyday make-up. She often screened the picture for her friends until she and her husband decided to separate. Following that she made a bonfire of the film in her backyard.

A well-known Hollywood personality provided one of the most hilarious weddings this place has ever known. The whole affair was to be very, very conventional, the bride being a member of New York's upper ten who had come to Hollywood to escape boredom and had somehow gotten herself into pictures. The groom was, at that time, one of the screen's greatest idols.

No Bridegroom

THE great day arrived, and there she was, all ready to start her walk down the aisle attended by no fewer than twenty bridesmaids—but no bridegroom. Half an hour later than the appointed time for the wedding he arrived, muddy and dishevelled—in plus fours and a knitted sweater. It appears that he and some of his boy friends had decided to have a round of golf in the morning at some distant course. They finished up at the nineteenth with a last-farewell-to-bachelorhood celebration and on the way home—and miles from anywhere—they ran out of petrol, and had to take a taxi back home. By this time it was so late that he wasn't game to keep the girl waiting any longer—hence the disappearance in attire.

These were not the only two who married in unconventional clothing. In the excitement of her elopement to Yuma, Arizona, Minna Gombell forgot her baggage, and was game enough to go through the ceremony clad in a dusty pair of riding breeches which she had donned for travelling in the car. It was so funny to see Minna's corsage of rare yellow orchids pinned on the shoulder of her crumpled sweater.

Excitement at Hollywood weddings takes many forms, but one of the prize sensations occurred some years ago when two well-known screen personalities were united. Just like the good old-fashioned melodrama, it happened at that point in the ceremony when the minister asks if anyone had just cause, etc. A woman stood up, and, from the back of the church, rushed down the aisle to the wedding group, proclaiming her undying love and devotion for the bridegroom, and screaming at the top of her voice that she would kill herself if he did not marry her. The groom, who had never seen the woman before in his life, quietened her and patiently led her, still sobbing, out of the church. After which the ceremony was continued.

Somebody's unusual sense of humor nearly upset the quiet wedding plans of Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson. A wag collected all the stray dogs of the neighborhood, and as the couple were leaving the church, she all radiant, he swelled with pride, the dogs were set

By Mary Olivier

• There always seems to be something to strike a funny note when a film star is going through one of life's major ceremonies—the marriage ceremony. Here are some instances of things that happen at movie weddings.



TOP RIGHT: Bette Davis, whose wedding was marked by the letting loose of a pack of assorted canines.



ABOVE: Helen Vinson. England must be different to Hollywood. Helen became Mrs. Fred Perry without giving anybody a laugh.



RIGHT: A comedian, Harold Lloyd, who couldn't even escape a comedy situation on his wedding day.

loose, and Harmon was obliged to leave his bride of five minutes to chase them away.

Superstition was nearly responsible for Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis failing to keep their wedding date. Prior to their marriage Harold had been to a fortune teller who predicted that his bride would not turn up at the church. Mildred, like most brides, emphatically declined to be there before the groom. So when Harold arrived and found that she had not yet put in an appearance he told the chauffeur to drive around the block a few times.

In the meantime Mildred reached the church, found no Harold, and also

decided to drive around the block. This went on for about half an hour, before one of the guests discovered what was going on and stopped it. Harold was just dismissing his taxi when Mildred came along again, and she had to drive around the block once more so that her husband-to-be would be waiting at the altar when she made her entrance.

Lope Velez' personal stock of matrimonial superstitions tops the combined repertoire of Harold and Mildred, but all the fiery little Mexican's pre-wedding precautions didn't protect her ceremony from a ridiculous finale.

Lope actually boarded the honeymoon

plane for Las Vegas, Nevada, wearing a blue suit (something blue, of course), a friend's fur coat (no bride should be without something borrowed), a pair of year-old shoes (yes, something old, too), and she purchased a handbag on the way to the airport to complete her equipment with something new.

Poor Lupe abided by the rules, and didn't forget a single thing, but the groom, Johnny Weismiller, did. In the hurry of changing his suit he forgot his cheque-book, his wallet, and all manner of identification. He had the necessary two dollars for the licence, but the big, rough, western Justice of the Peace

who said the fatal words would not take their I.O.U.'s or Johnny's word that he was good for the ten dollar charge. So there was a five hours' wait in a musty city hall office while the bride and groom frantically wired to friends in Hollywood for funds.

Even Hollywood honeymoons are not without their humor. When Carmella Geraghty and Carey Wilson married they planned a yachting cruise. After fitting the sailors out very tastefully in red jumpers embroidered in white with "Honeymoon Cruise" on the front the ex-and-first Mrs. Wilson appeared on the scene and attacked the yacht,



ANGLO-SAXON Leading Men Face CHALLENGE Frenchman and Czech Bid For Popularity

By JEAN SPAULDING

War clouds are gathering over Hollywood. A score of filmdom's leading male stars are peering anxiously into their mirrors and shaking their heads grimly, for the old order is changing. History is again repeating itself.

Not since the heyday of Rudolph Valentino, Ramon Novarro, Antonio Moreno, and Don Alvarado have feminine hearts been allowed to palpitate at the sight of any males but Nordics making love on the screen. There have been, of course, and still are, numbers of Latin men appearing in pictures, but not in leading romantic roles. Even the inimitable Chevalier was confined to being merely amusing and compelled to approach his love-making from a comedy angle.

BUT the old order changeth. Within the next few months Australian womanhood is destined to succumb, as have their English and American sisters before them, to the celluloid charms of two

very personable young men. One a Czech and the other a Frenchman, they are the vanguard of the screen's new non-Nordic invasion, respectively Francis Lederer and Charles Boyer.

Neither of these two is exactly a stranger to audiences in this country, but it has been only recently that producers have recognised their tremendous box-office potentialities, and have found them roles which do justice to their respective talents.

The gay, dark-eyed, romantic Lederer was born in Prague, Czechoslovakia, twenty-eight years ago, of middle-class parents who sent him to grammar school, high school, and a dramatic academy. He got his first part in a play produced in his native Prague, and won critical attention of a sort because he was the only member of the cast who remembered his lines. From this auspicious beginning he moved on to increasingly important roles, and at the age of nineteen played leads in Austria, Germany and England.

Lederer's Magnetism

A FEW seasons ago word got round to American managers that a youthful actor with a peculiar accent was getting box-office results out of all proportion to the merits of his plays. "Autumn Crocus," a homely little English play, was imported from London, and Lederer, its star, came with it. Reviewers dismissed the play as charming but unimportant, and devoted their valuable columns to an analysis of Lederer's magnetism.

The following evening, as Lederer left the stage entrance of his theatre, his top-coat was torn and his hat crushed underfoot by a crowd of five hundred women who wanted to have a closer look at him.

"Autumn Crocus" was the first Broadway play in which the newcomer appeared—and the last; for Hollywood was equally curious about him. He made his screen debut in "Man of Two Worlds" for R.K.O., and established himself immediately as a picture personality to be reckoned with. "The Pursuit of Happiness" for Paramount, "Manhattan Madness" for R.K.O., and "The Gay Deception" for Fox followed in rapid succession, but it is in his latest production, "One Rainy Afternoon," shortly to be released by United Artists, that the romantic Lederer first receives full scope for his many talents.

Different Type

WITH a wholly charming smile, not unlike that of a naughty little boy who knows he will be forgiven, an infectious laugh, a charming singing voice and a physique reminiscent of the ancient Greek gods, this Czech menace brings the breath of freshness and spontaneity to light comedy roles. In this realm of entertainment he offers everything that every other light comedian possesses, plus the one quality that most of them lack—the ability to make convincing love on the screen.

Of a vastly different type is Charles Boyer, who, nevertheless, is even more greatly feared by Hollywood's contingent of leading men. Nor can this be wondered at when every studio is clamoring for his services, and film reviewers already hail him as the screen's new romantic idol.

Discouraged and homesick after nearly two years of picking up the crumbs from Hollywood's casting table, Monsieur Boyer was literally pulled off the French-bound boat by David O. Selznick to co-star with Marlene Dietrich in his

A Second Valentino?

Charles Boyer, who is considered by those who have seen "The Garden of Allah" to be the great Rudolph's successor.

all-technicolor production of "The Garden of Allah." It was only then that many of the big producers who had previously passed him by commenced to take a lively interest in the French star. This interest reached fever pitch upon the picture's initial screening at United Artists' Hollywood Studio, and hardly had the echoes of the preview comments died away than Metro had signed him to play opposite Greta Garbo in her next production. Numerous other big producing organisations were most anxious to engage Boyer on one-picture contracts, but they were forestalled by Walter Wanger, who immediately signed him in outstanding romantic produc-

tions following the completion of the Garbo picture.

Australian audiences will remember this striking-looking star with the deep, melodious voice when he appeared with Claudette Colbert in Paramount's "Private Worlds," and although this was a film in which he had no opportunity to display his romantic talents, he created a lasting impression in a subsidiary role.

New Valentino

THOSE of us who, in Hollywood, have been privileged to witness his work in "The Garden of Allah" hail Monsieur Boyer as the new "great lover" of the

screen, the first successor to the great Valentino. Will it prove a further cause for consternation in the already agitated ranks of Hollywood's leading men that Jadaan, the white Arabian stallion on which Rudolph himself rode to fame in "Son of the Sheik," has come out of retirement to serve as Charles Boyer's mount in "The Garden of Allah"?

Whether the sudden ascension of Messieurs Lederer and Boyer to the pinnacle of film stardom will pave the way for a second invasion of romantic Latinas, as did the success of Valentino in the pre-talkie days, is very much a matter for conjecture. But you can't blame our Anglo-Saxon heroes for looking worried!

£25 CASH MUST BE WON £25 SEARCH FOR FILM STARS

Twenty-five Pounds cash will be awarded to the competitor with the greatest score obtained from the names below. In the event of ties, prize money will be divided equally.

Here is a splendid new competition consisting of ten surnames of film players, each name being jumbled, with the addition of one unnecessary letter. A code is set out below, in which the alphabet is numbered 26 to 1. All you have to do is to find the hidden names and substitute the letters for their corresponding values. For example, No. 1, with the letter "H" omitted, could be arranged to form the name "ASTRAIRE," the letter values of which are 26, 8, 7, 26, 18, 9, and 22—a total of 116.

When you have completed the ten film-player names, work out the total score obtainable from each of the examples. Write your list of names on a sheet of paper, giving one name per line, and its total score add up the ten totals and this will give you the final total score of your solution. Enclose a postal note for 1/- with each entry and mail your solution together with your name and residential address, not later than FRIDAY, 4th SEPTEMBER, 1936, to "FILM-STAR" COMPETITION, G.P.O. BOX 2334T SYDNEY.

Prize money is deposited with Australian Women's Weekly. Results will be published in issue dated 19th September, 1936. Every name submitted is checked for verification individually. When no information whatever can be obtained about a name, the name is struck out. In this respect the adjudicator's decision must be accepted as final and binding. This competition is sponsored by J. Montgomery & Co. G.P.O. Box 2334T Sydney. All communications concerning this competition must be made to J. Montgomery, 3 Yorkshire House, Spring Street, Sydney.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
26 25 24 23 22 21 20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

RESULTS MOTOR CAR COMPETITION No. 14

Thirty-one persons submitted correct names totalling 1084 points, and they share the prize, each receiving 10/-.

Queensland: Mr. Dow, Ascotley; T. J. Pennington, Bundaberg.
Victoria: W. F. E. Gandy, Lismore; C. Jones, Ballarat; M. E. Clark, Hamilton; H. N. McKittrick, Narracan; A. McNaught, Nyngan; Ewlyn McIndoe, Nyngan; A. Hunter, Newstead; Miss D. Hamerton, Newcaste; C. G. P. Todd, Barwood; R. Paynter, Berwood; J. Duncan, Berwick; John Beerman, Kilburn; Mrs. B. Miller, Freedock; E. J. Hewitt, Lindfield; A. Foster, Footscray; L. Wood, Abbotsford; H. M. McLaren, Essendon; Mr. Reid, Wantirna; G. Thompson, Manly; D. Milligan, Randwick; M. Birrell, Stanmore.

Victoria: Miss N. Barnett, Malvern; R. H. McFarlane, Melbourne; G. A. Lawson, Melbourne; F. E. Patten, Rosanna; Mrs. H. McHarry, Wangaratta; N. B. Jones, Rosebud.

WINNING NAMES

1. CORD	6. ROGER
2. PONTIAC	7. BEAN
3. DORRIES	8. NOMA
4. HILLMAN	9. CHEVROLET
5. PACKARD	10. LAGONDA



Roy Del Ruth, director of "PRIVATE NUMBER," did not, however, depend on TAYLOR and MISS YOUNG to make this film the success that it is. A supporting cast as fine as any yet assembled is another feature of this picture.

BASIL RATHBONE as the domineering, self-centred butler, has his best role in recent years. PATSY KELLY, whose nasal, slangy wisecracks have won her a world-wide reputation, along with JOE LEWIS, a newcomer to the screen, with an established broadcast following, are responsible for some very humorous situations and hearty laughs.

A 20th CENTURY PICTURE FOR EARLY GENERAL RELEASE BY FOX

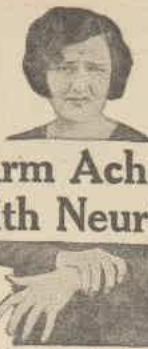
THEATRE ROYAL
Sydney's Leading Theatre
BERTIE LAST NIGHTS
"Waltzes From Vienna"
STRELLA WILSON — MARIE BRENNER
CHARLES BESLOP
Aug. 29: "YES, MADAM."



A MODERN ★ CINDERELLA



"*PRIVATE NUMBER*," starring Kovert Taylor and Loretta Young, brings to the screen a new version of the Cinderella theme. Above you see Loretta as a maid and in hoots with her rich young lover, Taylor. Bottom left, the two appear again, while in centre is a scene from the big court-room sequence at the end. Basil Rathbone, bottom right, is the villain.



Arm Ached with Neuritis



"My left arm was almost useless from neuritis. The piercing pain bothered me all day. At night the sharp twinges would wake me right out of my sleep. I suffered terribly until one day I tried 'St. Jacobs Oil.' The relief I got from this simple oil was unbelievable. My arm feels fine now."

Good old 'St. Jacobs Oil' is the one remedy that really stops the pains and aches of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, and Neuralgia. The relief is almost instantaneous because this marvellous oil goes directly to the affected part and quickly draws out all the ache and pain. And it does not burn or blister the skin. Get a bottle of 'St. Jacobs Oil' to-day at your chemist, and see how it relieves pain.

S^T-JACOBS OIL
CONQUERS PAIN

TUNE IN TO
2SM

EVERY SATURDAY (7 to 9 a.m.) and every Sunday (1 p.m.) Len Langford, famous London pianist and teacher, demonstrates his unique method of teaching—demonstrated by Len Langford himself. Jazz pianists are in demand. Len Langford teaches them. You learn to play in just eight days. Money is refunded if you are not satisfied. Personal tuition. Write for particulars to:

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AT LAST, AN EFFECTIVE TREATMENT FOR LUNG TROUBLE

To a dry inhalation, the most logical method to treat lung trouble, pulmonary complaints, is attributed many cures—especially from patients of all ages, and coming from all parts of Australia and New Zealand. In all Chest and Catarrhal infections, the results are remarkable. Dry inhalation relieves and removes the infected membranes. Daily there continues to arrive fresh evidence that this dry inhalation—Membrous, it is called—is bringing results that are definite and permanent to persons who were in various stages of suffering, many of whom had been considered hopeless cases.

Of Membrous, Dry Inhalation, patients make statements which summed up read: "Cough Relieved," "Sputum Reduced," "Sore Throat Relieved," and "Night Sweats Ceased." "Membrous and Easly Brought Away." "Heart Appetite Regained." "Strength Regained." "Complete Recovery Without Recurrence of Symptoms."

MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION CLEARS CATARRH HAY FEVER ANTRUM Trouble

WITHOUT

The dry fumes dislodge the mucus, enter the blood stream, clearing away the toxins and germs which have been the cause of the trouble and Head Noise disappear. Heart and Sore Throat are frequently relieved; Constant Snoring Fit. Hayfever Eyes and Nose and disgusting Hawking and Spitting are done away with, and patients take the mornings with the nostrils and throat unobstructed, feel comfortable, and are again enabled to mix with friends and others without embarrassment.

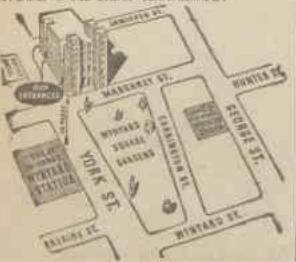
This report from one who suffered very badly at one time from Catarrh is interesting:

"I am a doctor and have made excellent progress generally, and cannot speak too highly of Membrous. It is just as effective in arresting and clearing up

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

The efficacy of this wonderful dry inhalation also covers Asthma and Bronchitis. Patients report, "Complete recovery and no recurrence." Many others report from time-time sufferers similar to the following are proof-positive

NOTE OUR NEW ADDRESS:



"INSOUCIANCE," What the Stars MUST Have Nowadays Charm, Glamor Fade Before New Word

By GRACE ARMOUR

The movies have done it again! They've introduced a new word into ordinary conversation, started a new fad, begun a new cycle, created a new standard. The movies are good at that. The new word is "insouciant," the new fad is "insouciance," the new cycle is more "insouciance," and the new standard is more of the same thing.

They had to revert to the French to find a word sufficiently flexible to describe the new type; it means "casual; unconcerned; nonchalant; debonair"; and a host of kindred attributes.

THE ingenue with her friendly, hurt smile, her bird-like gestures, her coy maidenliness is as old-fashioned as a hansom cab.

The glamor girls too—they of the heavy-lidded inscrutable eyes, the sultry mouths, the languorous bodies, long-limbed and fluid—are gradually being superseded by the new type.

For years the Elmer Glyn wrote about charm. They told young women with social ambition that that vague quality was essential. But the word has



INSOUCIANCE AND—INSOUCIANCE. Bill Powell and Jean Arthur, who rival each other in the carelessness of their performances in "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford."

now been passed into the limbo of forgotten things.

Then came the glamor cycle. Looking at it purely objectively glamor seems to be something one gets by sitting quietly in a corner and letting not a flicker of intelligence, interest or even just a faint suggestion that you're really living cross the face. It seemed to be, also, something about never smiling—except in a slow, bitter way. And it seemed to be mentally counting ten between every word of every sentence.

Of course, we still have glamor with us, but the phase is passing. Even Marlene Dietrich, one of the best pupils in the glamor school, has seen the writing on the wall, and in her last picture, "Desire," presented a new facet of her personality—a more human, gayer, and incidentally more likeable, side.

The new, the all-consuming word of the moment, is "insouciance."

If you don't believe me (and you wouldn't be the first) take a look at the present roster of film stars. Take a couple of looks—they're worth it.

Laughing Sophisticates

MIRIAM HOPKINS, the laughing sophisticate, who charms with her "madcap" intelligence, Carole Lombard, sparkling and poised, Myrna Loy, casual and smart, who brought a new kind of screen wife into popularity in "The Thin Man." A Myrna vastly different to the artificial, exotic creature who, a few years ago, seemed doomed to remain classified as an Oriental type.

Although the new school has been gathering momentum for some time, Paramount really fired the first shot some years ago when they dropped from their contract Ist Mary Brian and Jean Arthur. Now here were two charming, sweet little girls who, so everybody thought, had a good-sold fan following.

Mary Brian, after several years of "the little girl who lives next door" roles, suddenly found herself, like a number of others, one of that vast horde of disappearing ingenues for which you, and you, and you have no use.

Off the List

JEAN ARTHUR was smart, however.

After some futile little girl tears when she was told her name was to be struck from the list, she packed her trunks and left Hollywood for New York in search of sophistication and stage experience. Followed a lengthy period when it seemed that her stage success had crowded all thoughts of a screen return out of Jean's head.

Then a holiday trip took her to California, and the rest was inevitable. Screen offers which she could not resist were tendered her, and she again joined the film colony, to become one of its busier and most sought-after actresses.

But what a change in the girl! The new Jean Arthur of "If You Could Only Cook," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," and "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford" is as much like the old Jean as champagne resembles lemonade.

With the close of the Ingetue era came the glamor cycle—a period of sullen, mysterious beauties decked in sophistication and Paris gowns. Where are the

glamor girls now? Gone, most of them, either from the screen or from top-flight popularity, are Taliullah Bankhead, Tala Birell, Lili Dagover, Anna Sten, Elissa Landi, Constance Bennett, and their prototypes.

But now—whoops—the new brigade. Why, the Loys, the Lombards, the Rogers, the Arthurs may kick old ladies in the face, tie-in-can to dog's tails, steal other women's husbands—and the fans love it.

These women possess the new and vital commodity—insouciance.

What brought about the drastic change? Your guess is as good as mine.

But I believe audiences love the light,

airy pictures so popular to-day because they show fascinating new companionship between the sexes, a companionship made possible by a new type of charm—the charm of independence.

Wit counts more than it—and the Hollywood girls are proving it!

3 IMPORTANT EVENTS

BANISH DRUDGERY

Every woman would like more leisure—leisure for intellectual, sporting, and social activities; so why not let modern science make a clean sweep of those old methods that you use in your home? Each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday morning at 10.15, Dorothy Jordan, in her "Banish Drudgery" session, will tell you how to keep young and happy by doing your housework in the modern way.

RADIO CHARADES

Here's a new idea in radio entertainment, and it is based on the old game our grandparents used to play. In "Radio Charades," each Wednesday and Sunday night at 9.00, the B.S.A. players will present this thrilling and exciting novelty. Each programme consists of 4 miniature dramas. The first three represent three syllables of a word, the fourth drama represents the complete word. "Radio Charades" has everything that makes good entertainment—comedy, drama and a puzzle to set your brains working.

BLACK MAGIC

"Chandu, the Magician," has a worthy successor in this thrilling new serial, telling of the adventures of three Americans and a wealthy young Australian, under the malignant influence of a Hindu Yogi. Set against the romantic Pacific and the mysterious East, "Black Magic" explores for you the mystic realms to which the East alone holds the key. Each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 6.55. Commencing Thursday next.

2GB THE FAVORITE STATION

HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY,
Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives

WHILST the flourishing romance between Jean Harlow and William Powell end at the altar? Hollywood has been watching and waiting these many months, ever since Jean left her last husband, Hal Rosson, and especially since her divorce became final some time ago.

But Jean, with an emphatic shake of her new gold-brown head, says she will never marry while she's working in pictures. Jean and Bill make no attempt to conceal their devotion to each other, but they only smile discreetly when people ask them about a probable wedding.

Jean has grown into a serious little person in recent months. It almost seems as if her more staid "brownette," as she calls it, has affected her character. She doesn't want to marry until she is financially independent. More than anything else, she wants to do a good job of her work, and she feels that would be impossible if she had to worry about a husband. Jean believes every girl should have a trade or profession.

"If I had a daughter," she says, "and I hope to some day, I shall insist that she be trained in some kind of practical profession before she even thinks of marrying."

Jean has never been extravagant. She abhors debts. Her favorite home attire is a white pyjama suit and low-heeled shoes. And she doesn't like parties.

Robert Taylor will be Greta Garbo's 17th leading man, and 17 is his lucky number! "Camille" goes into work any day now.

Garbo is the most punctual star in Hollywood. She is always the first to appear on the lot, and what makes her popular with her fellow workers is that she insists on stopping promptly at five.

EVERYTHING on the set where George Arliss is making "The Nelson Touch" is nailed down. This is not because the famous star has suddenly developed kleptomania, but because he

DOTS and DASHES

Hollywood twosome dancing at the Trocadero. • Rosalind Russell playing hostess to her youngest sister, Mary Jane. • Helen Vinson writing from La Touquet all agog because the bathing girls there are using fish-net to attach their swimming bra-and-trunks.

is playing a dual role, and cameramen and technicians are trying to cope with the troubles and trials of dual photography.

"Please Do Not Touch" notices are plastered all over the set, all the furniture is clamped to the floor, and even the inkpot on the table is screwed down, so that nothing can even be moved, let alone taken away.

While Mr. Arliss acts the second role his first role is shown to him on a miniature screen—out of range of the camera, of course—so that he can spit his second actions to fit in with his first.

* * *

FLORA ROBESON is afraid to laugh these days. She might lose her nose if she did. It is a remarkable nose. It gets Miss Robeson out of bed at 5:30 a.m. for it takes three hours to mould, and she is on the set by nine o'clock every morning.

With this carefully-moulded nose Flora looks exactly like the old prints of Queen Elizabeth, and that is very essential these days, for she is starring in "Fire Over England" as Not-so-good Queen Bess. Before this picture gets to the screen, I hear, it is likely to be renamed "Elizabeth of England."

* * *

TOM WALLS has another love besides his horses. It is Buller, a bull-terrier, a six-year-old, which is described as jolly-looking, though bull-terriers always seem to me to have a permanent grinch on life.

Buller is something of a film fan, for he accompanies Tom to the studios every day, and has achieved something which very few stars attain—the favor of the cameramen. Despite the appearance of a grouch Buller is really very good-tempered—he has not even so much as growled at a scenario-writer.

MICHEL LASTS

In Fair Weather
or Foul
From Morning
to Night

You don't know how truly permanent lipstick can be until you try MICHEL. It clings lovingly to your lips... stays with you through dining, dancing and sports... comes through rain and drizzle fresh and appealing.

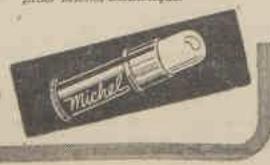
Michel keeps lips soft and young. Its perfume is delicate and subtle. Its creamy base prevents dryness and chapping... helps to make mouths lovely. Avoid imitations.

5 APPEALING SHADES

Blonde Scarlet Vivid
Raspberry Cherry Popular

For an entrancing complexion, use Michel adhesive compact rouge; for eye beauty, use non-irritating water-proof Michel cosmetics.

michel
LIPSTICK



SCREEN ODDITIES

★ By CAPTAIN FAWCETT ★



FRED KEATING
ONCE CONDUCTED
A NEWSPAPER
COLUMN ON
"ADVICE TO THE
LOVELORN"

MONTGOMERY



DIRECTOR JOHN FORD
BECOMES SO NERVOUS HE BREAKS AN AVERAGE
OF 30 PIPE STEMS ON EVERY PRODUCTION

MONA BARRIE

WAS DISCOVERED FOR PICTURES WHILE RIDING ON THE TOP OF A 5TH AVENUE BUS IN NEW YORK ON HER WAY TO LONDON FROM AUSTRALIA. SHE NEVER DID FINISH THE TRIP TO LONDON.

Anita Louise, whose loveliness will delight you in "Anthony Adverse." Smilingly and simply Anita declares that sleep, more than anything else, helps her keep her beauty. "Sleep, exercise, treat air—lots of sleep," is her earnest advice. But perhaps being only 19 years old has something to do with it, too.

Of the worries of diet Anita is also ignorant. The lucky girl weighs 76 stone and eats anything she likes.

If you envy glossy, silken hair, you'll want to know how Anita's gets that way.

She ties a piece of silk over her hair-brush so tightly that the stiff bristles go through. Then as she brushes the silk polishes off the daily accumulation of dust and dirt from the surface of the hair. Result: healthy, gleaming locks.

"Rinso-washed Woollies Look and Feel New"

writes Mrs. M. Martin, of Berowra

HERE IS HER LETTER

"I often wondered how on earth to wash woollies successfully. No matter what I used they would lose all their warmth and shrink up to nothing. Then having bought some new woollens I thought I'd try Rinso as I had always found it so wonderful for the white wash. I can't tell you how delighted I was! Those Rinso-washed woollies are still going strong and they look and feel just the same as when I bought them. My latest discovery is that Rinso is just the thing for washing-up, too. It does save my hands."



ALWAYS HAD TROUBLE WASHING WOOLLIES



BOUGHT SOME NEW ONES... DECIDED TO TRY RINSO



AFTER MANY RINSO WASHES THOSE WOOLLIES STILL LOOK AND FEEL NEW



I'M GLAD I STARTED USING RINSO FOR DISHES TOO. IT'S SO MUCH QUICKER!

AND RINSO HAS SUCH A WONDERFUL WAY WITH GREASE



That's one real-life story of how Rinso saved the day... one of thousands, about Rinso for woollies, Rinso for silks, Rinso for colours and above all, Rinso for a whiter wash! No rubbing. No bar soap to buy! The extra-rich Rinso suds work best by themselves and there isn't any kind of dirt that can escape them. That's why "Rinso Whiteness" is shades whiter.

USE RINSO ALONE—NO BAR SOAPS TO BUY

A LEVER PRODUCT 4.50.10N

"Early morning or late at night
it's always....

*Tea for
me!*



"I've learnt how beneficial good Tea is... and I make it my regular standby. Tea keeps me going when the day's work tires me out. Gives me new life and cheers me when I've lots of tedious jobs to do. When nerves are frayed and my mind's unsettled at the end of the day, I look to Tea to ease the strain and help me to get to sleep quickly — and a good hot pot of Tea never fails to soothe and calm me."



TEA OF COURSE!

TWAIT

**YOU MAY BE
NEXT TO
Catch a
COLD or 'FLU**

YOU leave home in the morning as "fit as a fiddle," yet without the slightest warning you may contract a Sore Throat, Cold, 'Flu, Headache, or temperature. Contagion is possible anywhere—in trains, trams, offices, workrooms, crowded stores or theatres. How to prevent development of sudden attacks is the problem. 'ASPRO' is the answer. 'ASPRO' stops Colds, 'Flu, Sore Throats and Feverish Attacks at inception, because, after ingestion in the system, 'ASPRO' is a powerful germicide, is anti-pyretic (fever reducing), anti-periodic and anti-fermentative. 'ASPRO' also relieves pain or headaches in a few minutes, brings sweet sleep to the sleepless, and is so pure that a child can safely take it. 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart, and there are no injurious after-effects. Always take 'ASPRO' according to the directions on the leaflet in the packet.

'ASPRO'
SMASHES ATTACKS IN ONE NIGHT

**'ASPRO' BENEFITS
ALL THE FAMILY**

25 Truman Street,
Sth. Hurstville, N.S.W.
15/10/34

Dear Sir,
I have used 'ASPRO' Tablets during the past ten years for Headaches, Periodical Pains, Nerves and Depression also in warding off Colds and Sudden Attacks. I find them most beneficial to the whole family. I should be only too pleased to recommend 'ASPRO' Tablets to everyone, as from my experience they do not affect the heart.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) Mrs. E. KEMBER.

Use 'ASPRO' for

SLEEPLESSNESS	COLDS
RHEUMATISM	MALARIA
TEMPERATURE	EARACHE
FEVERISHNESS	NEURITIS
IRRITABILITY	GOUT
SORE THROAT	SCIATICA
TOOTHACHE	LUMBAGO
HEADACHE	DENGUE
INFLUENZA	ASTHMA
HAY FEVER	NEURALGIA
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS	
'ASPRO' GIVES GREAT RELIEF TO WOMEN WHEN DEPRESSED	

George Edwards

BROADCASTS AN

'ASPRO' PLAY
EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT

at 1 to 9 (E.S.T.)

Tune in to 2UW Sydney, 2HD Newcastle, 2GZ Orange, 3KZ Melbourne, 3BO Bendigo, 3HA Hamilton, 3TR Sale, 4BK Brisbane, 4AK Oakley, 5KA Adelaide, or 7UV Ulverstone for

"The Fall of the House of Usher"
on Sunday, August 26.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★ HEARTS DIVIDED

Marion Davies, Dick Powell. (Warner's)

THE great Napoleon had a brother, Likewise—as all of us—mother. The mother's name I've left at home. The brother, though, was called Jerome. Now Jerry went to Louisiana, And fell in love, in true French manner, With Betsy Patterson—a Yankee. Boy, did the news make Boney cranky! At any rate, J took a flyer; Refused to think of wooing higher, And (proving history is a bar), Wedded his Betsy, giving Warners A happy ending, with no mourners.

Dick Powell, as J. Bonaparte, Unfortunately, doesn't start. While Marion Davies, cast as Betsy, Is much too aged a petsy-waisy. It's hard for one of any taste To look on beauty run to waist. —Plaza; showing.

★★★ DANCING PIRATE

Charles Collins, Steffi Duna, Frank Morgan. (R.K.O.)

MAYBE I'm erring a trifle on the side of leniency in giving three stars to this offering, but I don't know... As entertainment it will be meat for most people, and good, juicy meat at that. It has story value (of the musical-romantic type), at least three splendid dance routines, comedy that is one hundred per cent., and color that, in places, reflects the richness we saw in "La Cucuracha." What more can one ask?

The scene of the story—California in the old days of Mexican rule—is admirably adapted for technique treatment. While, in one or two places, the effect is not all that could be desired, the greater part of the picture is a riot of beautiful effects, ranging from pastel tones to flamboyant reds, oranges, and greens.

Comedy honors go to Frank Morgan, who plays the Alcalde, father to Scratina (Steffi Duna). Luis Alberni, as Pamilo, gives him excellent support. These two, in fact, keep the laughs frequent and hearty. Charles Collins, a new dancer to the screen, is in the role of Jonathon Pride, the dancing pirate. A likable fellow who can shake a very nimble and effective pair of feet. Steffi Duna is well cast.

Altogether, a show I enjoyed, and which I'm sure most of you will enjoy. Plaza; showing.

★★ CAPTAIN JANUARY

Shirley Temple, Guy Kibbee, Slim Summerville. (Fox.)

WHENEVER I receive the notice of a preview in which a child star is to appear, I get that sinking feeling. I had it before going along to this offering; it was not quite justified.

Everyone, of course, has his, or her, own ideas about the best picture of his (or her) particular star, but, although I have by no means seen all Shirley's films, this is far by the best of those I have seen. It is less heavily laden with sentimentality than, let us say, "The Littlest Rebel"; in addition, Kibbee and Slim Summerville provide a steady supply of laughs which only peters out as the opus nears its end. Shirley, plus good comedy, is entertainment that most audiences will enjoy.

I'm not going into the story; to fans of Miss Temple this won't matter one hoot at any rate, and it's not strong enough to attract those who haven't fallen for her blonde curls. The main thing is that it is sufficiently coherent to carry the small star's dancing, her songs, and her bright personality, and to give the two elderly gentlemen—Kibbee and Summerville, hereinbefore mentioned—plenty of scope for their own peculiar talents.—State; showing.

★★ IT'S LOVE AGAIN

Jessie Matthews, Sonnie Hale. (G.B.)

GETTING off to a very languid start, this film takes a turn for the better about a third of the way through, and ends up, thanks to some very laughable comedy plus Jessie's lovely legs, as a picture that can be graded two stars.

Story? The adventures of an ambitious young dancer-singer who assumes the identity of a lady "created" by two gentlemen gossip-writers as a means to attaining her stage longings. Miss Matthews, of course, is the girl with green-room leaning; Robert Young and Sonnie Hale are the gossip flaneurs.

Once the picture makes up its mind to be entertaining, it is ripely so. Jessie and husband Sonnie provide some uproarious humor, garnished with a few double-edged wisecracks. Mr. Young supplies a leitmotiv of nonchalance romance.

The best thing that can be said of most of the dance routines provided for Miss Matthews is that they are designed to display her foundation limbs to the

OUR FILM
GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.

★★ Two stars—
good films.

★ One star—
average films.

No stars no good.

best advantage. Otherwise they're not so hot. The musical numbers could have been brightened up more than a trifle, too. Still, on the whole, an enjoyable show.—Embassy; showing.

★★ DEVIL'S SQUADRON

Richard Dix, Karen Morley. (Columbia.)

THE two stars are put up, in this instance, for lovers of thrills. I've sat through a few aviation pictures, but this one hits the limit in realistic crashes and excitement. As an unknown lady who sat next to me once at a picture theatre remarked to her escort: "It got me all churned up inside, at times."

Test pilots—these very, very bad insurance risks who make the first flights in all new planes—are the central figures in this air drama. From inquiries I have made it appears that, in including two deaths, a suicide and a disablement for life in the story, Columbia have not exaggerated the risks these flyers run. A test pilot has to put a plane through all sorts of gymnastics to find out whether it has any defects. Result: the said flyers last about a year, if they're lucky.

In this welter of zooming and crashing planes, Richard Dix and Karen Morley are the central figures. Dickie still speaks as if he has a mouthful of plum, and is more or less like a rather amiable bill in a china shop. Karen gets by.

The story is believable and entertaining; supporting players, adequate.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ SECRET AGENT

Madeleine Carroll, Peter Lorre, John Geilgud. (G.B.)

ANYTHING less "secret" than the three British "secret agents" of this picture would be hard to imagine. Miss Carroll goes through the first half of the film in a manner more reminiscent of a flapper helping the police to trap a delinquent, bittier than of a woman likely to be selected for difficult and dangerous work. As for Geilgud and Lorre, who play Ashenden and the Hairy Mexican, respectively, they are so self-consciously "secret" that the very bootblacks in the Swiss hotel they are staying at should have picked 'em.

This trio of self-conscious intelligence operatives set out to detect and remove an enemy spy. Only after they have bumped off a perfectly innocent man do they discover the real object of their attention. Then, Ashenden and the Mexican having demonstrated their stupidity, Elsa (Miss Carroll) is given a break, and shows hers in no uncertain fashion. The only fragment of justice in the picture is the fact that a final piece of nit-wittedness on the Mexican's part costs him his life. Cheers!

Of course, the whole purpose of this film might be to show why it took the Allies so long to win the war.—Lyceum; showing.

★ CHARLIE CHAN AT THE RACE TRACK

Warner Oland. (Fox.)

ALTHOUGH not sufficiently distinguished or unusual to carry a double ovation, this film is as good a support as any right-thinking fan could desire. The evergreen Charlie Chan is once more the centre of attraction, this time as the investigator of the murder of an old friend—a racing man—and, incidentally, as the lad who foils a gang of astute and tough racecourse swindlers.

All sorts of complications have been introduced to make the picture entertaining, and they have been successful. You can take your choice of any one of half a dozen suspects, and, in between guesses, learn a bit about the lengths to which dishonest gamblers will go—maybe.

Tap-tap-tap, everything is cleaned up logically and satisfactorily in the end, when the villain is unmasked. The odds are that you'll pick him earlier, but that's because he looks a villain.—State; showing.

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know—

That Lady Hordern has a very beautiful and valuable collection of miniatures, many of them formerly belonging to her mother, Lady See? . . . Before leaving for her trip to England, she took this collection and some of her best-beloved "bits" in the way of furniture from Babworth Hall and installed them at Retford Park, Bowral . . . Lady Hordern and Sir Samuel (who is in much better health) expect to be there themselves soon after Christmas.

By Candlelight

THE flowers which adorned the reception-rooms for Mrs. W. Bloomfield's delightful evening party last week were all gathered in her own garden at 11 Sutherland Crescent. Great branches of cerise blossom stood in blue Nankein jars in the vestibule. The big supper-table was adorned and lighted by yellow candles in silver candelabra, and with enormous bowls of daffodils and nasturtiums. . . . The guests acclaimed their soft and becoming light.

A trained gown of black and silver was worn by Mrs. Bloomfield. Her daughter, Mrs. Gilbert Phillips, was in petunia georgette, its Renaissance belt studded with colored stones. Mrs. Alwyn Bloomfield wore a distinctive frock of flowered taffeta and tucked a bunch of field flowers into the corsage.

It is not so much for the Coronation as for a sight of her daughter Betty (Mrs. Lewis Shaw) that Mrs. Ross Gore plans to leave Sydney early next year on a visit to London.

A Warm Welcome

WHEN the John McNamaras arrive in Sydney on September 17, they will go straight to Shella's old home at Parramatta to stay with her mother, Mrs. Lloyd Parry . . .

About fifty of her friends intend to give the McNamaras a rousing welcome home at a community dance they are arranging to hold, a few days after their arrival, at the Prince Edward Yacht Club.

Mrs. Peter Osborne is paying a fleeting visit to town, and is staying with the Rutherford's at Point Piper.

Red Cross Still "Carries On"

MRS. E. W. FENNER has put up a bit of a record in having induced her friends to pre-empt forty of the tables for the big Red Cross "do," on September 22, before the tickets were even printed.

Captain and Mrs. Patrick have generously lent their home at Darling Point for the occasion, and are supplying the afternoon tea into the bargain. Twenty pretty girls, dressed in the becoming uniform of Red Cross nurses, will sell sweets and smokes.

Now that the de Tuyls are settled in at their flat at Coromandel, Darling Point, it's a joy to her friends that Baroness de Tuyl has so far recovered from her long illness that she can accept invitations—even for evening parties.

Legacy Didn't Materialise

COTTAGES at Palm Beach bid fair to be at a premium this year . . . The George Rayners and "Giff" have already secured one, and won't go house-hunting in Sydney till summer wanes . . .

"Giff" is very amusing, if a little rueful, when he tells the tale of how, buoyed up with the false tale of a legacy of considerable dimensions, he threw the biggest and most costly cocktail party of his life just before he left London, and also secured luxurious accommodation on the Queen Mary and Mariposa for his return journey.

"Twas a bit of a blow when the whole thing proved to be a washout.

Military Manoeuvres

MAJOR "SANDY" SANDERS and Major "Jimmy" Larkin, India Army men who've been spending their leave in Sydney and living at the Royal Sydney Golf Club the while, left regretfully by the Strathaird on Saturday, and will be much missed by the pretty girls who were their favored tennis and dancing partners.

On the eve of their departure, they entertained some of their charming hostesses at a dinner at the Australia, followed by many all-too-short hours of dancing at Romanos.

It was two somewhat weary young men who waved their farewells from the ship's deck the self-same day.

Lucky Lads

AN enthusiastic and vociferous crowd of friends and relations threw streamers and shouted farewells to that group of young stalwarts, The King's School football team, as the Strathaird departed on Saturday . . .

One of the best of the pre-departure parties was the dinner given by Murray Robertson at Ushers to the headmaster and to his fellow members in the team . . . Murray, who is this year's ex-captain, was the surprised recipient of a gold cigarette case from his spick-and-span conferees who, at the moment, looked anything but the popular conception of "muddled oats"!

A Joyous Opportunity

MRS. NED FITZGERALD, whose home is in New York, is visiting Sydney . . .

Though really only her mother's old school friend, to Joy Barrington she is "Aunt Dorothy," and a fairy godmother into the bargain . . .

Mrs. Fitzgerald returns to America in January, is very anxious to take Joy with her, and Joy's hopes are high.



Halecyon Days

BETTY BALFE'S in-laws-to-be have begged for an extension of her visit to them, and she's loving every minute of it, so she won't be returning to Sydney till next month.

No definite plans for her wedding with "Wang" Osborne have as yet been disclosed, except that his only sister Stephanie will be a bridesmaid.

Mrs. Crossing, of Collyblue, Quirindi, who came to town to farewell her youngest son, George, who left with The King's School football team on Saturday, is staying at the Metropole.

Society in Full Force

A DEARTH of private dances has helped to make this month's "pay for a ticket" events very popular and, incidentally, very enjoyable.

An excellently-organised function, which Society (with a big S) took up with fervor, was the International Ball at the Trocadero on Thursday of this week.

Big parties were arranged for it by Lady Gordon, Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, Mrs. T. H. Kelly, Norm Dangar and Miss Hort Brown; but Eugenie McLean has outdone them all with her group of thirty-six "bright young people."

Though slightly better, Mrs. Robert Godsall is still at Tusculum. Her daughter Betty and Mrs. Charles Pfieffer have been spending a week at the Godsall's lovely Bower home.

Legal and Gastronomic

AUSTRALIA has no Inns of Court, and nothing analogous to "eating one's dinners" as an integral part of the making of a barrister, but recently the Bar Council has got busy, with the result that the "Bench and Bar dinner" is to be inaugurated, the initial function taking place this week.

As no fewer than nineteen judges and a hundred and twenty barristers have already signified their intention of being present, most of them good raconteurs and trenchermen, a pretty jovial evening seems assured.

Mrs. Walter McNeil, who has had a country holiday as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. George Osborn, returned to town on Friday.

Spring-cleaning

WITH her hair freshly cut and set, her nails manicured, and a new hat on her head, Doris Hill, returning from her first trip to town since her long sojourn in St. Vincent's Hospital, felt very pleased with the world and looked remarkably well . . . She'll be back at the Pickwick Club next week you'll be glad to hear.

Have You Noticed—

The collar composed of at least a gross of pearl buttons which Clair Spruon wears on her black frock, and made by her own deft fingers, too?

Peg Murray's notion of adapting a small boy's Eton collar as a smart addition to her "tailor-mades." (It's the real thing, bought in the men's mercery department).

Little Bronwyn Poole's flowing mass of waving golden hair and her close resemblance to her grandmother, Lady Knox?

Peggy Geill



WITH THE EXPRESSED INTENTION of paying a lengthy visit to Sydney, Miss Rosalind Macarthur-Onslow, of Terriville, pictured above, is at present domiciled in a flat at Edgecliff.—Dorothy Weidman.

POSTAL BARGAIN CORNER

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DEAF?

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The last word in easily Schemed Earphones which can be easily inserted into the ears without causing pain or injury.

CHICO INVISIBLE EARPHONES are NOT made of perishable rubber, but are so perfectly and scientifically constructed that they are guaranteed for your lifetime.

£1.1/- PER PAIR

NO FURTHER COST OF REPLACEMENTS.

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THE MEARS EARPHONE COMPANY,

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WE GUARANTEE YOU LUCK OR REFUND YOUR MONEY!

If you have had luck in the lottery game, return us, however, you should never a pair of **BRASINE NIGHT - Dynamic Luminous**. These luminous are created by the Great Great charm—one is present bad luck will end, and the other, to attract much good luck and happiness and prosperity. Paid by return post, £1.1/- the pair. Postage £1.1/- Money refunded in 7 days if not satisfied.

Rarity Traders, Room 40 VB,
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For a charming, quickly-made, personal gift, choose one of Bertha Maxwell's sweet Needle-work creations. To obtain, send postal note to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 2607EE, G.P.O., Sydney.

FITS—TRENCH'S TREATMENT has an Australian record of over 30 YEARS' successful treatment of THOUSANDS of the severest cases of Epileptic Fits that have permanently recovered Booklet from The UNION MFG CO., 229 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, C.I.

Written in the STARS

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society

Astrologically speaking, the Virgoans are now with us, for all those born between August 24 and September 23 belong to the zodiacal sign, "Virgo, the Virgin."

As their symbolic name implies, these people are inherently clean-minded, kindly, sympathetic and correct, and neat and "fussy" in their habits.

MOST of them are quite proud of their natural goodness, yet, when a Virgo person becomes a rogue, none can beat him. He becomes the complete—but still likable—villain so often read about—not vicious, nor an evil-doer in its strongest sense, but definitely a rogue.

Strangely enough such people, being Virgoans at heart, will still talk much about their honesty and general goodness, and to doubt these attributes is to raise a storm of protest. They stand upon their dignity and hide behind this self-aggrandisement, so the "victim" must persevere, from courtesy as well as from unwilling belief, accept their statements at their face value.

Still, by far the greater number of Virgo people are so extremely fine in character and so truly honorable that you can trust them to the very last degree.

Virgoans are chiefly famous, however, for their remarkable ability to analyse and criticise. It is useless to tell them fibs or try to win their approval on a doubtful project. If their keenly critical faculties do not help them to sense the flaws in either the lie or the project, then, when concentrated thought is applied, their analytical minds soon find the weak spots and tear the unsound fabrication to pieces.

Truth to tell, these August 24 to September 23 people really possess some of the best minds of all. They belong to one of the few truly intellectual signs of the zodiac.

Their planetary ruler is Mercury, the "messenger of the gods" and ruler over the mental attributes and most methods of intellectual expression. As a result, they are not only far-seeing, methodical and keen-witted, but can usually write and speak convincingly.

Help Others

MOST Virgo people have a strong desire to help and serve others. They are kindly, wise, good-humoured, gentle, sympathetic and benevolent.

If crossed, however, they can become sarcastic, nervously temperamental and domineering.

There is an inclination at such times to talk about the selfishness of others, and to develop a tendency towards "nagging." And they will lead the eratic, aggressive such a miserable life that he is glad to make friends again.

This tendency to "nag" (or criticise destructively), is one of the least desirable elements in otherwise excellent characters and, unless conquered, is likely to bring them much unhappiness in life. It can even kill the love of the marriage partner and other close associates and relatives.

Virgoans may well take this hint to

QUOTATION BOX

"Follow but thy star:
Thou canst not miss at last
a glorious haven"—Dante.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES PEOPLE (those born March 21 to April 21): Your best days this week will be the 25th (after noon), 26th, and 27th.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Make the most of your opportunities this week. Be aggressive and cheerful. Make opportunities for yourself, especially on August 28 and 29.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Live quietly. Be on guard against delays, setbacks, and annoyances, especially on the 25th, 26th, and 27th.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Avoid extravagance. Otherwise quite fair on September 1. August 28 and 29 poor.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Do not be over-confident or argumentative. The 25th (after noon), 26th, and 27th should be fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Go after the things you want. Some good weeks are ahead. August 28 and 29 should be particularly helpful to new ventures or improvements.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Fair enough on the two last days of August.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): You've had some annoying weeks, but better ones are ahead. Continue to be cautious on August 30 and 31, but make the most of September 1.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to Dec. 22): Make no important changes in your affairs. Follow routine work and live quietly, especially on September 1.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Some very good weeks are ahead, so plan to make them produce desirable results. Start new and important matters on August 28 and 29.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Nothing spectacular—30th and 31st fair.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Losses, partings, disappointments and opposition, especially on August 25 (afternoon), 26, and 27. Live cautiously. Attempt no new enterprises; make no changes.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)



destroys

Sweet Breath

KNOW for certain that your breath is not offensive when you come into close contact with others. Keep it fresh and fragrant with the help of May Breath. One little tablet slipped into your mouth after smoking, or after meals, will destroy all odours instantly.

May Breath offers the safe, certain protection of an anti-septic mouth deodorant. Tiny tablets in small tins that can be carried in the purse or pocket.

1/- AT ALL CHEMISTS

May-Breath

An Antiseptic Mouthwash in Tablet Form

MYTHIE



Worth more
than gold for
Cataracts, Colds,
Bronchitis, Cuts,
Burns and Sores

TIGER SALVE



YOUR COMPLEXION, BETTY—IT'S BECOME AMAZINGLY BEAUTIFUL!

AH! I KNOW! THAT'S SOMETHING I LEARNED FROM MY ENGLISH COUSINS.

BEEN SPENDING A FORTUNE AT SOME LONDON BEAUTY SPECIALIST?

NO—SIMPLY USING ERASMIC FACE POWDER. YOU CAN BUY IT HERE, AND IT COSTS ONLY A SHILLING.

Erasmic lies like peach blossom on the cheek. Only the purest ingredients...the finest texture...and it clings for hours. Erasmic "filmness," due to a unique process, veils you lightly, coolly, with a piquant, indescribable glamour.

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FACE
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1/-
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Erasmic Vanishing Cream

2/6 Jar, 1/- Tube. A light, protective powder base. Erasmic Cold Cream--2/6 Jar. Softens and nourishes as it cleanses.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

Come & see ADELAIDE in Springtime

BLOSSOM TIME . . . Adelaide's Melody in Spring . . . rivaling the famous cherry-blossom time in Japan. The Centenary of Australia—a riot of blinding colour . . . Also these BIG CENTENARY EVENTS—The Centenary Royal Show, September 3 to 12; the Golf Carnival, September 4 to 26; and the GREAT FLORAL FESTIVAL . . . Adelaide a living garden—the first display of the kind in Australia, September 17 to 26.

PLAN NOW FOR XMAS
AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST CARNIVAL.
ADELAIDE, DECEMBER 18-31.

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Holiday Excursion Fares—available on all railway systems to Adelaide, August 21 to September 6. A week's tour of South Australia's beauty spots and Centenary features for £3 5s., including accommodation, plus rail fare at Tourist Concession Rates. Ask at your Government Tourist Bureau.



South Australia CENTENARY



SPRING Fashions WILL TAKE the Air

Society Mannequin Parade to Aid the Blind

"The march of the mode through the microphone" is how Dorothea Vautier describes her forthcoming broadcast on spring fashions.

This will be done at 11.45 a.m. this Wednesday as a preliminary to the Society mannequin parade to be held the following day at Elizabeth Bay House, in which beautiful Society girls will wear the latest frocks and hats.

DOROTHEA VAUTIER, special announcer for The Australian Women's Weekly, will broadcast an interview with Miss Cobcroft, who will describe some of the lovely frocks which will be worn by the mannequins at the Fashion Tea at Elizabeth Bay House, which is being held to assist the Blind Institute.

There will be a three-section parade. Day gowns, afternoon gowns, and evening gowns, with hats thrown in for good measure. The mannequins will include Mesdames Colin Galbraith, Allan McGregor, Nell Gunning, Paul Cohen, Byron Wrigley, and the Misses Helen



MISS BABE COBCROFT, who will be interviewed at the microphone by Dorothea Vautier. The charity mannequin parade at Elizabeth Bay House will supply the inspiration.

—Raymond Sawyer Photo.

Williams, Peggy Burleigh, Molly Brierley, Phyl. Cohen, Nance McNaught, Enid Hull, and Nappy Wilkinson.

Although their adventures have taken Dolly and Dan into many exciting places "on the air," there is one place they haven't been as yet, and that is up in the air. But Dan (in real life, James Raglan) has promised to take Betty Suttor, his radio helpmate, for a flight in the near future, with himself at the controls. Luigi definitely will not be invited. He's caused enough trouble already.

Betty Suttor will be in good hands on her first flight in a small plane, for James Raglan was an instructor of the Stag Aero Club in London.

Radio Holiday

ALBERT RUSSELL and Reg. Morgan are going on their first Australian holiday after 15 months' continuous radio work, and it is going to be a real radio artists' holiday—a motoring tour with destination unstated. Of course, they will include fishing in their programme.

For some reason, fishing seems to appeal to radio personalities, though why it should they cannot tell, unless it is that fish and worms are the only creatures in this world that are never likely to broadcast, and therefore provide a complete change.

Laugh on the Men

MAN in the past, has been in the habit of deriding milady's sense of humor, but judging by the results of the last two 2GB Funny Story Contests, man must look to his laurels.

In both these contests women listeners have carried off the first two prizes of £25 and £5, and the ladies are always well to the fore in the final selection, even though that selection be made by a committee of men.

Our Radio Sessions From 2GB

(Featured by DOROTHEA VAUTIER)

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 26.—11.45 a.m.: "London Calling."

THURSDAY, AUG. 27.—11.45 a.m.: "People in the Limelight."

3.30 p.m.: Featuring Fred Astaire.

FRIDAY, AUG. 28.—11.45 a.m.: "So They Say."

3.30 p.m.: "Musical Moods."

SATURDAY, AUG. 29.—8.15 p.m.: "The Music Box."

9.30 p.m.: "A Russian Programme."

SUNDAY, AUG. 30.—8.30 p.m.: Ellis Price and his players in scenes from the forthcoming Australian Women's Weekly novel.

MONDAY, AUG. 31.—11.45 a.m.: "In the News."

3.30 p.m.: "Rhythm," a musical presentation.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 1.—11.45 a.m.: "News and Reviews."

3.30 p.m.: "Old and New," a musical presentation.

INCURABLE? SKIN RASHES

DENTIST ASTOUNDED! DOCTORS LACK INTEREST

A King's Cross Dentist suffered from a rash since the end of the war. He had a circle of Doctor friends, who called it all kinds of names, and in turn prescribed for the rash without result.

The Dentist was recommended TINO Ointment.

TINO CURED HIM

Naturally the Dentist told his Doctor friends who had failed to cure him, but to HIS ASTONISHMENT found them UNINTERESTED. His permission to print this is gratefully given—his TESTIMONIAL can be inspected.

NO MATTER what NAME your RASH or SORE has been called GIVE TINO A TRIAL. Send 2/- postal note, POST FREE for one tube of TINO to

H. D. O'CONNELL, M.P.S., Ph.C.
CHEMIST

MAROUBRA, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

A WORD FROM MATRON

LOOK AT MY TERRIBLE SKIN, MATRON. CAN ANYTHING BE DONE ABOUT IT?

CERTAINLY! YOU SHOULD USE REXONA SOAP!



NOT JUST A SOAP

... A COMPLETE SKIN TREATMENT. Cleansing your skin with Rexona Soap is real cleansing... not only of the outer skin but under the surface too. The medications in Rexona Soap remove the cause of skin faults, the dust germs and impurities which settle deep down in the pores. Regular cleansing with Rexona sweeps away blackheads and blemishes, and wakes up lazy glands and tissues so that a dull, sallow skin becomes a clear, glowing, healthy one.

Obstinate Skin Complaints

Many a sufferer from persistent skin defects and even eczema has at last found speedy relief with Rexona Ointment. Used together with Rexona Soap, it is the one perfect skin treatment.



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SOAP, 9d. per tablet. OINTMENT, 1/- tins
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CHARNAUX EXPERT
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Miss Greenwood will be pleased to advise you in regard to all your figure requirements. A personal fitting will not place you under any obligation.

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YOU MUST BE ZONOPLASTIC To have Style To-day

There is a modern type of figure that you can achieve. It is as lovely in action as in repose. It looks elegant in all clothes. It is the new figure line of London, Paris, and New York. It is the Zonoplastic figure.

Not a new word—it comes from the Greek. Zono means "the line from breast to hips." Plastic means "rhythmically shaped." To achieve this Zonoplastic line of fashion you must smooth away that roll of flesh round the diaphragm, control the "tummy" curve, narrow the hips, and flatten the "derriere." Zonoplastic means, too, that this control must be rhythmic and not rigid, allowing you all the freedom of the nude figure.

Only Charnaux gives you this Zonoplastic line, because Charnaux has perforated "bands of force" scientifically distributed to fashion the figure. These perforated bands give strong rhythmic control where it is needed with a feeling of uncensored freedom elsewhere. Moreover, they make Charnaux cool and hygienic.

The perforations also act like a massage, toning up the body and making superfluous flesh disappear. No "tyres" around the diaphragm remain after a few weeks with a Charnaux. Hips are inches slimmer. Rear profile flattened. Charnaux is made of electrically-deposited Latex, which gives greater rhythmic control than any other corset material known. Fashion designers say: "Only a Zonoplastic figure can wear a lovely gown as it should be worn." You, too, can achieve a Zonoplastic figure with a Charnaux.



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CRANKY, RUN-DOWN, NERVOUS CHILDREN

BIDOMAK

MAKES THEM FIT



Benefit Guaranteed
Or YOU PAY
NOTHING

So many nerve sufferers have obtained immediate relief from BIDOMAK that if you do not benefit from the first bottle we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on its return, nearly empty, to the Douglas Drug Co. Thus we guarantee you positive relief or you pay nothing.

**CHILDREN BENEFIT
AMAZINGLY**

Original of report quoted below may be inspected at our office:

Police Station,
South Lismore, N.S.W.
The Douglas Drug Co.
Dear Sirs,

You may be interested to hear of my two little boys, who have been patients in Lismore Base Hospital for six weeks with Acute Bronchitis and there was no sign of them getting better until one day my mother rang me up and said: "Why don't you try Bidomak? It has cured me and I am sure it will do them good the same as it did for me." I asked their father about it and he said: "Try one bottle." With the results of taking the first few doses they improved splendidly, and my doctor here in Lismore was very surprised to know how they had improved.

After taking two bottles they were allowed to leave the hospital. After six weeks I am sending you the slip out of the paper, where my little son, John, age 3 years, was in a bad state when admitted to the hospital. He was only 2 stone 12 lbs when he went into the hospital and now he is home taking Bidomak. He is 3 stone 5 lbs 2 ozs, and he has only taken two bottles. Thomas, 4 years of age, with the same complaint as John, gained from 2 stone 1 lb. to 3 stone. We are all very pleased with the results, so I am keeping my children on Bidomak.

Yours faithfully,
Signed: Mrs. D. L. Pritchard

Bidomak is a Product of the Douglas Drug Company, Adelaide, Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane. Sole Wholesale Agents for Tasmania: L. Fairthorne & Son Pty. Ltd.

GET A BOTTLE OF BIDOMAK TO-DAY

VIGOROUS AND WELL AGAIN

Here are the facts on Bidomak, the wonderful modern mineral food supplement that's working wonders for run-down, nervous, cranky youngsters.

In thousands of homes the daily struggle to "coax or command" food into children has ended.

Where the night's sleep was often broken by night terrors, children now rest in dreamless reinvigorating slumber. Thin, nervous youngsters have been calmed and are putting on plenty of firm, muscular flesh.

And the Reason

simply this!

**Why Bidomak
Gives Benefit.**

Nerves, lack of appetite and "pep" are due to the lack of sufficient vital mineral elements in the diet. So when you see your youngster tire easily in play, pick at his food or spend nights in disturbed, irregular sleep, get him Bidomak. When he is not gaining weight as he should, get him Bidomak. AN AMAZING IMPROVEMENT You'll be amazed at the difference that will be made by the iron, lime, sodium, potash, phosphates, glycerophosphates and sucrose which Bidomak provides. In fact, we guarantee that you will see benefit to your youngsters within a fortnight or you can have your money back.

Children Take Bidomak's Safe Foods Readily.

Bidomak is no old fashioned medicine with a nasty taste. Modern research has enabled the discoverer to provide a palatable tonic which ends the emotional "scenes" at the time of taking, which, authorities say, often lead to serious digestive disturbances destroying the value of the mixture. Bidomak is pleasant and contains no dangerous drugs.

**MEN AND WOMEN
TOO**

Bidomak's wonderful benefits are equally good for men or women as for children. Take it if you feel nervous or out of sorts. Bidomak ends "nerves," renews vitality and makes everyone who takes it feel better from the first bottle.



LEAVE Them ALONE

Continued from Page 7

"Six pounds a week at his age, and at a congenial occupation is not to be sneezed at," he said. "A mile walk would do him the world of good. He's much too fat from so much lazing around."

"Dad hasn't been well lately." She was determined to find excuse, although she did not quite know why, except that Hamer seemed indirectly to be criticising her.

"Eats too much." He shrugged.

"And as for Brother Blair . . ."

"Please leave my people alone," she said sharply.

"I shall when you do," he retorted.

"When I do?" she asked in amazement. "What am I doing to them?"

"Ruining them, that's all. You've made yourself a prop and taught them to lean on you. Move away, and you'll find that they will soon be able to stand on their own legs—and probably to run about a little."

"When I want your opinion of them, I'll ask for it." She was very hurt.

"It's a pleasure to give it," he assured her. "You've made loafers of them."

"Rod, too? I help him sometimes, as you know."

"Rod's different," he said. "He's married and made a home for his wife and children. He's a good father and a decent chap. He's in trouble only because things have gone wrong, but he's a tried and he'll come out on top some day. You're quite right to help him if you can; in fact, you should."

"I'm glad you approve of one member of my family at least," she said, piling on a thick layer of sarcasm.

"I approve of two—you and Rod," he smiled at her.

Was Hamer right? Had she really ruined her people, as he said? If her beloved Dad had not had her to lean on would he not have found something to do? That question he had refused; was it not just business?

Then there was Blair, with a perfectly good business training, and doing nothing with it. His aim was—or had been—to start in practice as an accountant, and he would not so much as listen to his taking a position as business master at the local Grammar School.

"Do you think I worked like a demon for years to get my degrees only to take a fiver a week at a wretched little country grammar?" he protested when she suggested it.

"Of course, the salary is rather small," she agreed dubiously.

"Small! I should think so," he said indignantly.

And Rod. No, she defended herself, she had not spoilt him. Rod had independence of spirit, and her loans to him were definitely loans which he would one day repay. No; Rod was not on her conscience, but the others . . .

For some time Blair sulked about the episode of the Lancia and seemed to think that he had been scurvy treated, but when he did not repeat the offence she was satisfied.

He broke out in another direction, and began to "throw" small parties without consulting her. She refrained from commenting on this, although he obviously dared her to do so and was plainly prepared to give battle immediately she did so.

SHE came home one evening to find a more than usually lively party in progress. A crowd of young people swarmed about the house, uttering strange screams and squeals, smoking (Kitty's cigarettes) profusely, and making themselves thoroughly at home.

She was furious although she tried not to show it. She reasoned that Blair's guests probably did not know that he had invited them without her permission or even her knowledge, and it would be unfair to make them uncomfortable. But when they were gone, she thought grimly, Blair would suffer for his cheek.

And it was not merely a matter of cheek. She had told him definitely that things were not going too well with her business and that economy was the watchword. He had responded with a sceptical grin and remarks about tightwads, but she thought she had made herself quite clear. And now this party—or, rather, orgy.

She replied politely enough to the shrill greetings of the young things she knew and went down the hall with the intention of going to her room and staying there until the "guests" had gone.

Unhappily, Blair encountered her in the hall, and he burst into a roar of laughter at the annoyed expression on her face.

What to do about it? She could not think, and she wept for the first time in years. She lay on her lounge utterly writhed and exhausted.

Suddenly she heard a tap on her window.

She sat up hurriedly, and wondered who it could be. Surely one of Blair's rowdy crowd had not found the impudence . . .

"Kit!" a well-beloved voice said softly.

"Hamer!" she breathed gladly, and ran to the window.

"I heard the din at my place," he said, "and came over to see what it was about."

"Blair's throwing a party," she said briefly.

"He seems to be throwing it hard and often," he said in his best doo Scots.

There was a wild scream from the direction of the drawing-room, and it was followed by a smashing sound and shouts.

"They're having a gey, fine time," he said grimly. "Shall I go in and turn them all out for you, Kitty last?"

"No, don't," she begged, holding him tightly. "It would mean an endless row, and I simply couldn't stand it."

"I'll be here to settle it," he informed her meaningfully.

She burst into tears again, and he put his arm around her.

"If I were in your place I'd make them do the weeping," he declared.

"Oh, Hamer," she wept; "I can see how right you were. I've ruined them, and given myself only misery."

"Pahaw," he said. "They're not ruined. Leave them to their own devices, and they'll soon root for them selves."

I CANT turn my own people out."

"I suppose not, but you could go yourself."

"How could I?"

"There's a place waiting for you at Blairgowrie."

She weakened visibly; what a beloved sanctuary it would be.

"But the business?" she protested feebly.

"You know you could sell out to Briar's any day for a good round sum." He smoothed her hair. "Come on, Kitty. Leaves them now, and come with me."

"I couldn't," she said.

"You could, and you shall. Pack your bag, and come with me to Blairgowrie. My sister is down for a few weeks, so we will be well chaperoned until we're married, which will be as soon as I can get a special licence."

"But I must do something for Mother and Dad, even if Blair has to fund for himself."

Please turn to Page 38



Neuralgia used to drive me crazy

but now I never let it get beyond the first twinge. I just take a 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powder and in a few minutes the pain disappears. If you have never tried 'Bayer' A.P.C. a revelation in quick relief awaits you.

The exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders in relieving Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatic Pains, Sleeplessness and those prostrating attacks to which many women are liable. To doctors and chemists the word over the name 'BAYER' on any remedy is the Hall Mark of reliability, and it is your best guarantee of quick relief from pain.

Box of 22 powders, 1/-.

Box of 22 powders, 2/6.

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**'BAYER'
A.P.C.
QUICK-SURE-SAFE**

But Powder like this for
1/-
that's NEWS

No more the nuisance of a shiny nose—but when you want to look your best! Give the transparency of shiny, patchy skin! An oil-free, non-oily, non-pore-opening powder gives an aged look to your skin. Velvet Skin Face Powder, famous creation of Kathleen Court, a success for many years, offers a smart octagonal compact box. It is a powder with a delightful fragrance, and in every modern tone graduation to suit all skins and colourings of skin, hair and eyes. The new shade of Velvet Skin Face Powder is now ultra-smart! For Facial Youth Day Cream is the ideal base for this modern powder.

Kathleen Court's Exquisite Velvet-Skin Face Powder

Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:

MANDRAKE: Possessed of great magical powers, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant. They travel the world together, encountering adventures, righting wrongs, and meet

SIR OSWALD: An Englishman out hunting, shooting everything within rifle range, just for the love of killing. Mandrake is disgusted, for he believes animals should be given a chance to defend themselves and, further-

more, should not be killed unless wanted as food. He therefore decides to teach Sir Oswald a lesson, and next time he fires—at a mountain lion—the lion stands up with a rifle between its paws and fires back. Not only this, but geese drop aerial bombs, rabbits operate machine-guns, deer spray gas from their antlers on the terror-stricken hunter. Mandrake then reveals that he is a magician, and Sir Oswald vows never to shoot again. **NOW READ ON—**



To be Continued.



FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY VINCENTS

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely you will not digest. It just doesn't do in the housewife. Wake up your stomach! You give constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weak and the world looks blue. Liver pills are the answer. Their gentle bowel movement doesn't eat at the enamel. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely again. And you'll feel strong and healthy again. Gentle cleaning from inside bile flows freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes only. 1/3 and 3/-. Request a substitute. ***

CERTAINLY. Let them have the place rent free, but sack the gardener and the cook, and don't give your people any money. They'll soon find a way out. Your Dad will take that job, Blair will go to the Grammar, and in a month or so they'll be on their feet. By then they might even have found a little gratitude for all you have done for them."

"It would be just like running away," Kitty said sternly, "if you don't stop making feeble excuses and if you don't come with me this minute I'm done with you." He set his jaws grimly.

"I surrender," she said. "I know you're Scot enough to keep your word and oh, Hamer lad, I couldn't live without you."

She packed a bag hastily, and then scribbled a note to her father. It was brief, but to the point. Castle-Craig was theirs to do with as they pleased for as long as they cared to stay, but if they did stay they must keep it going. She enclosed a cheque for old Johnny Clark and for the cook.

They stole out of the room and down the path. As they were stealing past the garage Kitty stopped.

"I'm not going without my Lancie Hamer," she said.

"I'll buy you another," he whispered. "Let's hurry."

"I want my Lancie," she said with determination. "I'm leaving my home for you, Hamer McLean, but I'll not leave the car for which I worked so hard."

THENVILL bear you go," he replied anxiously.

"They're making too much din. You open the doors quietly and I'll start the engine. I could get out of the garage and down the drive blindfolded, so I shan't switch on the lights."

The purr of the engine was completely drowned by the noise at the house, and they slipped quietly down the drive.

Hamer opened the gates, Kitty drove through and then he got in beside her. He was surprised and relieved to find her laughing.

A week later they were on the

LEAVE Them ALONE

Continued from Page 36

high seas bound for England, Egypt, the Continent, and all manner of alluring places. Briar's had snapp'd up her business at a good price. She and Hamer had been married by special licence. They were starting off on a very long holiday trip.

Although she knew all her people were aware of her movements, she heard from only one of them.

Rod saw her off at the boat, accompanied by Mrs. Rod and a sample of the Rod children.

"So you've chucked us at last," he said with a quizzical grin. "Well, I don't blame you."

"Chucked or been chucked. I can't quite determine," she retorted.

"It was high time you left us to sink or swim," he said. "We've been hanging around your neck for a long time."

"You haven't," she assured him warmly. "I've been glad to give you a hand. You'd have done as much for me, and it's been my privilege."

"Believe me, or believe me not," he said, "when I came up at Easter I intended to tell you that things have changed for the better with me, and I can carry on quite all right. In fact I'll be able to repay you soon, with luck."

"I don't want it," she said quickly. "I've been glad to help, Rod. If ever you have a surplus, start a bank account for your dear kids."

Months went by, but there was no word from those she most longed to hear from. She had a glorious trip, and more happiness than she had ever dreamed of, but if there was ever a little cloud it was this estrangement from her people. Rod wrote her amusing little epistles, but, as she had asked him not to mention the others, she learned nothing of them, and she often wondered how they were doing.

DON'T waste so much time worrying about them," Hamer advised her, and she thought he seemed a little irritable.

She was immediately contrite. To plague him with her worries at such a time.

"Sorry, Hamer," she cried. "I just can't help thinking of them, that's all."

"Of course, lass," he agreed, regretful that he had shown his annoyance. "I understand. The truth is that I feel furious when you think of anybody but me."

"I'm not afraid of the big, bad wolf," she assured him with a happy smile.

It was a year later when they returned to Australia. There was nothing of importance to bring them back, except that Kitty had a tense desire for Hamer the Second to be born in his own country. And her mind added wistfully, near his own people. She had never realised before how strong was the desire to be near one's own.

THE ever faithful Rod met them at Melbourne, and although he was bubbling with excitement he remembered her embargo and told her nothing of their parents or Elsie.

He was boisterously pleased about the coming event—a thing she would have resented from anybody but him or Hamer.

"I hope you're going to make me the proud uncle of a nephew," he said. "I've always had a hankering to have a nephew at the old school, so that whenever he made a century or knocked a goal—as of course he would, although I never did—I could strut about the grounds and swank about 'my nephew'."

"I'll do what I can," she assured him lightly, "but I can promise nothing."

"I leave it to you," he said airily. "I know the whole affair is in good hands."

So they bantered each other and all the time they had a longing to discuss the rest of their small family, but neither broke the barrier.

Hamer and she went to Blairgowrie almost immediately.

Please turn to Page 39

CERTAIN TO SELL SHORT STORIES

A. Vin. Weekly paid £7/10/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Read:

"Nocturne," printed by "Smith's" recently, brought me £1/10/- and £2/6/-.

"I have had nine stories published since I started your course."

"The first story I sent to America has been accepted."

"I received more for my stories while staying with you than I paid in fees."

"I received £6/2/6 for two stories in the 'Australian Journal'."

"The Bulletin" headlined my story, "Justine." I received £4/15/6 for it. It has just sold a second copy for £6/11/6 from "The Bulletin" for my story, "Old George."

"I received £5 from the 'Sydney Mail' for my first story, 'Twin Ships.'"

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STARTS AS A COLD

At the first sign of a cold, take
Q-RIT TABLETS

(Promised CURE IT)
A scientific formula made to
RELIEVE COLDS IN
24 HOURS

Relieve
COLDS
Overnight

Q-RIT TABLETS



Harsh laxatives weaken you — often lead to serious illness.

You can't feel well when the effects of harsh, weakening laxatives are added to those of constipation! And, you'll never get well—for constant dosing increases constipation, robs your system of its strength!

Delicate intestinal muscles and membranes are injured and weakened by repeated artificial stimulation. Soon, they become tired, cannot function normally. You need ever-increasing doses of purgatives—a habit, doctors say, that causes 75% of intestinal troubles in later life!

Constipation is caused by lack of "bulk" in modern, over-refined foods. It can be relieved naturally, by adding "bulk" to your diet. Kellogg's All-Bran—100% bran—is rich in "bulk." It gives your intestines and bowels gentle, natural stimulus, exercises them back to health. Rich in Vitamin B and iron, it nourishes you as well. Strength returns. You function normally again—and forget laxatives ever existed.

There are two kinds of constipation—tonic and spastic. Tonic constipation is the more

common, and can be relieved with All-Bran. If All-Bran is not effective, you should see your doctor immediately.

Two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran, served daily, covered with milk or cream, will relieve constipation. After that, three servings weekly will ensure normal, regular elimination. Buy this delicious, health-giving food at your grocer's to-day! Eat it for breakfast with fresh or tinned fruits.





THEY SEEM to do nothing by halves in America, and when they have a heat wave it's a real "uzzler." During the recent "wave" someone at Atlanta said it was hot enough to fry eggs on the footpath, and although these girls disputed the assertion, they proved it correct.

LEAVE Them ALONE

Continued from Page 38

"DON'T let us pass Castle-Creagh," she begged him as they set out.

"Just as you like, dear," he said, with an understanding nod, and he made a rather long detour so as to avoid it.

She often loosed out from her bedroom window which faced the general direction of her old home.

If they would only come to her, she had always dreamed of her mother being near her at such a time. They were her parents, and it was not for her to discipline them; she should go to them. Her thoughts swung like a pendulum between determination and surrender.

Hamer the Elder duly arrived, and she was so taken up with him that she almost forgot the worry.

She made a quick recovery and was soon sitting up. It was a luxurious feeling to have young Hamer at last and to know him so wonderfully healthy and so like old Hamer (that was funny, calling Hamer "old Hamer"), and yet so like herself.

Sometimes when he smiled—and she knew he did smile, although the curse weighed at the heart—he looked very like her father. It was all wonderland and would be even more so if only they would come.

The longing for them grew so strong that it threatened to overcome her. During the previous months she had managed to repress her feelings, but now they were too many for her, and it was only by sheer strength of will that she refrained from standing for them. They were so near, a scant mile away. They could be there in twenty minutes even on foot.

One morning Hamer the Elder came into her bedroom looking rather anxious.

"Blair is here," he said shortly. "Shall I send him off?"

"Oh, no!" she cried. "Ask him to come up."

"After the way he's treated you?" he asked dourly.

"What does that matter?" she said. "He's my brother."

Blair was red with embarrassment, but he carried things off well enough.

"Hello, Kit," he said cheerfully. "I'm bearing gifts, but believe me, I'm no Greek." He exhibited a punnet of rich red strawberries.

"Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed.

"No," he said gruffly. "They're for the baby."

She laughed excitedly.

"Wasn't that silly of me?" she said. "But I feel so glad to see you again."

She wept, and he looked at her wretchedly.

"I'm awfully sorry, Kit," he said miserably. "We treated you terribly, and now I come here and upset you like this. I think I'd better go."

She wiped her tears away, and blew her nose vigorously.

"No, don't go. I'll be all right soon. In fact, I'm feeling much better for having had a little weep . . . What lovely strawberries! So nice and red, aren't they?"

"LOVELY!" he said. "I'll have you know you're looking at the renowned 'Castle-Creagh' strawberries. We topped the Melbourne market this year, and had a record crop into the bargain."

"Well?"

"Too right. Me, and Dad, and Mother—and the Missus!"

"The Missus?"

"Absolutely; you heard. Mally and I dove into the matrimonial sea six months ago."

Continued from Page 38

"You've been very busy!" she commented.

"Busy? I should say so." With a proud grin he exhibited work-stained hands. "Things have certainly been moving. I'd better start from the beginning." He made himself comfortable in a chair. "You see, when our meal ticket—that's you—done us wrong we were all more cross than words can tell. But mother began to cogitate, and she suddenly announced that we were nothing but loafers, and, although that was hard to believe and harder still to swallow, we had to accept it in the end. It gave us a nasty jolt, believe me."

"Now you're here, it really doesn't matter, Blair!" she said gently.

"Oh yes, it does," he said. "I've got to tell you. Well, Dad took that job, and I started on my career as a strawberry-grower. Did I work? My girl, I worked from sunrise chirp to dewy eve, and, after a while I loved it."

Say, 'Castle-Creagh' has some wonderful berry country, but that's by the way. Mally said I was wearing myself out, but I felt I had to make up for all that spouting I did, so I just couldn't stop. Well, she said the best thing she could do was to marry me before I died, and so we faced the altar."

"Did Mother and Dad come with you?" she asked, interrupting the flow of words.

"WELL, no. Dad's at the office, and Mother said she just couldn't find the cheek to face you. Of course, I could."

"Run along and get her!" she begged him.

He scrambled to his feet.

"You mean it, Kit?" he asked anxiously. "You aren't still disgusted with us?"

"Disgusted?" Her eyes shone. "How perfectly silly!"

"Well, that's good news. I'll gallop over for Mother." He hurried to the door and then turned back. "Does that go for Mally, too? I remember you once said she was a . . ."

"That's all dead and buried. Do hurry, take the Lancia."

"No fear, I shan't. When I think of that Lancia . . . No, I'll leg it, and bump them back to my Tin Liz TU be seeing you." He rushed out.

When Hamer came in a few minutes later he found her flushed with excitement.

"Everything all right?" he asked understandingly.

"Mother and Mally are coming to see me."

"That's grand; I'm glad to hear it."

Punny thing, I was furious when I saw Blair here, and I told myself it was only because of the way he had treated you, but do you know the real reason? I was jealous that anybody but me could claim you?"

"That sounds silly; they're my people."

"I know, and I could kick myself for being such a greedy idiot. Suppose young Hamer here were to row with us some day—well, we'd have him back on almost any terms, wouldn't we?"

She nodded, and blew her nose again.

"Everybody," she said tremulously, "everybody seems bent on making me howl to-day."

"Oh, I say," he said aghast. "I'm very sorry, dear. Trust me to put my foot in it."

"It's all—all right," she assured him.

"It's just—just that I'm glad they've come home."

(Copyright)

A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 11

"NOW I examined them again—and this time I came to a totally different conclusion. What was wrong with them was the fact that they were written by a sane man!"

"It doesn't make sense," Franklin Clarke repeated.

"But yes! One must reason—reflect. What would be the object of writing such letters? To focus attention on the writer, to call attention to the murderer! In truth, it did not seem to make sense at first sight. And then I saw light. It was to focus attention on several murders—in a group of murders . . . Is it not your great Shakespeare who has said: 'You cannot see the tree for the wood'?"

"I had to deal with an intensely clever, resourceful murderer—reckless, daring and a thorough gambler. Not Mr. Cust! He could never have committed these murders! No, I had to deal with a very different stamp of man—a man with a boyish temperament (witness the schoolboy-like letters and the railway guide), an attractive man to women, and a man with a ruthless disregard for human life, a man who was necessarily a prominent person in one of the criminal

I had now only to review the various crimes and find the possible guilty person. The Andover crime? The most likely suspect for that was Frank Ascher, but I could not imagine Ascher inventing and carrying out such an elaborate scheme, nor could I see him planning a premeditated murder. The Bechill crime? Donald Fraser was a possibility. He had brains and ability, and a methodical turn of mind. But his motive for killing his sweetheart could only be jealousy—and jealousy does not lend to premeditation. Also I learned that he had his holiday early in August, which rendered it unlikely that he had anything to do with the Churston crime. We come to the Churston crime next—and at once we are on infinitely more promising ground.

"And even that didn't satisfy M. Potrot?" said Clarke.

"No. Because as soon as I saw him

I also knew that he could not be guilty! He has neither the nerve nor the daring—or, I may add, the brains to plan. All along I have been aware of the dual personality of the murderer. Now I see where it consisted. Two people were involved—the real murderer, cunning, resourceful, and daring—and the pseudo murderer, stupid, vacillating and suggestible."

"Suggestible—it is in that word that the mystery of Mr. Cust consists. It was not enough for you, Mr. Clarke, to devise this plan of a series to distract attention from a single crime. You had also to have a stalking horse."

"I think the idea first originated in your mind as the result of a chance encounter in a city coffee den with this odd personality with his combative Christian name. You were at that time turning over in your mind various plans for the murder of your brother."

"Really? And why?"

"Because you were seriously alarmed for the future. I do not know whether you realize it, Mr. Clarke, but you played into my hands when you showed me a certain letter written to you by your brother. In it he displayed very clearly his affection and absorption in Miss Thora Grey. His regard may have been a paternal one—or he may have preferred to think it so.

Please turn to Page 40



Just imagine them! Wheatmeal Scones hot from the oven—and made with Copha! Taste them, see how delicious they are, and you'll use Copha, the pure vegetable shortening, for all your cooking.

Copha Wheatmeal Scones

4 lb. fine Wheatmeal, 3 oz. or keaped tea-spoon baking powder, 1 oz. Copha (softened), 1 oz. sugar, 2 teaspooon salt, 1 small teaspooon milk.

METHOD: Mix the baking powder

thoroughly with the flour.

COOK: Place softened Copha and sugar in a bowl and cream a little; then add milk and salt, add flour and baking powder, and make into a light dough.

ROLL: Roll out to the thickness of 1 in.

CUT: Cut into desired shapes, place on greased or floured trays, allow to stand for 10 minutes, and bake in hot oven.

MASSIE BISSELL, Doris, of Highgate Hill, writes: "Each recipe in the Copha Recipe Book is entirely new and different."

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"Sunlight Department," Lever Brothers Limited, Box 610 YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Do Not Enclose a Letter.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

1.19.19

NEVERtheless, there was a very real danger that on the death of your sister-in-law he might, in his loneliness, turn to this beautiful girl for sympathy and comfort and it might end—as so often happens with elderly men—in his marrying her. Your fear was increased by your knowledge of Miss Grey. You are, I fancy, an excellent if somewhat cynical judge of character. You judged whether correctly or not that Miss Grey was a type of young woman 'on the make'. You had no doubt that she would jump at the chance of becoming Lady Clarke. "You have been, I fancy, in essence a disappointed man all your life. You have been the rolling stone—and you have gathered very little moss. You were bitterly jealous of your brother's wealth."

"I repeat then that, turning over various schemes in your mind, your meeting with Mr. Cust gave you an idea. His bombastic Christian names, his account of his epileptic seizures and of his headaches, his whole shrinking and insignificant personality, struck you as fitting him for the tool you wanted. The whole alphabetical plan sprang into your mind—Cust's initials—the fact that your brother's name began with a C and that he lived at Churston was the nucleus of the scheme."

YOUR arrangements were excellent. In Cust's name you wrote for a large consignment of hose to be sent to him. You yourself sent a number of A.B.C.'s looking like a similar parcel. You wrote to him—a typed letter purporting to be from the same firm offering him a good salary and commission. Your plans were so well laid beforehand that you typed all the letters that were sent subsequently, and then presented him with the machine on which they had been typed.

"You had now to look about for two victims whose names began with A and B respectively, and who lived at places also beginning with those same letters. You hit on Andover as quite a likely spot, and your preliminary reconnaissance there led you to select Mrs. Ascher's shop as the scene of the first crime. Her name was written clearly over the door, and you found by experiment that she was usually alone in the shop. Her murderer needed nerve, daring, and reasonable luck."

"For the letter B you had to vary your tactics. Lonely women in shops might conceivably have been warned. I should imagine that you frequented a few cafes and tea-shops, laughing and joking with the girls there and finding out whose name began with the right letter and who would be suitable for your purpose."

"In Betty Barnard you found just the type of girl you were looking for."

"Then, your preliminary plans completed, you set to work! You sent the

A.B.C. MURDERS

Andover list to Cust, directing him to go there on a certain date, and you sent off the first A.B.C. letter to me."

"On the appointed day you went to Andover—and killed Mrs. Ascher—without anything occurring to damage your plans."

"Murder No. 1 was successfully accomplished."

"For the second murder you took the precaution of committing it, in reality, the day before. I am fairly certain that Betty Barnard was killed well before midnight on July 24."

"We now come to murder No. 3—the important—in fact, the real murder, from your point of view."

AND here a full meed of praise is due to Hastings, who made a simple and obvious remark to which no attention was paid.

"He suggested that the third letter went astray intentionally!"

"And he was right! . . ."

"In that one simple fact lies the answer to the question that has puzzled

NEST BUILDING

*A little house with spreading eaves,
And sunshine on the floor—
A garden small, an apple tree,
A creeper at the door.*

*Bright pots and pans, a colored rug,
A clock upon the wall;
A shaded lamp, a rocking chair,
A mirror for the ball.*

*A snatch of song, a whistled tune,
Laughter and work and rest,
Courage and faith and golden dreams,
And someone to love best.*

—Myrtle Blessing.

me so all along. Why were the letters addressed in the first place to Hercule Poirot, a private detective, and not to the police?

"Erroneously I imagined some personal reason."

"Not at all! The letters were sent to me because the essence of your plan was that one of them should be wrongly addressed and go astray—but you cannot arrange for a letter addressed to the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard to go astray! It is

necessary to have a private address. You chose me as a fairly well-known person, and a person who was sure to take the letters to the police—and also, in your rather insular mind, you enjoyed scoring off a foreigner."

"You addressed your envelope very cleverly—Whitehaven—Whitehorse—quite a natural slip. Only Hastings was sufficiently perspicacious to disregard subtleties and go straight for the obvious!"

"Of course the letter was meant to go astray! The police were to be set on the trail only when the murder was safely over. Your brother's nightly walk provided you with the opportunity."

"After the death of your brother, of course, your object was accomplished. You had no wish to commit any more murders. On the other hand, if the murders stopped without reason, a suspicion of the truth might come to someone."

"Your stalking-horse, Mr. Cust, had so successfully lived up to his role of the invisible—because insignificant—man, that so far no one had noticed that the same person had been seen in the vicinity of the three murders. To your annoyance, even his visit to Combebridge had not been mentioned. The matter had passed completely out of Miss Grey's head."

"Always during, you decided that one more murder must take place, but that this time the trail must be well blazed. You selected Doncaster for the scene of operations."

"Your plan was very simple. You yourself would be on the scene in the nature of things. Mr. Cust would be ordered to Doncaster by his firm. Your plan was to follow him round and trust to opportunity. Everything fell out well. Mr. Cust went to a cinema. That was simplicity itself. You sat a few seats away from him. When he got up to go, you did the same. You pretended to stumble, leaned over and stabbed a dozing man in the row in front, slid the A.B.C. on to his knees, and managed to collide heavily with Mr. Cust in the darkened doorway, wiping the knife on his sleeve and slipping it into his pocket."

"You were not in the least at pains to choose a victim whose name began with D. Anyone would do! You assumed—and quite rightly—that it would be considered to be a mistake. There was sure to be someone whose name began with D not far off in the audience. It would be assumed that he had been intended to be the victim."

AND now, my friends let us consider the matter from the point of view of the false A.B.C.—from the point of view of Mr. Cust.

Continued from Page 39

"The Andover crime means nothing to him. He is shocked and surprised by the Bexhill crime—why, he himself was there about the time! Then comes the Churston crime and the headlines in the newspapers. An A.B.C. crime at Andover when he was there, an A.B.C. crime at Bexhill, and now another close by. . . . Three crimes and he has been at the scene of each of them. Persons suffering from epilepsy often have blanks when they cannot remember what they have done. . . . Remember that Cust was a nervous, highly neurotic subject and extremely suggestible."

"Then he receives the order to go to Doncaster."

"Doncaster! And the next A.B.C. crime is to be in Doncaster. He must have felt as though it was fate. He loses his nerve, fancies his ladyship is looking at him suspiciously, and tells her he is going to Cheltenham."

"He goes to Doncaster because it is his duty. In the afternoon he goes to a cinema. Possibly he does off for a minute or two."

"Imagine his feelings when on his return to his inn he discovers that there is blood on his coat sleeve and a blood-stained knife in his pocket. All his vague forebodings leap into certainty."

"He—he himself—is the killer! He remembers his headaches—his lapses of memory. He is quite sure of the truth—he Alexander Bonaparte Cust, is a homicidal lunatic."

"His conduct after that is the conduct of a hunted animal. He gets back to his lodgings in London. He is safe there—known. They think he has been in Cheltenham. He has the knife with him still—a thoroughly stupid thing to do, of course. He hides it behind the hall stand."

THEN, one day, he is warned that the police are coming. It is the end! They know!

"The hunted animal does his last run. 'I do not know why he went to Andover—a morbid desire, I think, to go and look at the place where the crime was committed—the crime he committed though he can remember nothing about it . . .'

"He has no money left—he is worn out . . . his feet lead him of his own accord to the police station."

"But even a cornered beast will fight. Mr. Cust fully believes that he did the murders, but he sticks strongly to his plea of innocence. And he holds with desperation to that alibi for the second murder. At least that cannot be laid to his door."

"As I say, when I saw him, I knew at once that he was not the murderer and that my name meant nothing to him. I knew, too, that he thought himself the murderer!"

"After he had confessed his guilt to me, I knew more strongly than ever that my own theory was right."

"Your theory," said Franklin Clarke, "is absurd!"

Poirot shook his head.

"No, Mr. Clarke. You were safe enough so long as no one suspected you. Once you were suspected proofs were easy to obtain."

"Yes. I found the stick that you used in the Andover and Churston murders in a cupboard at Combebridge. An ordinary stick with a thick knob handle. A section of wood had been removed and melted lead poured in. Your photograph was picked out from half-a-dozen others by two people who saw you leaving the cinema when you were supposed to be on the racecourse at Doncaster."

YOU were identified at Bexhill the other day by Millie Higley and a girl from the Scarlet Runner Roadhouse, where you took Betty Barnard to dine on the fatal evening. And finally—most damning of all—you overlooked a most elementary precaution. You left a fingerprint on Cust's typewriter—the typewriter that, if you are innocent, you could never have handled."

Clarke sat quite still for a minute, then he said:

"You win, Mr. Poirot! But it was worth trying!"

With an incredibly rapid motion, he whipped out a small automatic from his pocket and held it to his head.

I gave a cry and involuntarily flinched as I waited for the report.

But no report came—the hammer clicked harmlessly.

Clarke stared at it in astonishment and uttered an oath.

"No, Mr. Clarke," said Poirot. "You may have noticed I had a new manservant to-day—a friend of mine—an expert sneak thief. He removed your pistol from your pocket, unloaded it, and returned it all without your being aware of the fact."

"You unutterable little jackanapes of a foreigner!" cried Clarke, purple with rage.

"Yes, yes, that is how you feel. No, Mr. Clarke, no easy death for you. You told Mr. Cust that you had had near escapes from drowning. You know



THE DINNER FROCK chosen by this charming R.K.O. player is of black slipper satin and net. The peplum-style top of net is applied in an all-over scroll design of black silk braid. A black net petticoat peeps out from under the skirt in front in a most intriguing fashion.

what that means—that you were born for another fate."

"You——"

Words failed him. His face was livid. His fists clenched menacingly.

Two detectives from Scotland Yard emerged from the next room. One of them was Crome. He advanced and uttered his time-honored formula: "I warn you that anything you say may be used as evidence."

"He has said quite enough," said Poirot, and he added to Clarke: "You are very full of an insular superiority, but for myself I consider your crime not an English crime at all—not above-board—not sporting."

FINALE

I AM sorry to relate that as the door closed behind Franklin Clarke I laughed hysterically.

Poirot looked at me in mild surprise. "It's because you told him his crime was not sporting." I gasped.

"It was quite true. It was abominable—not so much the murder of his brother—but the cruelty that condemned an unfortunate man to a living death. To catch a fox and put him in a box and never let him go. That is not le sport!"

I must mention a visit we had from Mr. Alexander Bonaparte Cust a few days later. After wringing Poirot's hand and endeavoring very innocently and unsuccessfully to thank him, Mr. Cust drew himself up and said:

"Do you know, a newspaper has actually offered me a hundred pounds—a hundred pounds—for a brief account of my life and history. I—I really don't know what to do about it."

"I should not accept a hundred," said Poirot. "Be firm. Say five hundred is your price. And do not confine yourself to one newspaper."

"Do you really think—that I might——"

"You must realize," said Poirot, smiling, "that you are a very famous man. Practically the most famous man in England to-day."

Mr. Cust drew himself up still further. A beam of delight irradiated his face.

"Do you know, I believe you're right. Famous! In all the papers. I shall take your advice, M. Poirot. The money will be most agreeable—not agreeable. I shall have a little holiday . . . And then I want to give a nice wedding present to Lily Marbury—a dear girl—really a dear girl, M. Poirot."

Poirot patted him encouragingly on the shoulder.

"You are quite right. Enjoy yourself. And—just a little word—what about a visit to an occultist? Those headaches, it is probably that you want new glasses?"

"You think that it may have been that all the time?"

"I do."

Mr. Cust shook him warmly by the hand.

"You're a very great man, M. Poirot." Poirot, as usual, did not disdain the compliment. He did not even succeed in looking modest.

When Mr. Cust had struttled importantly out, my old friend smiled across at me.

"So, Hastings—we went hunting once more, did we not? Vive le sport!"

(Copyright)

What day is Today?

To-day—or tomorrow or one day soon—is the birthday of someone you love—your Mother, your Father, one of your friends or your family. Or it may be an anniversary, a shower-tea, or some other occasion that calls for a present-giving. Whatever the event, there is one gift that is always right—Potter and Moore's Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne. This refreshing cologne is the choice of men and women of discriminating taste the world over. It is the one personal gift that is always joyfully received. Blue Ribbon Cologne comes in handsome bottles of different sizes, and the same cool, stimulating perfume is obtainable in soaps, powders, creams and other toilet accessories. Together with Mitcham Lavender Water, a delicate perfume of lasting fragrance, also from Potter and Moore, it is sold at reasonable prices by chemists and stores everywhere.

Beautiful bottle of Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne in attractive box, 12/6. Others 1/3 to 30/-

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

August 29, 1936.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers—Page One

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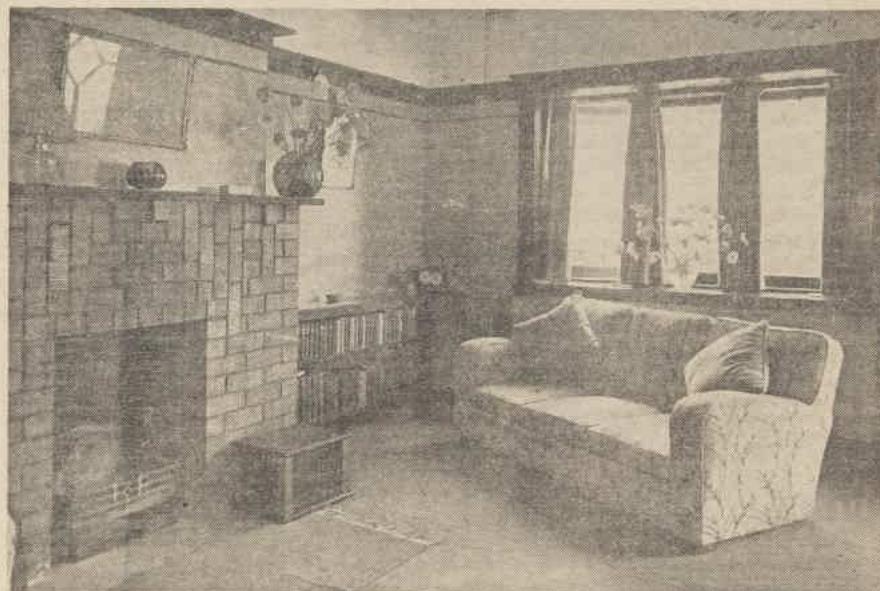
ROOMS That Express Their Owners' Personalities

Here you glimpse a lounge, specially furnished as a background for its titian-haired owner—and a bedroom to match the vivacious personality of a clever and cultured business girl.

*T*is no exaggeration to say that, to-day, infinitely more thought and care are given to the selection of furniture and furnishings than heretofore. More individuality, too, is expressed in color combinations, more attention paid to the harmonious arrangement of furniture.

WOMEN are learning fast the rights and wrongs of home decoration, as the hundreds upon hundreds of charming homes testify. And it is only a matter of time when every home, no matter how simple, will be as near perfection as the

By
Our Home
Decorator



CORNER GLIMPSE of lounge-room, showing off-white lounge, jade burlap cushions, green and amber bowls of flowers, designed to harmonise with a girl's titian coloring.

Parramatta, we called at Mrs. Mervyn Symonds' flat at Gloucester Court and secured this glimpse of her smartly-furnished lounge.

Personality Lounge

YOU have heard of a room being "built" round a picture, rooms furnished in keeping with blonde or brunette loveliness, but I doubt whether you have heard of a color scheme being chosen as a harmonious background for the possession of titian hair.

Mrs. Symonds is titian-haired, and here is a brief description of the color scheme of her lounge:

The luxurious pile covering the floor is mushroom-pink (quite the newest and

smartest color for floors, you'll note), the coverings for the deep-seated lounge and chairs were specially imported, and are in a rich off-white weave, carrying a rambling pine-cone design in earth-brown. The windows are dressed with the same material lined with coffee-colored velour.

I was also intrigued with the cushions in soft jade green burlap, the green and amber bowls, flower-filled (radio calendulas, palest yellow shading to deep orange-colored poppies—a fitting choice), a glorious Louis Seysbold print above the fireplace, also one or two others that hung from the walls.

I would like to have told you more about this delightfully-appointed flat, but space—slack!—E.G.



ONE OF THE attractive corners of Thea Dare's charming bedroom, showing attractive book recess, mantelpiece, dressing-table, and a glimpse of heavy long window drapes.

Inborn artistry and skill of woman can make it.

What can be done with very little is exemplified in the picture herewith—the charming and colorful room of Thea Dare, the young interior decorator, who has recently returned to Australia from England and the Continent, where she spent two years in serious study of the rights and wrongs of home furnishings.

In this room Miss Dare has retained her dearly-loved possessions in the form of an old-fashioned walnut dressing-table, cedar wardrobe, and chest of drawers, her books and pictures, but by simple yet skilful arrangement she has remade the "bedroom" look and made of it a colorful and spacious room that any girl would just love to own. Gone are the brown woodwork and hard-white walls and ceiling. The whole is painted and distempered a soft cream, even to the doors. A rug or two only cover the polished tallow-wood floor. The per-

fectly-tailored cover on the divan is fashioned in a soft green rough-weave patterned fabric. This same smart fabric is used for the two low stools and window drapes.

Charmingly Colorful

THE two brass candlesticks on the dressing-table and the one on the mantelpiece carry tall orange candles. And note the attractive arrangement of the mantelpiece. Books in red, green, and blue bindings, a Chinese bowl, flowers, and the tall candlestick. Above the cushioned divan head is attached a reading-lamp, the bracket of which is painted green.

Over the fireplace a Lord Leighton print of Perseus on Pegasus going to the aid of Andromeda seems quite at home, and two Old-World etchings from Ludlow decorate the recess above the bookcase.

What you can't see, but what adds to the airy spaciousness and charm of this colorful room, are the French doors opening onto a verandah framed in greenery.

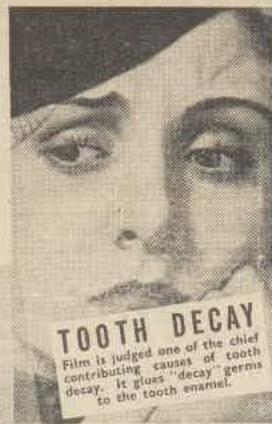
After leaving Thea Dare's home, which,



HERE YOU SEE the divan, with its tailored, green cover, convenient little covered stool for books, and reading-lamp.



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A PRODUCT OF STERLING VARNISH CO.



when FILM is linked with these conditions . . .

Make sure you use the special film-removing tooth paste which removes film effectively and safely.

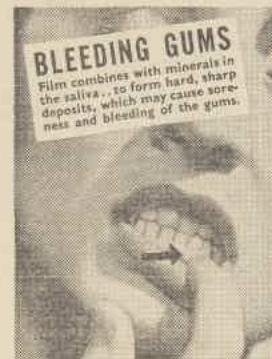
This way to remove film safely

COMMON sense says that dangerous film should be removed and kept away regularly. But how? Many dentists may *claim* to remove film. But are they safe? To millions of people, Pepso-Dent is known as the special film-removing tooth paste.

The simple reason for Pepso-Dent's efficiency is the use of a revolutionary new cleansing and polishing agent. This material is unequalled in film-removing power. No other leading dentifrice contains it and it is so safe that in impartial tests Pepso-Dent has been proved the least abrasive . . . therefore safest—of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders.

So, if you really want naturally white teeth and greater freedom from common mouth disorders take the first step now. Start removing ugly, dangerous film daily with Pepso-Dent Tooth Paste.

Along with daily brushing, eat foods your dentist would advise to promote strong, healthy teeth. And be sure to see your dentist regularly twice a year.



SAVE MONEY!

Buy Pepso-Dent in the new 10% larger tubes at the old prices. You can't afford to take chances on cheap "bargain" brands now that it costs no more to insist on the special film-removing Tooth Paste.

P E P S O D E N T
the Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste
THE 2- SIZE IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL



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MUMS Baking Powder

A Good Recipe

GOLDEN SPONGE CAKE

Ingredients:

- Egg-yolks
- ½ Teaspoon salt
- 1 Cup sugar
- ½ Cup boiling water
- ½ Cup flour
- 1 Teaspoon lemon extract
- 2 Teaspoons MUMS Baking Powder

Method:

Sift flour and sugar several times. Add salt to egg-yolks. Beat until very light. Gradually add sugar to yolks, beating all the time. Add flavouring. Stir in hot water. Sift in flour and Baking Powder mixed. Stir well, and at once turn into two greased layer cake pans. Bake slowly for ½ hour.

MADE FROM
PURE CREAM OF TARTAR



DELICIOUS Recipes Win CASH PRIZES

In This Week's Best Recipe Competition

If you know a snappy new recipe or a cunning guise for some old favorite, enter it in our fascinating cooking competition.

PRIZES each week are: First £1, second 10/-, and four consolation prizes of 2/6 each.

Here are the winners for this week:

COFFEE RING CAKE

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 21 tablespoons milk, 10oz. self-raising flour.

Cream butter and sugar, add the well-beaten eggs, then blended coffee and milk; lastly flour, well sifted. Grease a round cake tin. Place a greased small cocoa or pepper tin in the centre. Fill with sand or weights to prevent the small tin moving. Pour the cake mixture round. Bake in a moderate oven from 50 to 60 minutes. Remove the small tin carefully. Return cake to oven for a few minutes to dry the middle. Turn out to cake cooler, and when cold ice with butter icing flavored with 1 tablespoon of coffee essence.

First prize of £1 to Miss N. Berg, P.O. Maryborough, Qld.

STRAWBERRY MARSHMALLOW BISCUITS

Beat 1lb. butter and 1lb. sugar to a cream, add 1 egg, and beat well, then stir in 1lb. of flour sifted with 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Roll the mixture into balls about the size of a walnut, flatten them a little, and bake in a moderate oven until they are golden brown.

For the marshmallow, boil together gently for 20 minutes 1 large cup of sugar, 1 small cup of water, and 1 tablespoon of powdered gelatine, and when you take it off the fire whisk quickly with an egg-beater until it is thick and white, and add strawberry essence to taste. Pour a little over each biscuit and, when set and cold, spread chocolate icing over the top of each and garnish with a walnut.

Second prize of 10/- to Miss M. Stratton, Fulton St., Ulverstone, Tas.

HONEY-BRAN DELIGHT

Sift together 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, and

1 teaspoon salt. Melt 2-3 cup of butter, add ½ cup of brown sugar, 1 cup of honey, and 2 well-beaten eggs. Dissolve 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda in 2-3 cup of milk, then add the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Stir in 1 cup of seedless raisins, ½ cup of chopped nuts, 2½ cups of bran, and a few drops of vanilla essence. Mix well, drop on a greased baking-tray in small teaspoons, and bake ten minutes in a fairly hot oven.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Grant, Willura, Meredith, Vic.

CURRY PUFFS

Half-pound steak (minced), 1 small onion, 1 tomato, 1 banana, 1 apple, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon fat, ½ pint water (or stock), 1 dessertspoon chutney, 1 dessertspoon sultanas or raisins.

Dice apple and onion, slice banana and tomato. Fry meat in the fat until lightly brown, then remove from pan and fry apple and onion, add banana and tomato, and cook for a few minutes, then add flour and curry powder. Brown and make a gravy with stock or water.

Add other ingredients, replace meat, and cook gently for one hour. Cool mixture. Have ready about 1lb. of rough puff or flaky pastry. Cut pastry into rounds about 4-inch thick. Place one tablespoon of mixture in each, and fold over. Brush with beaten egg and bake 10 minutes in hot oven. Serve very hot.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Lucas, Windsor Rd., Richmond, N.S.W.

HAMBURGER

One pound best topside steak, 2 onions, 1 egg, salt, pepper to taste, lettuce, toast.

Put meat through mincer, leaving small ridge of fat on meat, and making sure there are no sinews. Put into dish, grate 1 onion on vegetable grater very finely (it must be pulpy, and not cut onion). Break in egg and pepper and salt, mix well together, make into rissoles, fry quickly. Chop other onion into small pieces, fry in pan with hamburgers. When meat is nearly cooked, have hot toast ready, and put 1 hamburger on to a piece of toast, then some fried onion, lastly chopped lettuce, then the other slice of toast. Serve very hot.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Carr, Bimbi Rd., Grenfell, N.S.W.

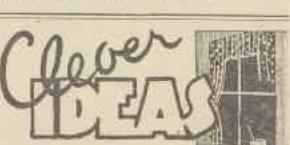
HONEY MERINGUE CAKE

One cup plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 eggs, 2 level tablespoons butter, 1 cup sugar, vanilla, and milk.

Sift baking powder and flour, add sugar. Melt butter in 1 cup and break eggs into it. Fill cup with milk. Make well in the flour, add contents of cup and vanilla, beat 5 minutes; and bake for 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

Icing: Beat 1 egg-white and add gradually about 3-6 cup of honey. Continue beating until mixture peaks. When cake is cold, ice with meringue and sprinkle with coconut.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to L. Gray, Stenness P.O., Port Pirie, S.A.



THERE'S WHERE YOUR TROUBLE LIES

Rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, backache, biliousness, etc., find a common cause in the failure of kidneys and liver to eliminate harmful poisons from the blood stream. Hundreds of letters on our files, from three generations of grateful users, testify to the success of Warner's Safe Cure against all functional disorders in kidneys or liver.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Sold by Chemists and druggists in both the original ½-lb. bottles and the cheaper concentrated form at 2/6.

NO APPETITE

INDIGESTION Sapped Vitality

A city business man writes:

"I have suffered greatly in the past from indigestion. My liver, stomach and other internal organs were weakened and impaired to such an extent that I felt really ill and lost all my strength and desire for food.

At last I dropped on the real thing I had been so long in search of, in the guise of Mother Seigel's Syrup. Before I had emptied the first bottle, I knew it was just what I required and I felt wonderfully better and stronger after using it for a fortnight. I rapidly recovered my lost appetite and strength and instead of being down in the dumps, felt quite blithe and gay. In fact, it is scarcely too much to say that five bottles of Mother Seigel's Syrup transformed me into a new being."

The above is only the experience of many thousands who have proved Mother Seigel's Syrup the finest tonic and regulator for tired stomachs and sluggish livers.

At all Chemists and druggists. Trial size 1/2 oz. Large size ½ lb. (contains more than three times the quantity of trial size).

Four "VAREX" Applications...

Heal Bad Leg

W.D.R. states that an ulcer which had given him pain for five years was completely healed after four applications of Varex. A simple soothing home treatment for various ulcers at any stage of development. No resorting required. Permanent results. Write to us for free booklet and all information to Ernest H. Dymock's Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 2nd Floor, Dymock's Building, 4348 George Street, Sydney—322 Collins Street, Melbourne. ***

NEW REJUVENATION

RE-AK PHOSPHATED BRAIN AND NERVE TONIC (CONCENTRATED)

Restores your lost vitality and energy, soothes the nerves and gives new life, clears the skin and fortifies the body and muscles. Contains no dangerous drugs and will not affect the heart.

1/2 PINT BOX

Re-Ak Laboratories, P.O. Box 41, Newtown.

Drink habit Remedy —40 Years' Success

Forty years is a long time—long enough to prove beyond all doubt the power of EUCRASY to overcome the drink habit. Many unhappy human beings have been transformed. May be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Harmless. Not costly. Call or write for FREE SAMPLE Booklet. Testimonials, under plain cover.

Dept. B. The Eucrasy Co.

297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

STRAWBERRY Time is Here AGAIN . . . !

And oh, the enticing sweets you can make with this luscious and decorative fruit!

NOW that strawberries are in—and plentiful everywhere, we hope—it is possible to give your family a variety of strawberry dishes; also to preserve them for use long after the fruiting season is over. The recipes given here offer every housewife the opportunity to break away from serving the traditional "strawberries and cream," and in so doing achieve a reputation for originality.

I AM sure your mouth will water as soon as your eye catches the pictures on this page showing strawberry sandwich and chantilly dessert. But they are only two of the delicious sweets given hereunder.

And here's a word to those whose strawberry-patches yield just a few berries. Don't neglect to utilize them as a decoration for cakes or dessert dishes. They'll do wonders for the plainest sponge or sweet. And try them, too, with orange juice or an orange ice.

STRAWBERRY JAM

Four pounds strawberries, 3 lb. sugar, juice 4 lemons. Remove stalks and hulls. Put fruit into preserving pan with lemon juice and simmer till thoroughly cooked; add sugar, stir till dissolved. Boil quickly for 15 minutes; test on a cold plate. When sufficiently cooked allow to cool, then bottle and cover.

STRAWBERRY JAM No. 2

Six pounds strawberries, 6 lb. sugar, lemon juice or citric acid, little water. Cut the fruit in halves, cover with half

By
RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert
to the
Australian
Women's Weekly

the sugar and allow it to stand 3 hours; add a little water if necessary, and lemon juice. Bring to the boil. Add the remainder of sugar, stir carefully till it boils. Boil quickly about 1 hour or until the syrup falls quite thick from spoon or test in cold saucer. Allow to cool before bottling. Tie down and store in cool, dark place.

STRAWBERRY JAM No. 3

Four pounds strawberries, 3 lb. sugar, 1 oz. tartaric acid. Remove stalks and hulls from fruit. Put strawberries into saucepan with the acid and cook till soft. Add sugar, bring to boil, stirring well. Boil 15 minutes, test on cold plate and when sufficiently cooked allow to cool, then bottle and cover.

STRAWBERRY SANDWICH

Four ounces butter, 4 oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon strawberry essence, 1 oz. self-raising flour, whipped cream, frosting, whole strawberries. Cream the butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, then milk and essence, lastly well-sifted flour. Pour into two well-greased sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes; when cold join with whipped flavored cream. Cover top with frosting and decorate with whole strawberries.

STRAWBERRY SHORT-CAKE

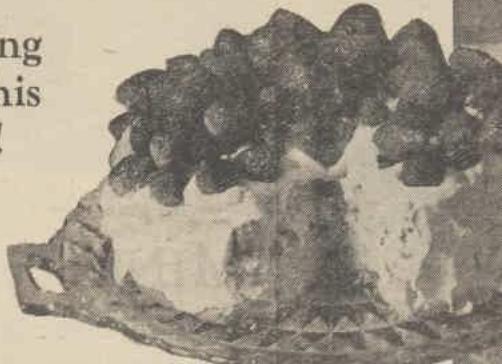
Half pound self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 oz. butter, little milk, strawberries, sugar, icing. Sift flour, rub in butter, add sugar, make into dry dough with a little milk, divide into two. Roll out into a round, and bake on two greased sandwich tins till a pale brown. Turn on to sieve to cool; when cold, join with strawberry mixture. The strawberries should be slightly warmed, pressed, and sprinkled with sugar. Ice the top and decorate with whole strawberries.

STRAWBERRY CHANTILLY

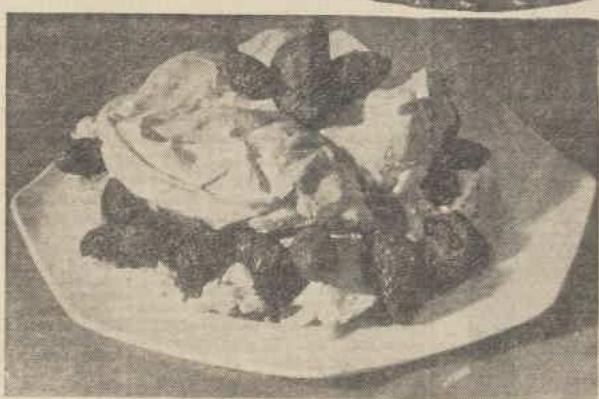
Half-dozen small round meringues, round piece of sponge cake, strawberries, whipped cream, fruit syrup. Place sponge cake on a dish and pour over it some fruit syrup. On this pile ripe strawberries cut in halves (use a silver knife). When well covered with fruit, sprinkle with sugar and cover with plenty of whipped cream. Put the meringues on top, pressing them into the cream. Decorate between the meringues with whipped cream through a forcing pipe. The cream may be slightly colored. Any tinted fruit may be used when strawberries are not in season.

STRAWBERRY CREAM

One cup strawberries, 1 cup milk, 1 cup cream, 1 cup cold water, sugar to taste, 1 oz. gelatine. Remove stalks from strawberries, wash if necessary and crush with a fork. Whip cream, add strawberries and sugar to taste. Soak gelatine in the cold water, pour on the hot milk, stir well, then add to the cream mixture gradually. Pour into wettet mould and allow to set. Unmold. Garnish with whipped cream and whole strawberries.



LUSCIOUS, ISN'T IT? A featherly sponge sandwich piled high with whipped cream and colorful whole strawberries.



LEFT: Guaranteed to tempt the most capricious appetite—strawberry chantilly, combining the sweet crispness of meringue with strawberries and whipped cream.

STRAWBERRY ECLAIRS

Take some plain eclair cases, split them lengthways. Whip some cream till stiff, add sugar to taste. Then stir in carefully some mashed strawberries. Color with carmine if necessary, fill the cases, and coat the top with a dab of warm icing and decorate with whole strawberry.

STRAWBERRY CROUSTADES

Stamp out rounds from thin slices of cake, whip white of egg stiffly, add to it 1 cup sugar, dash of lemon juice and 1 cup mashed strawberries. Pile the mixture on the rounds of cake. Decorate with whole strawberries. Serve chilled as dinner sweet.

the strawberry pulp and sugar. Leave till beginning to set, then add beaten whites. Place in custard glasses and decorate with whole strawberries.

Made in Australia



This POWDER is made of the same materials



. . . as this handy CAKE

If you like the way Bon Ami cleans but prefer a powdered cleanser—here's your answer! A after-top can full of the same, scratchless material in snow-white powder form.

In either form, Bon Ami is the finest cleanser you can buy. It doesn't scratch . . . and it polishes as it cleans . . . and it's economical because it lasts so long and cleans so thoroughly.

the better cleanser
...for all cleaning!

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with transparent South Sea red instead of coating them with pasty lipstick



Stolen from a tropical paradise . . . the allure-wise South Sea maidens' own secret of luscious, exciting lips. Pasteless, transparent, indelible colour . . . instead of pasty coating. TATTOO! Put it on like lipstick! . . . let it set a moment . . . then wipe it off, leaving nothing on your lips but clear, tempting red that only time can remove . . . and that will actually soften your lips instead of drying them. Tattooed lips simply can't chap! Five South Sea shades . . . each aglow with reckless, red adventure! Make your choice at the Tattoo Colour Selector by testing all five on your own skin . . . in your favorite store. Try them all!

CORAL, EXOTIC, NATURAL, FAIRY, HAWAIIAN. Send 1/6 for introductory size, stating shade desired, to sole Australian Agents: Dowse & Co., Pty. Ltd., 326 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C. L.

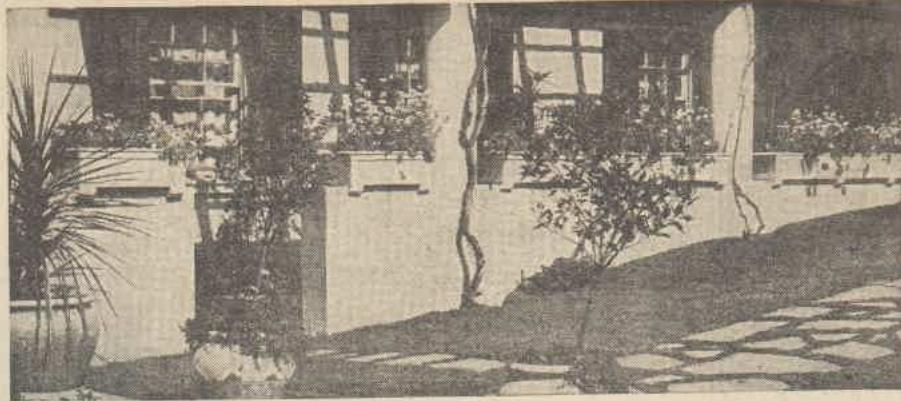
TATTOO
South Sea Colour for Lips

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THE MODERN FLOOR COVERING

Exquisite comfort at a highly economical cost, plus durability and artistry, make Feltex ideal for every room.

For sample cards and beautifully illustrated folder write to
Box 3281 PP, G.P.O., Sydney.
Inspect Feltex laid at the Building Centre, Strand Arcade.
OBTAIABLE AT ALL GOOD FURNISHING STORES.

GUARANTEED MOTHPROOF FOR LIFE



EVEN IF YOU have a garden outside, window-boxes can be used in hundreds of ways to ornament the home. This picture shows them lining the top of a veranda wall, and the effect achieved is very lovely.

MINIATURE Garden GLORY!

How to make and how to cultivate window-boxes, balcony gardens, also picturesque roof gardens

. . . By the OLD GARDENER

Even if you are a flat-dweller in a crowded city or suburb, you can give charm and abundant color to your homes with window-boxes, balcony and roof gardens.

We feel sure that this article by the Old Gardener will inspire all of you who, by force of circumstances, are compelled to live in crowded areas and who must therefore forgo any desire to own a spacious garden.

IN buildings where the roof is flat and sufficient space is available, quite a charming garden scene can be laid out on your roof-top. It can take the form of an ordinary garden with flower beds, paths, and even a tiny hedge could be planted around the border.

All these flat roofs have convenient gullies or drains made around the walls for the draining away of surplus water. You just need a cinder base, covered with good soil, and an attractive stock of plants, and in a short time a beautiful miniature garden can be made, and one that will be the envy of your neighbor flat-dwellers.

Make also a tiny summer-house, with a vine creeping over it, a rock garden, and add a couple of rustic chairs and table to complete the picture. Thus the entire area of the flat roof can be turned into a quaint garden.

Small flowers could be planted in the beds, lobelia for borders, rosy morn petunias, a few plants of double-fringed petunias, the tiny zinnia, phlox drummondii, a perennial phlox here and there, and a rose in a box or kerosene tin will brighten up a bare corner.

Balcony Gardens

NOW let's talk about the equally attractive balcony gardens. As space is generally limited in this type of flat we must plan accordingly.

If the floor be of cement or any other waterproof material one might make a miniature rockery, and select small

A FAMOUS writer and diarist once said, "I would like to start a great and universal society for the propagation of window-boxes in city and country . . . they are something we can all have for next to no trouble and next to no expense."

nasturtium is a glowing picture in full bloom, and there are many other varieties of dwarf nasturtiums.

Mignonette, with its delicious perfume, must not be forgotten, nor the bright profusion of the lantana. Calendula, in both golden and orange, gives color and charm when massed in the long window or balcony boxes.

And there are dozens more, equally attractive, and admirably suited to this type of cultivation.

So there seems no reason why those inhabitants of the large cities cannot have just as brave a showing of flowers as the more fortunate ones who can claim their own wide expanse of garden.

Those Gorgeous Begonias!

Exhibitions of admiration and delight may spontaneously from each and everyone who beholds them now. These Begonias! Whether grown as pot plants for hanging baskets—or in sheltered beds out of doors, their large wax-like, gloriously-colored flowers are beautiful beyond description. Other fine flowers for the cultural gardener. We offer for present planting—DOUBBLE—rose pink, red, white, oranges, salmon, and shell pink. SINGLE PHILLIPE—dark red, rose pink, orange-red, yellow, and white; and yellow BASKET BEGONIAS (splendid also for shaded under trees)—crimson, white, rose, shell pink, flesh pink, and salmon. Solid, young healthy bulbs in all classes at 1/- each—8 for 8/- 18/- a dozen. Post Free.

200-281 George St., & 100 Pitt St., SYDNEY,
Box 16982B, G.P.O. Phone: BW1421-8854.



A skin too sore to touch! . . . dry and cracked by hot summer wind. Now's the time to use Rexona Ointment. Its special medications will soothe the discomfort at once and heal up the tiny cracks before they can cause pain, or further irritation. Next day you'll find no trace of roughness.

TREATMENT: Apply Rexona Ointment to the affected part and rub well in; leave on overnight. Next day, wash with warm water and REXONA MEDICATED SOAP, which is particularly good for healing tender skin. It is a very mild soap, containing the same soothing healing properties as Rexona Ointment. Price—Read this extract from a letter by Mrs. E. Roslyn Gardens, Elizabeth Bay:

"Before I get into bed, I smear my face and neck freely with Rexona Ointment. It soothes my skin at once and next morning it is beautifully smooth and soft again."

Rexona
The Rapid Healer
OINTMENT 1/6 per tin - SOAP 2d. per tablet
(City and Suburb)
REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED
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Ended . . . The TROUBLE of REPLACING WORN ELASTIC in Scanties and Bloomers

Found Madge fretting over her undies. "I've just washed them and look at the elastic," she said. "All bunched up and wrinkled. Every single pair of scanties I've got is the same."

"My dear," I said, "don't tell me that you haven't heard about 'Evalastic'. It's a marvellous improvement on old-fashioned elastic. It's a strip of specially processed pure rubber shirred into the fabric. Can't wrinkle and never loses its stretch no matter how you wash it."

The Evalastic Permanent Band is guaranteed for twelve months. Look for the "Evalastic" label—Created by LUCAS—stands for exquisite fabrics, tonings and styles. Obtainable at all Good Stores.

Evalastic
Permanent
Waistband
PANTIES . . . SCANTIES . . . BLOOMERS
Created by LUCAS

Special Notice to Readers

READERS who have just sent in for seeds of jacobaea elegans are asked to wait patiently for about ten days.

Following on the Old Gardener's article, we received so many requests for jacobaea seeds that supplies began to run low early, and we cabled to England for more some weeks ago. These are expected in about a week's time.

This will not be too late for jacobaea, as they can be planted with success for several months yet.

rooted ferns and other foliage plants, coleus, dwarf fuchsias, caladiums, and many other plants that do well with little sunshine.

Pots with various plants would be effective, and could be changed weekly.

For the little rockery, there are no conformed rules, no special plants to use, as it entirely depends on the space available. Anyone with any knowledge of gardening will realize that it is necessary to keep the plants in harmony as to size, and yet avoid sameness.

Window-boxes

FROM the old-fashioned window-boxes of prosaic oblong shape, modern art has given us many charming boxes of varied designs and decorative form. There are two distinct methods of window-box culture. You may fill the boxes with the

REASONS WHY PROTEX IS THE BEST GERMICIDAL SOAP MADE



1. Recommended by the Medical Profession
2. Contains Genuine Ti-Tree Oil
3. Eleven Times Stronger than Carbolic. A safety soap that guards health
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6. The only Milled Soap containing Ti-Tree Oil
7. therefore Economical
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MAKERS OF FINE SOAPS SINCE 1806

FATNESS WAS IN THE FAMILY

But Mother and Daughter Both Reduced

Never Without Kruschen Now

One sometimes hears it said: "She'll run to fat like her mother," and it is true that fatness often runs in families. But nowadays, overweight mothers are generally just as unwilling as their daughters to accept fat as a natural condition which cannot be altered. Certainly that was true in the case of this mother, who saw her daughter getting plumper and followed her example. The letter published below tells what they did:

"This is to say that I have reduced from 10 stone 3 lbs. to 8 stone 4 lbs. through taking half a teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts daily, and now need only the little daily dose to keep the right weight. My mother has reduced from 11 stone 4 lbs. down to 10 stone 1 lb."

"I started in real earnest about three months ago, and I don't feel as if I have done without anything. I did cut out my cup of tea at 11 a.m., and 3 p.m., and mother cut out fried foods. As regards exercise, we just took daily walks. Our house will never be without Kruschen Salts in it, as they have proved a real remedy with no bad after-effects."—(Miss) M.B.



There is no reason why you too should not get rid of uncomfortable and unhealthy fat, when science has given you this safe, effective treatment—half a teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water first thing every morning.

Kruschen combats the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, will be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue.

Kruschen is a combination of six salts which have a tonic influence upon every organ, gland, nerve and fibre of your body.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/- per bottle.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME ...BY A DOCTOR...

Mental Depressions Often Come From Organic Sources

PATIENT: I am more or less constantly feeling depressed. As my home conditions and circumstances are of a happy nature, would this be due to some physical cause?

"HAVING the blues" is one of the commonest of all indispositions. Women experience such occasional depressions more frequently than men, but men, too, are often victims, while even children are not wholly exempt.

Whenever you have the blues you may be sure that there is a reason for it—a good, sound, logical reason, to boot.

First of all, think of the organic side.



The general state of the digestion should always be investigated. Toxic states caused by chronic failure of complete elimination are among the worst offenders.

Under such circumstances, the poisonous products which should have been discharged are absorbed through the intestinal walls into the blood streams, and so affect the nerves, the brain and the thought processes.

Therefore, it is not surprising that when we have the blues we are unable to think clearly and effectively. invariably our thoughts are hazy, jumbled and rambling.

We think more or less in circles. Losing the so-called "goal" idea in our stream of thinking, we seem to get nowhere.

Of course, the realization that our mind is not functioning as it should has a lot to do with making us feel down-hearted. When attention and concen-

tration are not as acute as they should be, the natural feeling of well-being is upset.

Persons who are subject to repeated attacks of the blues should look to other organs besides the digestive tract to discover if, perhaps, the beginning of some chronic condition is to blame.

A person may have liver trouble, for instance, and not know it. Yet retention of bile, or some other malfunctioning of the liver, gall bladder or its ducts, may, on the mental side, produce a gloomy outlook on life—anxiety and even fears.

Heart disorders have a way of developing uneasiness in the mind. These unconscious processes are perceived and interpreted by the sufferer as mental or nervous trouble rather than organic heart disease.

Lack of exercise and too little variety, fun and laughter are also prime causes for the blues.

Find Out Why

DISTURBANCES in the emotional sphere, especially in the relationship between the sexes, misunderstanding between loved ones, oversensitivity—any one of these may bring on a case of the blues.

Lastly, one must consider the various neuroses—the purely functional conditions as offenders.

These reveal themselves in various ways: depression, without organic or other apparent cause; distractibility, lack of ambition, pessimism, perhaps a cynical or fault-finding attitude.

The point, however, is that the blues need not be. If they occur rather frequently, and especially if they tend to persist, one should not consider them natural, but should, rather, seek out a competent physician and find out why they occur.

Nature is optimistic, and when the body and mind are working efficiently, only optimism pervades the whole being.

KITCHEN WISDOM

Efficiency Hints for Busy Housewives

GOOD light in the kitchen is not a luxury but a necessity. If the kitchen is on the darker side of the house have it painted a primrose-yellow, which simulates sunshine.

When night comes and artificial light takes the place of daylight see that you have decent lighting conditions. Don't put up, in the interests of comfort and efficiency, with any old light.

If you live far removed from modern conveniences an electric light or gas kwick-trimmed and glass "chimneys" sparkling bright.

If you possess electric lighting ar-



Did You Know This?

BEANS can be left to soak overnight in a basin of salted water, when they will be much firmer to cut when ready for use. This also adds a distinct flavor to the beans.

rangelements, keep the bulbs clean and use good bulbs.

It is so easy to be lax and go on with the same old bulbs long after they have outlived their usefulness. Or perhaps you omit to buy new ones on the ground of economy. There never was fonder economy, for old globes are bad globes, and consume more electricity than new ones to give the same amount of light.

So if you really want to save money, ruthlessly throw away decrepit bulbs and buy new ones. The immediate drop in your electricity bill will soon cover the initial cost.

And remember: Cheap bulbs are not economical. The highest price bulbs are often the cheapest in the long run.

Every kitchen should be supplied with adequate weights and measures. An ordinary pair of scales with lead weights, or brass, as the case may be, is better than a spring balance as the latter is apt to be rather trying if very heavy packages are being weighed; also, it gets out of order more quickly than the old-fashioned kind. In addition to this, there should be a small spring balance with a hook for weighing meat and poultry, or packages which are too heavy to place on the scales. A set of measures, made preferably of enamelled iron, are the best.

The good old-fashioned idea of putting new china "on to boil" still holds. In addition to lengthening the life of crockery by this method tumblers, lamp chimneys, and other glass articles will last twice as long and stand heat if, when new, you wrap each one in an old duvet or rag, place in cold water with a good handful of salt, and bring slowly to the boil. Simmer gently for half an hour and leave them in the water until quite cold again.

*Help your child to
AVOID
COLDS*

When a youngster comes in sneezing and sniffing, don't wait for a cold to develop—with all its risks of bronchitis, pneumonia, and other serious ailments. If you act at once, you can often prevent a cold altogether.



Quick! Put a few drops of Vicks Va-Tro-Nol up each little nostril. This unique formula is designed specially for the nose and upper throat, where 3 out of 4 colds start.



The tingling medication spreads swiftly—deep into the hidden passages. It clears the head instantly, relieves the irritation, helps Nature to throw off the cold in its very first stage. Used in time, it prevents many an ugly cold altogether.

WHEN VAPORUS IS NEEDED—If a cold strikes without warning, or gets by even the best defences, then you need Vicks Vapo-Rub, the famous vaporising ointment for relieving colds. These two companion-products form the basis of the remarkable Vicks Plan for better Control of Colds, fully described in each package.

**VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL**
for NOSE & THROAT



Regular Habits

mean easier teething

It is vitally important to avoid even slight constipation during teething. For over 100 years mothers have found that using equal Steedman's, the safe, gentle ointment for keeping the blood cool, has relieved up to the age of 14 years.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS
FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman and Co.
Watford, Herts,
London, England

Help Kidneys
Don't Take Drastic Drugs

Your kidneys have nine million tubes or filters which are easily damaged by neglect or drastic irritating drugs. Beware! If kidney trouble or bladder weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Nephritis, Rheumatism, Lower Circle Ulcer, Eczema, Swollen Ankles, Neuralgia, Burning Itching, Smacking Ability or Loss of Vigour, don't delay. Try the Doctor's new discovery called STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDER and have sick kidneys. Start work in 15 minutes. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Cystitis ceases little and is guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days or money back. At all chemists

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

AN EARNEST PLEA FOR Immaculate Grooming

Personal daintiness costs nothing . . . other than a daily slice of your time . . . but it means so much to your appearance, your feminine charm.

YOU may not be classed as beautiful or even pretty, you may not have the money to spend on smart clothes, but you can look and be immaculate and so radiate an atmosphere of freshness and charm. How is it done, you ask?

FIRST and foremost, you must be downright clean. It is hardly necessary for me to mention the daily bath in this respect. But I say bath, for many take showers, and showers are not as pore-cleansing as warm, soapy baths, fragrant with bath crystals that match the perfume of the soap used and the talc that is afterwards sprinkled or rubbed over the body.

Take hot showers if you will, but luxuriate in a bath at least twice a week.

Fragrant Delights

BATH salts fragrant with such odors as lavender or eau-de-cologne are good because they impart psychological refreshment to the body. Eau-de-cologne puts "pep" into you. I have even heard it said that a drop added to a glass of water makes a perfect mouth-wash. Try it—and breathe fragrance, too!

After the bath, delight yourself with a friction rub to stimulate circulation. Don't use a microscopic kind of towel either. And, while I am on the subject of after-bath friction, here's something to try out in the interests of immaculate freshness:

Dissolve a teacupful of salt in



POWDER is an excellent deodorizer. Shake a little talc into the feet of your stockings—or better still, rub the powder well into your feet before slipping on your stockings.

a gallon of hot water. Soak a bath towel in this solution for 15 minutes and hang it on the line to dry without squeezing or wringing. Before dressing to go out, rub the body briskly with the dry salt towel. This friction is most bracing and refreshing.

Other important points in your campaign for immaculate grooming include the frequent washing of stockings and undies.

By
Evelyn



THE SIMPLE STEPS to immaculate grooming given in this article will easily be fitted into the daily routine of the average business girl.

Never wear the same underclothes or stockings two days running. That would be detrimental to personal daintiness, to perfect grooming.

In hot weather, particularly, never fail to shake a little talc into the folds of your undies, into the feet of your stockings.

And use deodorants. There are, of course, reliable makes on the market, but here is the recipe for one which you can make at home—that is, if you desire a lotion that does not prevent the natural flow of perspiration:

Home-made Deodorant

ONE ounce of rosewater one drachm boric acid, one ounce toilet alcohol, the same quantity of orange-flower water, and two ounces witch-hazel. Bottle and always shake well before using.

Here is the simple and effective method of using:

At night, after washing the armpits, rub in a little common salt, rinse, dry, and apply lotion. Apply again after the morning bath. This is a most delightful and most efficacious deodorant.

Guard against perspiration staining your frocks. You can't hope to appear immaculately dainty if you permit yourself to be betrayed by such unwarranted proof of carelessness. Wear dress shields (if you don't use a pore-closing deodorant) and change and wash them often.

Dresses and coats should be thoroughly aired before being put away in the wardrobe, and if you're a business girl you'll turn them inside out and put them out in the sun (if it shines!) for an hour or two at week-ends. Air shoes thoroughly.

You will shampoo your hair regularly. A head of hair that shines with cleanliness and even moderate attention contributes much to a well-groomed appearance. Dandruffless hair offends. Take your hair out into the garden sometimes on sunny days, comb, and brush it in all directions. Get sun and air to the scalp. You'll be surprised after a month or so of this stimulating exercise. In short, your hair will repay you shinningly.

Look after your teeth. The fastidious woman to-day cleans them after every



KEEP YOURSELF fragrant as a flower, fresh, neat, irreproachable in every respect, and you will not only look more appealing and feminine, but you will feel brighter, sunnier, and much more confident in yourself.

meal, and visits her dentist twice a year; to the all-pervading fragrance if strewn among your personal belongings.

As I have said before, the soap, talc, powder, perfume, bath salts you use should harmonise. A clinging fragrance can be achieved this way, and is absolutely charming.

Sachets smelling of flowers, little pads scented with your favorite perfume, or bags of lavender, add the finishing touch, don't you think? Remember this.

This woman endured 10,000 hours of Stomach Pain!



Even one hour of acute indigestion is more than enough to prostrate any man or woman, yet in six years Mrs. H. R. endured 10,000 hours of stomach torture. It was needless—as her vivid letter tells you. Read her own words of this harrowing experience . . .

"After what I have gone through, it is nothing short of a miracle to me, being able to enjoy and digest anything set before me. For nearly six years, after every meal, I used to get severe pains which lasted for a couple of hours. Then I decided to give 'Bisurated' Magnesia a trial. That was about two months ago, and apparently my stomach is healed for good, as I have had no pain since then." H. R.

If you also have stomach trouble, don't give up hope; remember that all this

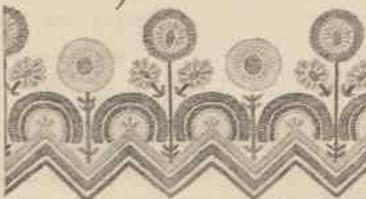
suffering is quite needless. Prove it by getting 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist to-day; you will be amazed at the quick, sure relief you get. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is the quickest-acting stomach remedy known, and it is used, prescribed and recommended by doctors and hospitals all over the world.

The package bears the
'Bisurated' Trade Mark

BISMAG

**Bisurated' Magnesia
For the Stomach**

Bring the sunshine of MARIGOLDS into your home



...with this adaptable
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For a dazzling table runner . . . for curtains as bright as the sun outside . . . for cushions and chairbacks with a brilliant smile . . . "Border of Marigolds." Embroider these rich glowing flowers wherever a room needs a beauty treatment! Instruction leaflet with transfer (ad. at your needlework shop or by coupon) whisks you through the design in next to no time—while Clark's Anchor Embroidery threads bring out the full its liveliness and loveliness. "Border of Marigolds" is just one of a range of new and exciting embroidery leaflets. Ask to see them all.

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To P.O. Box 1604P, Melb.; P.O. Box 2173H, Sydney; P.O. Box 1160, Perth; P.O. Box 155, Te Aro, Wellington N.Z.
enclose ad. in stamps for one copy of leaflet "Border of Marigolds."

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ADDRESS _____

WTB

A.C.C.E.



A fortune for each O' THEM

JOHN DALWOOD LAWRENCE will tell you, if you ask him, that he has bought a fortune for each of his children. He is not making the mistake his father made.

Mr. Lawrence's father left his children nothing because he did not understand A.M.P. assurance and tried to save for them, instead. He died before he had saved more than enough to pay his bills. He left no estate.

The son realised that it would be a long time before his savings would amount to anything one could call an estate, and that almost anything might happen in the meantime, so, then being 29 years old, he decided to put £9/5/- a quarter into buying £750 from the A.M.P. for each of his two children; £750 to be delivered to each of them, plus bonuses, on his death, even though that should occur the next week.

'Phone or call at the nearest A.M.P. office and it will arrange to put such a fortune in your family's way before the day is out.

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Can't eat? Can't sleep?

You have heard of the vampire bat of fiction? Of how it attacks its victims secretly, taps the veins and slowly drains away all vitality from the body? Well, the modern counterpart of the vampire bat is anemia — your unsuspected trouble — the root cause of your sleeplessness and loss of appetite. You can banish anemia speedily and completely, enjoy sound sleep every night and recover a healthy appetite if you take that fine old tonic wine, Wincarnis. There is no better way of renewing vitality and safeguarding your constitution against serious illness. Over 20,000 recommendations from doctors and nurses enthusiastically endorse the health-giving value of Wincarnis. Buy a bottle to-day. Quarts: 7/-. Pints: 4/-.

WINCARNIS

Puts New Blood in your veins

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

Baby's First Month of Life

By MARY TRUBY KING

While our total infant mortality rate is decreasing, the proportion of deaths of children under one week of age is higher than it was 30 years ago.

In order to attain a reduction of the deaths in the first week of life, our mothers-to-be require greater education on the necessity for expert pre-natal advice, and greater facilities for obtaining such advice with the least possible effort.

The health of the mother during the carrying period very largely determines the baby's chance of surviving the first few weeks of life.

By far the most of those who die under a week do so through having been born prematurely. Other causes are injury at birth, malformation, disease in early infancy, and pneumonia.

Once past the first week of life, the death rate drops very suddenly, and comparatively few babies are lost after one month.

This proves very forcibly that up till the end of the first month the operation

period, knowing that her doctor and nurse have matters well in hand.

This mental freedom from worry goes a long way towards producing an easy confinement and a happy, normal baby.

Baby's first month, even though he be a full-term, normal, vigorous child, is one of perpetual adjustments. His body has to set about manufacturing its own heat, resisting germs, digesting food (which it has to work hard to get), and obtaining its own supply of oxygen.

Baby requires constant, wise, loving care to help him settle down to these new conditions.

Keep Baby Warm

FIRSTLY we must help him to keep warm by supplying him with cosy garments and sufficient cradle coverings. In cold weather his feet should always be protected by knitted booties, and his head (when sleeping out of doors) by a knitted bonnet.

The room should be warmed before giving baby his bath, and his bed heated by hot bags before he is put back into it. His cot must always be carefully screened from draughts; but he must have fresh air all the time, and should never be allowed to lie in stuffy, over-warmed atmospheres.

If baby is healthy and of normal weight, he may be put outside to sleep on the third day, provided the weather is suitable and his eyes are well shaded from strong light.

Readers will, we feel sure, not need to be reminded that the very best food for baby during the whole of his first nine months of life is his mother's milk.

This natural food is particularly necessary to baby during his first month when he is gradually readjusting himself to his new conditions. Weaning should not be carried out before the eighth or ninth month, except under doctor's orders.

As a general rule, baby should be put to both breasts for a few minutes as soon as the mother is quite rested after the little one's birth — say, within six to eight hours.

After that, it is best for both mother and baby if he is fed regularly every four hours (every three hours for a month or so if he is very small). Baby should not be given a night feed — i.e., no feed between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m.

Above all, do not feed baby whenever he happens to cry, nor refuse to feed him when his meal is due because you do not wish to wake him.

Babies should be trained from the start to a regular rhythm of feeding, whether it be three hourly or four hourly.

Make up your mind to establish once and for all absolutely regular habits of sleeping and eating. If you feed baby by the clock he will sleep more soundly and have better digestion than if his meals are irregular.

Seek Medical Advice

A USTRALIA may be justly proud of her total infantile mortality figures (which are bettered only by New Zealand), but we must not forget that we still lose, quite unnecessarily, a great many of our best immigrants.

If every mother-to-be would seek the very best possible pre-natal medical and nursing advice, a far greater proportion of women would be able to carry their babies to full term, and we should quickly reduce the number of deaths through prematurity.

A mother who does this is freed from all anxiety throughout the carrying

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Clues Across

- 1. To root out
- 10. "Classip"
- 11. Gets one out of gear
- 12. Backward
- 13. Associate of the Royal Society
- 14. Think of a pillar of salt
- 15. Stolen nice sandwiches
- 16. A religion
- 17. Become suitable
- 18. 181
- 19. Furiously mad
- 20. Lowest rank in percentage
- 21. One
- 22. French headress
- 23. North America (abbr.)
- 24. Not a moment
- 25. Not subject to disease
- 26. A.T.T. (initials)
- 27. Stern
- 28. A.N.C.L.
- 29. Objecting
- 30. Difference

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Clues Down

- 1. Humiliated
- 2. Denoting a species
- 3. A thing
- 4. Fish
- 5. Sun red
- 6. M.R.O.O.E. (initials)
- 7. A secret
- 8. Cochineal
- 9. Extols
- 10. "20 winds"
- 11. Indian nurse
- 12. A secret
- 13. Gum from the pine tree
- 14. Cochineal
- 15. Chief country in Asia
- 16. Same as 21 down
- 17. A fish
- 18. A secret
- 19. "Till for —"
- 20. London postal district
- 21. Against
- 22. Against
- 23. Same as 21 down
- 24. A fish
- 25. A secret
- 26. Gum from the pine tree
- 27. London postal district
- 28. Mademoiselle
- 29. Against
- 30. Against
- 31. Same as 21 down
- 32. London postal district
- 33. London postal district
- 34. London postal district
- 35. London postal district
- 36. London postal district
- 37. London postal district
- 38. London postal district

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE:

ACROSS: Bras, cap, vest, case, etc., bl. m. pr. wagon, paged, looks, tilt, sed., yak, truth, terry, stand, O.K., A.O., G.I., os., soap, some, C.L.D.L., 1934.

DOWN: Brew, regal, un, taken, round, st., regd, prod, links, cup, gr. st., set, drugs, yakel, sr., kraal, sites, to, husky, fact, junc, does, du, U.A.

If You Could look Under Your Skin



Skin faults begin in the nerve cells and oil glands in the under-skin. Once the "teens" are past, oil glands begin to dry up. Circulation slows. Fibres lose tone. Blemishes appear later, wrinkles, sagging tissues. That is why you must use a cream that goes deep and keeps your underskin active.

—Pond's Cold Cream, cleanse the skin thoroughly night and morning and during the day with Pond's Cold Cream. Circulation is stimulated. Impurities are lifted from deep within the pores. Your underskin is free to function actively again. Use Pond's Cold Cream regularly and your skin faults will soon disappear!

TRIAL OFFER: Mail coupon to-day and four 1d. stamp in a sealed envelope, for free postage, packing, etc., for free tube of Pond's New Lux Powder. Check shade wanted: Rosy (Rosed) □ Light Cream □ Rose Cream (Natural) □ Natural (Light Natural) □ Rose Bonne □ Dark Bonne (Santos) □

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GIE

Now Make Yourself an Adorable Bag...

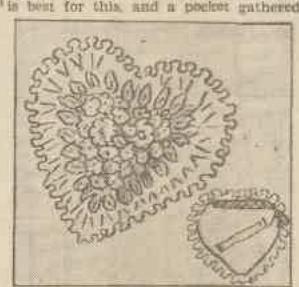
Decorated with gay flowers and gold or silver lame it will look so sweet with your party frock

WHEN you go to a party or dance you must have a dainty affair to hold all your toilet vanities. Any old bag will not do, so look yours over and if you feel you'd like to try one of these delightful flower-decorated affairs here's your opportunity to make one—and at little expense!

FLOWERS are the rage now, and perhaps you already are posies of this, that, and the other that are looking a little worn and not quite good enough to wear on a frock or at all.

If you have, use them for an evening bag. Along with the directions for making the charming affairs sketched here are given hints on how to revive dried flowers.

Although these bags can be made in various shapes, the most convenient for us is the long type, measuring 6 x 48 inches. A heart shape is rather lovely, in fact. Note the sketch. Make up these



SKETCH SHOWING a sweet, heart-shaped evening purse, decorated with flowers and gold lame. Back view shows position of zip fastening and "handle."

on one side will hold the toilet accessories.

It is best to cut the interlining the exact size required. Then tack the lining on to it, the little pockets, etc., having previously been sewn on. The two are machine stitched together, just at the edge of the interlining, the satin lining edges being trimmed carefully. The outer cover is then sewn up and fitted over this. Turn the top edges in neatly, oversew, and put a small zip fastener on the top. Strip of silk or satin to match the bag is sewn across the back as a handle. A bow or loop of the same is then attached to the end of the zipper and the front is decorated as follows:

First make a small stiff ruche of any harmonising silk or metal tissue. Sew it all round the edge. If you decide upon the heart-shaped bag, shape this ruching a little bit more to a "heart" when putting it on, as the actual form of a heart is not cut out in the bag itself with the point below and dip above.

Then place inside this a row of arti-



ificial leaves. Old ones may be revived and given a new lease of life by pressing out gently and spreading a thin layer of seccotine on the backs to stiffen and hold the wire vein in place. Often a little methylated spirit will revive a dull-looking spray. Paint the surface lightly with a camel hair brush, taking care to try it carefully and see if it works on just that particular surface. Certain leaves and berries are made of gunnys that the spirit works wonders with—others it will only spoil.

These leaves are all sewn on with large firm green stitches, to match their own color, so that the stitching does not gleam out through the flowers which will now overlay them. Group the flowers inside to your taste.

Small ones 1 1/2 in. in groups of three and if more are wanted, two groups of three may be placed side by side. Small sprigs of forget-me-not, violets and mignonette will fill in the corners between the main motif which is composed of a few larger roses that are flattened out and placed in the centre.

Alternate Charm

AN alternate scheme is to have the whole bag of rose petals with only one rose or a small group of roses in the centre. The roses in this case are taken to bits and the petals are sewn on in rows, a shaded effect being aimed at. When they reach the centre, the one large one is crushed flat and sewn on to cover the place where the petals converge.

If the rose petals are a bit frayed or faded, trim with nail scissors and dip a camel hairbrush in methylated spirit—colored with a touch of red ink—and just tip the edges with it. You will be surprised at the freshness that resultant. It dries quickly, and it is best to curl it as it does so by a gentle pressure of the fingers.

DESIGNED for Your CHERUB

Sweetest of spring and summer dresses to fit 2 to 4-year-olds.

A LITTLE while back I offered mothers a trio of delightful patterns for little girls' dresses—2 to 4 years old. These were long-sleeved frocks. Now I have chosen this short-sleeved design (sketched at left), and feel sure that it will be just as popular as the others were.

Not only do you receive the pattern and full and accurate directions for making, but included in the packet is a smocking dot transfer, so that you can give an extra charming touch to front and back yoke of the frock.

Smocking makes an enchanting finish to silk or muslin frocks, and it is ever so easy to do, after a "spot" of practice I have seen, however, exquisitely smocked articles by an amateur with the needle, so do not fail to try it out on this pretty garment.

You can call in for the pattern directions and transfer, or send a postal note (or stamp) for 1/-, plus 1d. to cover cost of postage.



WOULDN'T YOU love to see your little girl in a sweet frock like this? Why not send for the pattern and make it?

HENNAFOAM Glorifies
—BUT DOESN'T DYE!

DURALOC (REG)

Guaranteed
WASHABLE
NON-CRUSH
FADELESS
NON-SAG

Imagine a frock that you can cram into a suit case and yet unpack later with scarcely a wrinkle in it... a frock that washes as easily as a handkerchief... with colours guaranteed fastness... that always keeps its shape! Yes, there are such frocks—"Duraloc" Frocks by Spectator Sportswear.

Made in delightful designs inspired by the very latest overseas fashion models.

SOLD AT VERY REASONABLE PRICES
ALL OVER AUSTRALIA
—THERE IS NOTHING
"JUST AS GOOD"

Spectator
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SPORTSWEAR
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MULTI-SITE LENSES

DISTANCE
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MULTI-SITE LENSES fill a need that no other lenses have done. Three sights in one: DISTANCE, INTERMEDIATE, and READING. The intermediate range gives clear, accurate vision from 24 inches to 48 inches, in addition to distance and reading. Multi-site lenses are being used with great success in Great Britain and America. We now have the necessary machines for making multi-site lenses. Call and we shall be happy to demonstrate the many qualities that Multi-site lenses have.

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DON'T NEGLECT A CUT
DALZO
STICKING PLASTER
COLLIERY AIDS
ALL CHEMISTS

DRYING WOOLLEN JUMPERS: The best way to dry a woollen jumper is to put a bamboo stick right through the sleeves. Hang it onto the line by tying it with pieces of string at each end and in the middle. This treatment will prevent the garment from losing its shape and getting "saggy" at the neckline.

Our Fashion Service & Concession Pattern

Save Time, Trouble, and Expense By Using These Patterns



PATTERNS for all styles featured on this page are available immediately on application to our offices. They are expertly-cut, reliable, and inexpensive.

SPRING FLORAL

WW1305.—Joyous new-season's model with the very latest sleeves, and uniquely-smart neck treatment. Add this to your wardrobe. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, and 3½th yard contrast, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/L**

SMART SUIT

WW1306.—A charming little suit, handy when the weather plays tricks. Raglan sleeves are full to the wrist, jumper top is slightly flared, and you will love the quaint pocket treatment. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/L**

AGED 3 TO 8

WW1307.—This is a particularly attractive style for little girls aged 3 to 8 years. Skirt is full and sleeves are puffed. Material required: 2 yards, and 3/8th yard contrast, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/L**

FOR FULL FIGURE TYPE!

WW1308.—Many women will appreciate this dignified, slimming frock, with its unusual panel treatment. Collar is very

PLEASE NOTE :

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. in stamps.

becoming. Note straight back skirt. Bust sizes, 38 to 42 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 4 3/8 yards, and 1 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/L**

IRRESISTIBLE

WW1309.—Adorable spring suit, featuring fashion's snappiest notes for the new season. Don't you love the cute little coat, leg-of-mutton sleeves, and the dainty feminine ruff at the neck? Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards for coat and 2 1/8 yards for skirt, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/L**

PLAY SUIT

WW1310.—Ideal for tennis or any other sport. Has full legs and smart button treatment. Very slenderising. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/L**

UNUSUAL EVENING GOWN

WW1311.—Dignified evening gown, cut on beautiful lines. Flower is worn at the corsage, as shown in small sketch. Choose floral chiffon or satin for the richest effect. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/L**

FOR SPECTATOR SPORTS

WW1312.—Make this smart little frock in one of the new season's linens, or in some sports material. Note the double pockets, an unusual note, and the sleeves, particularly arresting. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/L**

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it WITH a 3d. stamp enclosed clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses: "3d STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED." A further charge of three-pence will be made for Concession Patterns over one month old. Note: The following Australian Women's Weekly box number should be used when sending for all patterns:

ADELAIDE—Box 388A, G.P.O. Adelaide.
BRISBANE—Box 400F, G.P.O. Brisbane.
MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O. Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O. Newcastle.
SYDNEY—Box 3005, G.P.O. Sydney.
TASMANIA—C/o Andrew Mather and Co., Pty. Ltd., 109-115 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name
Address

State Pattern Coupon, 29/3/36.

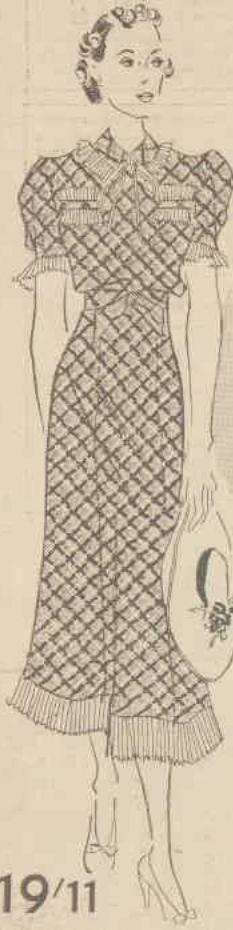
AUSTRALIAN BUSH-LAND EXHIBITION opens next Monday in the Blaxland Galleries. Admission free.

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JANE CAVE of Gossards is at Farmer's all this week. Arrange a personal fitting 'Phone M2405

At last! A complete Summer Wardrobe

for Sydney's smartest Business girls! Farmer's gathers a very special collection to meet the exacting tastes of the most astute buyers in town



19/11



16/11



22/6



47/6



52/6

55/-

PLAID MUSLIN in cool tri-colour effects. Three other interesting styles to choose as well as this. Sizes 14-16. Only 19/11.

TAILORED LINEN, one of four exciting summer styles. Pink, green, carrot, Chile red, poison green, grey, yellow. 14-16, 16/11.

STRIPED SILK for sports; equally at home in the office. Versions in blue, pink, yellow, green, black on white. 14-16, 22/6.

BOLERO FROCK in red, white, black printed crepe, with white Peter Pan collar and shirt front. Also navy, brown. 14-16, 47/6.



Striped Silks

for big and little sister!

From the "Junior Miss" Salon, where everything is new, fresh, sparkling, in readiness for Spring.

16/11

SHIRTMAKER style (at left) that wears and fits wonderfully. Contrasting buttons, patent belt. Blue, brown, red, green. 36, 42, 46 inches.

10/11

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



The KINGDOM of DREAMS

By JOAN ADDISCOMBE



HERE were lights on the waters, gleaming like fairy lanterns, their reflections dancing in the rippling waves, as though they moved to the seductive music of the hidden orchestra. There were lights on the island, lights about the Chalet des Iles, soft lights, colored lights, strung from tree to tree; lights on the little tables scattered about the lawns, lights shaded and discreet. There was the murmur of voices, the laughter of women.

"So this," said Anne Trelawney, "is the famous Chalet des Iles. Well—it's the first bit of Paris I've seen to equal New York."

Her aunt, Miss Jane Trelawney, glanced almost apologetically at their host and hostess. Monsieur Duchanier smiled.

"Sometimes," he said quietly, "the old world does things properly. It may be the result of long experience, hein?"

Anne looked round at him quickly, and then laughed. "One for the old world, monsieur."

A maître d'hôtel was bowing before them, and he led them across the lawn to a table set against a backdrop of rhododendrons, which glowed soft and colorful in the light.

More than one pair of eyes followed them as they walked. Anne Trelawney had been pictured in some of the New York society papers as the most beautiful girl in America. Whether this was true or not, she certainly had a right to contest that position.

They seated themselves at the table. Champagne and fruit were served to them, and, with their glasses filled, they were watching the changing soft-lit scene, when the orchestra, which had been silent for a while, loosed a flood of vivid melody on to the night.

A man was walking round the inner circle of the tables, evidently seeking a place, and keeping close to the tables to avoid the dancers. He was near them when Anne turned to M. Duchanier.

"Monsieur, I must dance this. Can't you do it?"

M. Duchanier looked at his wife, a kindly-faced, elderly woman, who still possessed a dignified beauty.

"My wife," he said with a smile, "has never learnt the tango, and I regret to say that she has never allowed me to learn it."

"Oh, but surely," said Anne. "I really can't miss it. I love the tango. Is there nobody here you know—who would dance with me?"

The man who was walking round the inner circle of the tables stopped opposite them, and they all looked up at him. Anne's first impression of him, gained then in that moment when the thread of his fate crossed hers and became inextricably entwined with hers, remained with her ever afterwards.

He bowed easily, and addressed Monsieur Duchanier in French, tinged with an accent Anne could not place.

"Your pardon, monsieur, but it has been

my good fortune accidentally to overhear an expression of disappointment from a lady too charming ever to be disappointed. Will you do me the honor of accepting my card?"

He handed Monsieur Duchanier his card as he spoke, and the old Frenchman glanced at it. It bore the inscription:

"Vincente de Valda."

Vincente was written the name of one of the most exclusive clubs in Paris.

De Valda added with a smile: "I, too, love the tango, and if it is not too presumptuous of me—" He left the sentence unfinished. His eyes were on Anne.

M. Duchanier, now on his feet, hesitated a moment.

While he debated Anne settled the question. She got up and stepped past the table.

"It's really too kind of you," she said. "I have just been longing to dance."

De Valda smiled and glanced at M. Duchanier.

The Frenchman, with the decision precipitated, was instantly charming.

"Anne—Senior Vincente de Valda; Monsieur—Miss Anne Trelawney."

They began to dance.

Anne had always imagined herself a more than capable exponent of the tango, but on this night she learnt things of it which she had not dreamed. De Valda made of it an intoxicating journey through the realms of romance.

When the music stopped it seemed that she awoke to a world of reality to find him smiling down on her.

"I am ever your debtor," he said gravely. "Now—there are more dances, and I am alone. Might I suggest that we sit at that table over there, or would you prefer to rejoin your friends?"

"We must dance again," she said. "I could not sit through the evening watching other folk dancing."

HE led her to the vacant table, while Aunt Jane Trelawney pondered on the brink of a rescue act.

De Valda ordered some fruit and a light wine, and offered Anne a cigarette. She found the cigarette to be very long, strong, but extremely cool, and bearing a crest she did not know.

"They are my own," explained De Valda in reply to her question. "I have them made specially for me. Pardon me, but you are American, are you not?"

"New York," she said. "My father was Trelawney, the cattlemen."

"Ah, I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance." She was not sure whether his eyes were laughing or not.

His admission—or, perhaps, the manner of it—netted her. "Spain is a very conservative country, isn't it?" she said.

"You might call it so," he smiled.

She tapped the ash from her cigarette. "I hope to go there one day. It should be interesting. I love these old world, slow places. I remember father was once talking of putting a little money into the Spanish

ish copper business. He said things wanted waking up there."

"They probably do," he assented. "Only—sometimes, you know, the waking-up process spoils everything. Don't you think?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't think America has been spoilt."

"I think it would be beyond the power of man to spoil a land of charming women," he said.

She appreciated an ambiguity in the remark which increased her irritation. She had an idea that he was laughing at her. She changed her tactics.

"You infer that our men have endeavored to do so?"

"By no means. They are clever—nearly as clever as the English, who accomplish so much without words; but, like the English, I would suggest that they lack the finer graces—music, love—all the polish of the old Latin civilisation."

SHE laughed into his eyes. "Our men make love. I can assure you of that."

He leaned forward a little, and his voice was dropped the slightest bit.

"They endeavor to do so, senorita. To them love is a dinner, a theatre, an evening at a dance. They dress their women in furs and silks, and feed them well, and load them with jewels. Your Americans and English are amateurs in love, senorita; and, after all, love rules the world."

"Perhaps," agreed Anne. This evening was becoming more delightful than she had imagined.

A flirtation with such a man, with his eager, bottomless eyes, his easy grace, his careful, almost flowery speech, had found its proper setting in the vague light against the dark trees, with the still water of the lake beyond. She added indifferently: "But words are nothing are they? You say my men give jewels. You offer words. They are but a decoration for a woman to carry either on her person or in her memory. Sometimes she holds them up to the light and thinks of the giver—and laughs."

"He is a fortunate man at whose memory a beautiful woman laughs," said De Valda gravely. "At least, she remembers him."

"You hope I will laugh at you—afterwards?" asked Anne quickly.

"I anticipate that you will," he smiled.

"Oh—you are impossible!"

"No. Merely complimentary. Shall we dance again?"

They danced, and he held her close, with once more the poetry of his movement keeping her in thrall. At the end, of it she was a little breathless and her eyes were strange.

When they resented themselves he said: "One day, you know, a man will carry you off—not across his saddle-bow, as in the old stories, not even in a modern motor-car, but he will snatch you and hold you so that you cannot escape."

Anne pretended a stiffness she did not feel. She was, as a matter of fact, enjoying herself, except for an occasional twinge of resentment against his imperturbability.

"The man who does that," she said

slowly, "will have earned whatever reward he finds in doing it."

Their eyes met, hers a little challenging and defiant, his still grave, unfathomable. "For myself," he said, after a silence, "I should find the reward far in excess of the labor involved."

She stayed with him until the restlessness at the Duchambers' table warned her that they were wishful to go home, and he escorted her across the lawn. He had said good night to the others, and they were moving away when he turned to Anne.

"Alice, señorita. Unfortunately, I am forced to leave Paris to-morrow, but the world is very small; and one day we may meet again. Until then I shall think of you always, and I hope that sometimes you will hold my words to the light and laugh at me."

"I have told you I shall forget," she said.

He bowed over her hand, and his lips touched her fingers. When she talked on with M. Duchambers there was a light flush high up on her cheeks.

Vincente de Valda stood back against the shadows and watched her go. There was a smile still lurking in his eyes.

SIX months later Anne Trelawney met Vincente de Valda again.

It was at Nice, at carnival time. During the winter she had travelled south, seeing Naples, the North African ports, the mysteries of Egypt.

The preparations for the most famous carnival in the world were in full swing, and Anne, having established herself and Aunt Jane in one of the magnificent hotels on the Promenade des Anglais, said decisively: "Aunt Jane, we're going to carnival. What do you intend to go at?"

"My dear!" said Aunt Jane. "We cannot possibly go. These Latin fetes degenerate into orgies."

"I hope so," said Anne.

There was dancing in the Place Massena. There were colored lights, confetti, music, laughter.

There was one man whom Anne saw several times, while the others who came along on the drift of hilarious humanity danced or flirted and passed on. Whether this man kept close to her from accident or design she did not know until afterwards. He was in a Spanish costume which suited him immensely. About him was something familiar, but as he was heavily masked she was unable to tell whether she had met him before or not.

The time for unmasking was approaching, and the gaiety and the clamor seemed to be touching the top note. Partners were being claimed for the unmasking dance, and a man in the costume of a Spanish courtier of the days of Philip II caught Anne's arm and drew her towards him.

"This dance for us, cherie!" he cried. "Come along."

The masked bullfighter stepped forward. Without any physical effort he seemed to insert himself between Anne and the courtier, and addressed the latter very quietly.

"I had reserved this dance for myself," he said.

The courtier stared, and Anne saw his eyes change behind the shadow of his mask. "And who are you to reserve?" he demanded. "Stand aside!"

He put his hand on the plum-colored

shoulder and strove to push the bullfighter away.

The other man moved, and in the speed of his movement, the single snarled word of his speech, he conjured to Anne's imagination the crack of a gently swaying, graceful whip-thong stirred to movement by the flick of a powerful wrist.

"Dog!"

The courtier was on the ground. For a moment all movement about them ceased, so that they were in a little silent circle eddied round by the noisy throng. Then somebody laughed. The dance went on.

The bullfighter turned to Anne.

"I have waited for this moment," he said quietly.

She heard him incredulously, for she realized she knew his voice. He clutched her to him, and they began to dance, and it was then that she realized she should protest against his intrusion, a thing the swiftness of his actions had prevented her from doing.

"I don't wish to dance with you," she said. "Will you kindly release me?"

"Never!" he said quickly. "Never! Ah, the signal to unmask! Allow me."

He removed her mask deftly, holding her close, and then ripped his own from his face.

"Never!" he repeated. "I released you once—but never again!"

She shrank back from the close-pressed face of Vincente de Valda.

IN that moment, amid the uplifted laughter, the crash of the music, the showering confetti, the jostling abandon of the carnival, it was to Anne Trelawney as though a door had opened and slammed again, giving her a glimpse of a world strange and terrifying.

Suddenly Anne began to struggle in his embrace. "I—I shall scream," she panted. "Let me go. Let me go!"

He held her closer. "And then they will all laugh. This is carnival time. Hear! The tango!"

He began to move to the music. She strove desperately to impede his steps, but he swayed her against her will.

And as they danced he told her of himself, softly, so that his words were like little stabs in the dark.

"Ah! When first we met you thought I was from Spain. I smiled at that. Although—with a quick inflection of pride—"I am Spanish, of old hidalgos stock—a greater stock than ever your Knickerbocker families in that gross place of sprawling wealth of which you are so proud."

"I do not wish to hear! Will you let me go?" She knew that had she raised an outcry he would have been forced to loose her; and yet, for once, her impetuous will was failing her. She had the desire to appeal for assistance, but not the will to execute that desire.

He went on. "But you must hear. I want you to be interested—nearly as much in me as I am interested in you. I am Argentino. You told me that your father was a cattleman, as though in Texas they raise cattle. I pretended I did not know him; because, besides my father, he was a little man. I should like you to see the lands and cattle my father left behind him when he died. He—I—and my neighbors are the last of the great Argentine cattle kings. His estancia—mine now—covers hundreds of thousands of acres, grazes tens of thousands of cattle. And you talked of John Trelawney."

Anger and contempt surged hot within Anne. Despite her fear, despite the chill at

her heart, she wanted to laugh in his face for his boasting.

The dancing had ceased. They had worked across the Promenade des Anglais, and, as though she viewed it from another world—far distant—she saw the sea close.

There was a slim, white motor boat at the shore end of the jetty promenade. Off the end of the jetty, rolling lazily in the long, smooth swell, was a motor yacht, graceful as a swan.

They were on the jetty when two men lunched across their path. One of them stopped, and, shooting out his hand, clutched his companion, preventing him from moving on. It was the fellow dressed as a Spanish courtier.

Anne felt De Valda's grip tighten. The courtier was scowling not only at De Valda—but also at herself.

"So you are still together!" he snarled; and then to his companion: "Marcel, this is he!"

He moved forward as he spoke, and his friend, who appeared to Anne to have drunk of other than the wine of laughter, moved with him.

The next few seconds were charged with a bewildering speed of movement which was almost unrealized by her.

De Valda met the onslaught of the lurching man, and seized his shoulder. Anne saw the fellow go sideways; saw his companion fall with him; heard a cry, a little scream from a passing girl; was conscious that the crowd was surging around them like a boisterous sea.

She was picked up. De Valda was carrying her down a flight of stairs. As from afar, she heard shouting, mingled with laughter, at once incredulous and amused. She struggled, but was dumb, for the swiftness of it robbed her of her voice, so that she was in the white motor boat before she understood all that had happened.

The self-starter whined and De Valda loosed the bowline which kept the boat head-on to the jetty. The craft quivered like a living thing eager for the chase. It shot from the jetty towards the motor yacht, and reached its dipping white side in an incredibly short space of time.

De Valda ran with her up the steps to the deck, while she fought him and cried out against him. He ignored her cries, and shouted commands.

THREE was a swift bustle of orderly action about the yacht. Fearfully Anne saw that it was moving. Its gilded beak swung out to sea, and the lights of Nice began to recede.

She faced De Valda on the deck, writhed at last from his grip, aquiver with indignation, all her fear gone flying on the wings of wrath.

"What are you doing?" she cried. "Take me back at once!"

There was silence for a space, during which Anne tried to read him and failed.

At last she asked, very low: "Where are we going?"

He waved his hand vaguely towards the east.

"Out there, footed by the blue sea, watched over by the hills, lies a kingdom of which I shall tell you—the kingdom which brought me to Europe from the Argentine—a kingdom which now, with you, shall be a kingdom of dreams. That is where we go, my most beautiful of women."

They came to the kingdom with the dawn. Anne had walked about the deck all through the voyage, and as the yacht headed towards the harbor she went forward to the prow.

She saw a line of hills, rolling majestic,

THE KINGDOM OF DREAMS SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ally to seeming infinity, with a pale strip of primrose crowning their summits where the sun lifted above the eastern horizon. The town lay in the darkness of their western slopes, still light-dotted. At its centre, on the water's edge, showing nebulous in the gloom, was a great white building, so fantastic and airy that it might have rested on clouds—a vision of twisted spires and cupolas, of Moorish windows and marble terraces. Above the night waned at the hill-tops, primrose to green and blue, sweeping westward to spangled cobalt.

De Valda came to Anne's side. "El Estrellado," he said quietly. "The Land of Stars, where you shall reign as queen—if only for to-day."

The yacht slid on in silence. As they neared the harbor Anne could pick out the details of the town. It was old at the back, with winding, climbing streets ascending till they were lost on the near hillsides. On the water front it was glaringly new, widespread, with new white houses, villas, gardens and here and there a feathery spire reaching up towards the sky.

"That big building," said De Valda, "is the casino." He paused, and then repeated, "The casino. Perhaps you have heard of it?"

"Yes," Anne wondered why she should converse with him at all. It seemed strange that they should stand and talk quietly in the stillness, each knowing that he had carried her off, had threatened her, perhaps had compromised her beyond righting in the eyes of the world. "I think everybody has heard of the casino of El Estrellado." She managed to infuse a world of contempt into her voice. "What have you to do with it?"

"I own it," he said.

SHÉ looked round at him, despite her determination to ignore him as much as possible.

"You own—that place? Its name is putrid!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "It is fate—shall we say? I did not acquire it. It was given to me. It is the last of the De Valda heritage in Europe."

"But it is new," she said swiftly. "It has been built only ten years. And in that time it has ruined thousands."

"You are right. But I own the land on which it is built. All El Estrellado is mine. From the tops of those hills and beyond—down to the sea, east and west, north and south."

She was silent a moment. Then she said: "I am not surprised." And was silent again.

Behind her he smiled.

"There is one man you will meet," he said, "about whom I should tell you. His name is Vesey. There are many others about the place, but Vesey is the man of whom I would tell you now. Although there is, perhaps, little I may tell you, except that you might be careful of him."

"You dislike him?" she asked, without looking round.

"I do not say so. I merely give you a little advice based upon personal observation."

She laughed shortly. "You should be easily able to judge the men women should avoid. Probably the information is valuable. But I shall leave El Estrellado directly we land."

"I am afraid not. You will come with me to the house behind the casino."

She did not answer him.

telephoned from the hall that you had come," he said. "You had not advised me."

De Valda smiled, and urged a chair forward for Anne.

"There is no need for me to advise anybody that I am coming to my own place."

Vesey's eyes veiled and opened again. "Of course not." He was very bland. Only Anne saw that his right hand was fretting at the corner of the blotting pad before him.

She looked at De Valda. She was for getting her own plight in a new-found interest. These two men hated each other. The room was charged with unspoken threat. It was, she thought, as though two foes stared into each other's eyes on the eve of conflict which must end in death.

De Valda introduced her.

"Vesey—Miss Trelawney, on a visit to El Estrellado, of which she has heard so much. She is tired, as she has been up all night, and I hardly thought it necessary to trouble the hotel people at this hour. Will you order the blue room to be prepared for her? She will go to it directly it is ready."

There was little request in his tone, but rather a note of command.

Vesey pressed a bell push and in a few moments a maid came to the door.

"Therese, this lady is occupying the blue room. You will show it to her and place yourself at her disposal."

Anne prepared to follow Therese. De Valda got to his feet and bowed elegantly. "I trust your rest will refresh you," he said.

Vesey remained seated. He did not look at Anne, but kept his eyes on De Valda.

Anne accompanied Therese from the room.

IN the blue room, a spacious apartment furnished and decorated in blue and silver, luxurious and inviting, Anne dismissed Therese at once and sat down on the ottoman at the foot of the bed.

It was possible that during her walk from Vesey's office to the room De Valda might have telephoned instructions that she was not to be allowed to leave the house. On the other hand, if she moved swiftly she might escape.

She allowed Therese time to get away from the corridor in which the room was situated, and then stepped to the door.

The corridor beyond was empty. She walked down it swiftly, filled with a mounting excitement, a tremulous suspense. She remembered Kron directly she had left the room, and wondered if she could pass him. Yet Kron had so obviously resented their arrival that she imagined he might be quite willing to see her go, unless he had been instructed to the contrary. Either way, a swift dash might get her through the front door and into the garden and the open air.

She came to the corner of the corridor, and as she did so, round the bend she heard a swift shuffle of feet, an in-drawing of breath, long in the stillness, and a thud followed by a low hum, which died away.

She turned the corner and stopped.

De Valda was there, flat against the paneling. By his head, still quivering, embedded an inch in the wood, was a long knife.

As she stood, dumbfounded and fearful staring at him, he reached up his hand and dragged the knife away.

AT the end of the corridor De Valda turned in at a door, and so Anne met Vesey.

He had evidently not retired when they arrived, for she found him in evening clothes, sitting behind a great desk; a big man, very stout and fair, with eyes which were startlingly light grey, like steel, and hair colorless, sparse above a face lacking in lines, and smooth as a child's.

Vesey looked up as they entered. "Kron

"Very near, wasn't it?" he asked, smiling at her.

Anne recovered herself almost as quickly as had De Valda. She glanced at the knife he was weighing in his hand. It was long and straight, thin-bladed, heavy-hilted, a delicate thing of chased steel, keen and deadly.

"I thought you were with Mr. Vesey," she said.

"Ah! Thoughts, señorita, are dangerous things. They lead one into pitfalls and traps. I imagined you would think that I had even the sagacity to imagine you would decide to leave the house immediately. So I came away from that admirable Vesey just to see you."

She flushed. "You tried to trick me in a petty fashion!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "No. It was an experiment. I thought to myself: 'She will be frightened and try to run away—that bold American girl who faces the world alone!'"

Anne's flush deepened. "I do not wish to run away. There is a distinction between running away and deliberately leaving a place and people distasteful to one."

He bowed ironically. "I am afraid the distinction is too fine for me to appreciate. However—you are forgetting—even I am forgetting in the delight of talking to you—that I have nearly killed."

She pretended a vast indifference. "You don't appear very perturbed. Where did the knife come from?"

HE indicated an open window. "Through there. Had you not appeared at the exact moment it landed I should have run to the window to see who threw it. As it is, I am too late. But still, these things are to be expected in the circumstances, aren't they?"

"I don't know. The circumstances are a mystery to me and not a very intriguing one. I merely wish to go back to Nice. I know my way to the station. I will wish you good-bye."

"I must not argue with you with a knife in my hand," he said. "It would be hardly seemly. You are not going—yet."

She wanted to say "I am," but it sounded childish, she thought.

Instead, she stepped forward quickly.

Instantly he was before her, his arms spread wide, his face tantalisingly amused.

"Not yet, I said."

She struck at him with open hand, and her fingers marked his cheek. Something sobrie leapt and died in his eyes. His mouth hardened.

"That," he said, "was unnecessary. You will have to pay for it."

He caught at her. She drew back, breathless, wide-eyed, afraid now, afraid of what she had done, afraid of what it might mean to her.

He came after her, and his arms went about her, pinning her arms to her sides, holding her close, crushing her against him.

"A kiss for a blow," he said. "I have not kissed you yet; and I would give my life for just one kiss from you. A kiss for a blow!"

"Let me go!" she panted and writhed in his embrace. His face was within an inch of hers, laughing once more, still with traces of the hardness about it.

He bent lower. His lips met hers—long, on that something seemed to snap in him, and when at last he released her, she went back against the wall, white-faced, her eyes blazing, yet tear-filled. She was sobbing.

He looked strange, eager, and tremulous. His eyes devoured her.

She panted: "You shall pay! You shall pay for that! Each kiss—each insult—you shall pay for them all, one by one!"

He said hoarsely: "Don't speak to me of payment. You are my prisoner!"

She tried to speak defiantly, mockingly.

"You—you are egotistical! You are very sure of yourself."

His eyes glowed. "With you, I am sure with you, of you. It has been written that you should be mine. Why else should I have remembered you all this time? Why else should fate have thrown you across my path a second time?"

She shook her head, for now she could not speak. She was conscious of a great weariness.

"You will go back to your room," he said, more gently. "I see that you are very tired. You will go back and to sleep, and you will remember that for to-day, at least, you cannot leave this place. Afterwards—well, who shall say what may happen afterwards?" He glanced towards the knife.

"We might be dead."

She turned away from him without a word and walked back to the blue room.

IT was late afternoon when Anne awoke, and at first she could hardly realise where she was. It was all unfamiliar.

She rang for Therese and told the girl to prepare her bath. While the water was splashing into the bath Therese produced some long cardboard boxes.

"These, madame," she said, "have been sent up to-day from Lamont's in the town. They are gowns which madame might wish to wear instead of her fancy dress."

"Who ordered them?" asked Anne. "I have given no instructions that I want gowns."

Therese shrugged her shoulders. "I do not know, madame. I thought perhaps, you might have ordered them. They are not specimens."

Anne bathed. Therese hustled herself getting out the gowns, and then asked if madame would like coffee or tea.

"Coffee," said Anne. "Strong. And something to eat. A poached egg—anything. I've had nothing for hours and hours."

"But—dinner to-night, madame. It is four o'clock!"

"I'll manage dinner. Get the egg and the coffee and toast."

Bathed, fed and coiffured, she felt a different being, fresh and keen and eager with life, and she tried the dresses on with all the zest she had always displayed when new clothes were submitted for her inspection.

She selected the afternoon gown Therese had first held up, a little travelling frock, and an evening gown which she did not want, but which, she said, was really too beautiful to leave.

Then, with the new frock on, with Therese admiring her fair beauty, she said: "Where can I find Mr. Vesey?"

She thought Therese looked a little scared at this question; for a moment the girl was silent.

At last she said: "He would be in his office, madame. But certainly, he would be there."

Anne went from the room and down the corridor. She remembered the way perfectly, and as she passed marked the spot where the knife had been thrown at De Valda, and where it had hit the paneling.

She reached Vesey's room and tapped on the door. His voice bade her enter, and as she stepped inside he got to his feet with a startled expression of astonishment.

"Madame?" he began.

Anne smiled at him. She was very cool. "I want to have a chat with you," she said, "about a man we both dislike."

Vesey was a cold, sure man, one whose face had never given an onlooker the slightest indication of the nature of the thoughts behind it; but Anne's spleens had a visible effect on him.

For a moment he stared at her; for a moment he had nothing to say. She sat in a chair opposite him—seating herself without invitation—very beautiful, very smart, and smiling radiantly.

Vesey had met many beautiful women. They passed in and out of the door of the great cocaine of El Estrellado all through the day and night; but never had he met so beautiful a woman as Anne Trellawner, never had a smile so sweet been apparently so entirely for himself alone, as the smile she gave him.

"I want to talk about the Señor de Valda," she said.

Vesey walked carefully. "Ah! A handsome gentleman." His eyes seemed to say that she was a fit companion for so wonderful a personage.

"I haven't noticed it," observed Anne carelessly. "I don't like him."

Vesey stiffened, as though something had been jabbed into his back.

"Pardon," he said smoothly.

Anne was very blunt. That was the Trellawner way. "I dislike the fellow. You do, too, don't you?"

Vesey spread his hands. He had learnt many Latin tricks and gestures during his long sojourn in El Estrellado.

"To please you, madame, I would say many things; but—er—the Señor De Valda is my friend."

Anne laughed. "Now, then. Mr. Vesey. You can't get that across with me."

"I fail to understand you," he said at last. He was definitely on his guard now. De Valda had brought this woman to El Estrellado. He was remembering that.

"You don't? I speak plain enough. Now listen, Mr. Vesey. You hate De Valda. So do I. I'm proposing that we sign up together—to get him."

Vesey gasped.

Anne added hurriedly: "Perhaps that is too strong. I don't want the man to be killed. Of course, you would understand that. But in any little game you've got on hand I'd like to sit in. De Valda has too much pride. It is time he was humbled."

"But," said Vesey, "I have no game."

"Why did you try to kill him, then?"

Vesey gasped again. In his agitation he took the wrong line. Instant, flat denial, bewilderment at Anne's statement, would have killed all Anne's suspicions of him. Instead, he became angry. He thought he saw the reason for Anne's visit.

He snarled. "It was not I!"

ANNE got to her feet, and, turning to the mirror over the mantelshelf, deftly touched her hair into place.

"When I decided to visit you," she said, "I did not realise that you might take my proposition from this standpoint. However—" She paused. "Now, Mr. Vesey, I want to get out of this house. Will you telephone Kron and tell him to let me go?"

"Is that necessary?" asked Vesey.

"Well, it might be."

Vesey picked up the telephone without another word. "Is that you, Kron? The lady who came with Senor De Valda will be leaving the house at once. You will assist her in every way you can. Eh? What's that?"

He looked up at Anne. "Kron says De Valda has ordered that you shall not leave."

"I know. That's why I asked you to telephone Kron. Now come, be a dear man,

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You won't let me in on your scheme, so let me out of the house. I'm sure it will annoy De Valda."

Their eyes met. Vesey grinned. In his glance was something which amounted almost to admiration.

He said to Kron: "You can let that go, Kron. The lady will leave. I am responsible."

"Thanks awfully," said Anne, and stepped to the door. "I hope you don't kill him but I hope you hurt him—badly. Good-bye."

Vesey sat staring at the door after she had closed it, and in his expression was some bewilderment.

He picked up the telephone again. "Kron! Switch me through to the Señor Lorenzo. Hello! Is that you, Pepe? I say, I want to know who Anne Trelawney is. Ever heard of her?"

His eyes opened wide. The man at the other end was telling him that Anne Trelawney was the daughter of old Trelawney, the cattle-king, was one of the wealthiest women in the world.

He snapped: "Send quickly! Get on to this right away. Send Ramon round. That woman—Anne Trelawney—is just leaving this house. Ramon will follow her. As long as she stays here he will do nothing. If she attempts to leave El Estrellado he must get back word, still hang to her, and wait my instructions. That's urgent!"

ANNE, on reaching the hall, found Kron opening the doors for her to leave. The Nubian said nothing, and his face was expressionless. Vesey had countermanded De Valda's order, and that was enough for Kron. He would kill on Vesey's instructions; in fact, he had killed.

Anne went out into the garden. It was glorious, a wealth of reddish color under the sunshine, hung with perfume as with incense, showing between the white buildings a glimpse of azure sea and white esplanade, of moving crowds and strolling life.

Anne took a deep breath. She had stepped from the unreal into the real, and was finding the real wonderfully relieving.

On this she became aware that a man was approaching her from her left. He was dressed in a suit of white flannel, with a broad-brimmed Panama hat on his head. His white kid shoes had bright tan leather facings. He looked smart and cool, and Anne recognised De Valda.

He lifted his hat as he neared her.

"This is unexpected," he said. "I hardly imagined you would be out."

"No?" I asked Mr. Vesey." There was mischief in Anne's eyes. She saw De Valda's face darken. "He willingly gave Kron instructions that I should pass. Of course I shall not go back." She looked past him towards the crowd beyond the gardens as she said this.

He appreciated the meaning of the look. "I am sorry. I should have loved to have kept you. And now—when will you telephone and have me arrested?" His eyes were laughing.

The question disconcerted her. "Soon," she managed to say, and walked away from him.

Anne was very annoyed. Also she was very intrigued. She was annoyed with herself for some inexplicable reason, annoyed with De Valda, and annoyed with all the world. She was irritated by Vesey and by the house she had left. Under the smiles of El Estrellado, under its days of sunshine, under its nights of stars, a grim, cold game was being played and the counters were the lives of men.

Of that Anne was sure. All this she thought as she walked up the Boulevard des Américaines towards the railway station.

She reached it, and stood in the great open space at the head of the platform, then she went to the telegraph office.

Within two hours a distracted old lady in Nice received the following wire, handed in at El Estrellado:

"Stayng Hotel Magnifique this city. Forward clothes, chequy-book, etc. Don't trouble to come yourself. Go on London as arranged, and stay with the Davidsons till I come. Wirs me two thousand dollars immediately on receipt of this. Anne."

Aunt Jane announced to all the world that "she never did," and then telephoned the police that her niece was found.

THE Hotel Magnifique was the finest establishment of its kind in El Estrellado. It was because of this that Anne had booked a suite there. It rose in tier on tier of white marble balconies to the most wonderful roof garden in Europe. It stood four square about a courtyard, in which there was an open-air swimming pool, fountains and flowers. Around it its gardens were miracles of glorious color, with tennis courts and bowling greens splashing with green the rainbow hues of them. It was as famous as the great casino which it overlooked, and on its visitors' book were the titles and cognomina of all the greatest in two hemispheres.

The elevator in which Anne travelled had just disappeared when a man came into the entrance hall of the Magnifique. He was a slim dapper fellow, with a brown skin, black hair and deep black eyes. A yellow cigarette depended from his lips. He was dressed neatly in grey, and had tiny feet encased in narrow, buttoned boots, with patent leather bottoms and bright tan uppers.

He went up to the reception clerk and greeted him friendly. Evidently the clerk knew him.

"That lady," said the dapper man. "Is she staying here?"

"Why?"

"I only wanted to know. Nothing else. I admired her."

The clerk grinned. "Your admiration won't get you far, Ramon. She's a milieuse. She is staying here, though, if it'll help you. She's got the millionaire's suite on the first floor. Would have it. And wants two maid-servants and heaven knows what!"

Ramon Lorenzo, the brother of that Pepe Lorenzo Vesey, had telephoned after Anne left him, thanked the clerk for his information and withdrew.

In a little while he was talking to Vesey. Vesey heard what he had to say, and then took to walking about the room.

"That girl," he said, "is a cool card. I've just had one devil of a row with De Valda, who came in like a madman and accused me of letting her out. It seems she was actually a prisoner in this house."

"De Valda's mad!" exclaimed Ramon. "Why, she could have him arrested."

Vesey nodded. "You bet he is—if it's right. And that reminds me; if she doesn't have him arrested we can reckon my suspicions are correct, and that she's playing hand in glove with him, and that all this is a blind. Understand?"

"It's easy," agreed Ramon. "But where does it apply?"

Vesey faced him. "De Valda's come back at the wrong time for us. He's butted in just when he's not wanted. Hartington arrives here to-morrow night. De Valda

should have been three days late and all would have been well. Hartington will stay at the Magnifique. That girl's there, too. It looks more than suspicious, eh?"

"Perhaps," agreed Ramon. "But she won't stop us. And why do you want her watched?"

"Because," said Vesey quietly, "she's worth millions. A ransom of a million dollars for a girl like her wouldn't be asking too high a price, would it?"

Ramon grinned. "Am I still to watch her?"

"Until further orders," said Vesey.

Ramon left him.

By dinner-time, when the sun was dipping behind the western rim of the Mediterranean, and blue dusk was creeping slowly down the slopes of the eastern hills, Anne had got a working knowledge of El Estrellado, and a determination to have a thorough knowledge by the same time the following day. Before leaving the hotel she had arranged for a car to be supplied to her on the "purchase-back-when-you-leave" basis, a somewhat expensive method of hiring but one which placed the vehicle absolutely at her own disposal; for, in fact, it was hers. She chose a Rolls-Royce open tourer. She had driven one from New York to San Francisco, and knew what they could do. The choice was justified by after events.

As she went into the hotel vestibule she became aware of a curious thing. There was a man whom she had seen a fair number of times during her tour of exploration. He was short and dark. He was, in fact, Ramon Lorenzo.

Anne stood for a moment and searched back in her memory through the two hours during which she had wandered around the town. She had seen the man at this place and at that. Then again by the station. In the Place des Armes. Here, there, everywhere.

"Surely," she thought, "the fellow isn't following me—watching me?" Then—"Well, I wish him the best of luck."

She went upstairs to dress.

ANNE dined in the hotel and went to the roof garden afterwards. Nightly there was a dance there, and a kind of impromptu supper, composed principally of champagne.

Up there she thought the night the most perfect she had ever known.

She was wondering how she could get any further with her intended intrusion into the schemes of Vesey when a man and a woman walked down the avenue of tall potted shrubs which hid the entrance to the lift.

The man had a black opera cloak flung back to reveal a scarlet silk lining. He was De Valda. While he handed his cloak to an attendant Anne studied his companion.

She was superb. Anne decided that at once. She was tall, with a sinuous grace at once languid and virile.

Her eyes were dark, velvety, heavy-lidded, and laxy. Her lips were startlingly red, rich, warm, and full. Behind them was a hint of firm little white teeth, straight and strong. She carried a little black silk fan with simple red figures on it.

De Valda began to dance with her. They moved like wild creatures, Anne thought—like tigers, even—smoothly, without effort, strong. They danced closely, and the full warm red lips were very near to De Valda's cheek.

Watching Anne was conscious of an alteration in her emotions. She had been

interested before these two arrived, a little thoughtful; now she was almost engrossed, and—there was something else.

De Valda had stopped dancing. The music had stopped. De Valda was looking across at Anne. Anne wished she could run away, an unusual thing for her.

Then De Valda walked across to her, with his languorous companion on his arm. He bowed elegantly. "This is indeed a pleasure. May I present the Señorita Blanca Cervano? Blanca—Señorita Anne Trelawney."

CLOSE to the woman, looking right into her face, Anne became absolutely certain she did not like Blanca. They looked into each other's eyes and smiled. Being women, they alone could read the looks they gave each other.

De Valda was studying Anne. When she and Blanca had finished greeting one another, he said: "Am I to dare to presume that I am forgiven?"

Anne looked up at him coldly. "Not at all. But I would not allow my contempt for you to interfere with my friendship with a charming lady."

Blanca's eyes opened wide and then half-closed again. De Valda frowned; then smiled.

"Your jests are double-edged," he said. He looked round: "Alas, all the tables are filled. There is always a rush between the dances. Are those seats engaged?" He indicated the two empty chairs at Anne's table.

"No," said Anne. His audacity, she decided, was so colossal that no insult would ever hurt him. She could not refuse him the seats. Blanca sat down, and he imitated her example.

De Valda lit one of his long cigarettes and watched Anne through the smoke-wreath.

Against Blanca she presented an extraordinary contrast. She seemed dainty and delicious by comparison, with her corn-colored hair and her wonderful blue eyes. Her throat and shoulders were more silky than Blanca's, he thought. There was more "blood" in her, more breed. She was finer, plumper, clearer.

He loved her.

He heard Blanca say: "To-morrow night, at the casino, there is to be a great game. The play will all be stopped at midnight, and the tables shut down. After that we shall be on feie, winners and losers together. Costumes and evening dress. I shall dance alone—the jota."

Anne's eyes opened wide. "Why! I know you now. You are the Cervano!"

The most famous Spanish dancer in Europe smiled.

WHEN De Valda and Blanca at last got up to dance again, Anne excused herself and went to bed. She was, in fact, in need of a night of solid sleep.

Besides, she did not wish to stay and watch De Valda dancing with Blanca. Despite the woman's invitation, she still disliked her. She still wondered why she should attract De Valda. It was ridiculous of men to be attracted by creatures like that thought.

Princes had stooped to her. Statesmen had bowed before her. Millionaires had tossed money at her feet. She had lived fully. She was gorgeous, glorious, shameless. She was Cervano the dancer.

Anne tried to forget De Valda in connection with her. She decided to go to the casino the following night. It might be good fun.

The following morning Anne devoted to

completing her examination of El Estrellado. She went through the town thoroughly, until she had covered its every nook and cranny, and then took her to the hills. They were very wonderful, with the greater, snow-capped heights piling far north of them.

There was a good road over them, travelling north-west, and Anne found one could run through to Lyons by that route. The other main roads led out along the seaboard to Italy and France.

She lunched at the hotel, and there she had a surprise. She had reached the coffee when she heard a familiar voice and, looking up, saw a big man coming through the doors of the saloon manager. He saw her as she recognised him, and he came straight across to her.

"Anne Trelawney!" he said. "Of all the—"

"Lea Hartington!" smiled Anne. "Of all the—sit down."

Hartington seated himself. He was a pleasant-looking man of about forty, and he had been one of Anne's father's youngest friends and one of his greatest.

"Where's Aunt Jane?" he asked, after he had told the waiter what he wanted. "I've just come off the train. Right through from Constantinople."

"Aunt Jane's not here. I'm alone. What've you been doing in Constant?"

"Alone!" Hartington looked a little shocked. "I say, Anne, you know, you're a pretty desperate character."

"Am I?" Anne laughed. "What have you been doing in Constant—was what I asked you."

"Oh, collecting—" "Still jewels?"

"Yes. I've got the most wonderful diamond in the world, not excepting the Koh-i-noor. Do you remember the big story the newspapers had nine months ago, about the famous Pool of Biss? How it had belonged to the Prophet Mahomet, and was worth untold gold?"

"Yes."

"I'VE got it," said Hartington, and now his manner became restrained, tremulous excitement. "It's taken me nine months to get it. It's cost me a million dollars to buy it." Anne studied him. "You know, Lea," she said, "you are a fool, risking all these things for the sake of a few bits of carbon. Why don't you have a good time?"

"I do," said Hartington, relaxing somewhat. "This is my good time."

"You ought to be married and settled down," said Anne.

"Ah!"

His eyes met hers steadily and a little flush crept up from her throat while, for the first time since she had known him, she had a hint of the incredible thing those eyes told her.

Of course, he was not so much older than herself—not all that older, at any rate. He was, she thought, nearly forty, just past thirty-nine. She was twenty-three.

Anne hurriedly changed the subject.

"You're staying to-night, Lea?"

"Yes. I can't stay longer. Look here, Anne, won't you come along with me? You shouldn't be hanging around in these Continental watering-places by yourself. It lays you open to all sorts of little-tattle. If you don't want to leave Europe, I tell you what I'll do. Instead of going to Cherbourg, I'll go to London, take you with me, and drop you at the Davis."

Anne shook her head. "Thanks, Lea. But not for me, thank you. The Davis' are all right; in fact, they're dears. But I don't

think I could enjoy them just now. I want to stay here. I've sent Aunt Jane on to them. She loves them."

Hartington laughed.

"But you were saying you were staying to-night. Now you're a friend in need. There's a terrific do at the casino, and I want to go. I understand that ladies alone are not admitted. They're considered dangerous creatures in El Estrellado. Well—you'll take me, won't you?"

Hartington pursed his lips. "I had intended staying in the hotel to-night. But," his eyes were soft as they met Anne's, "if you ask me, Anne, I must do it, mustn't I?"

"Of course," said Anne, and smiled at him kindly. Once more she was blushing.

A man sitting behind an upheld newspaper could not fail to hear these remarks, and after Anne and Hartington had left the hall this man strolled over to the telephone-box in the corner. He was Ramon Loresno.

He rang up Vesey.

"Hartington's here," he said. "Arrived six hours earlier than expected. He's friendly with that American girl—Trelawney. They're going to the casino to-night."

"Are they?" Vesey was silent a moment. Then he said: "Listen, Ramon. This wants thinking about. Meantime tip Blanca that she will watch out during her dance, and if the lights go out she will be ready for anything."

"All right," said Ramon, and hung up the receiver.

ANNE and Hartington dined together at the Magnifique that evening and after the meal Anne said: "Lea, I'm wondering whether, after all, you had better stay away from the stair at the casino. What about that diamond?"

Hartington smiled. "I'm going to take you," he said. "You made me agree to do so, and I'm certainly not going to miss the chance. The diamond will be all right."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"I shall take it with me."

Anne stared at him. "Take it to the casino?"

"Yes. Why not?"

She shook her head. "You're crazy, Lea." "Not so much as you think. You see, if there is anybody after it, and you can bet there is, because a stone like that has always a following of scoundrels trying to snatch both from the man who owns it and from one another, they'll imagine it's in one of two places while I'm at the casino—my baggage or the safe of the hotel."

"Where I was going to suggest you placed it," said Anne.

"Exactly. Well, I don't intend to do so. As a matter of fact, I shall take it with me. It is the last thing they will expect me to do."

"It might be the first, Lea. They might allow for all three contingencies."

"No. They won't think I'll carry it about. Besides, the casino will be crowded. There will be lights, a mass of people, politeness—an impossible situation for the knocking over of any man."

"All right," Anne studied him a moment;

then said, "I should love to see it."

"I'll show it to you." His eyes twinkled. "I have been expecting you to ask that question ever since I told you about it."

They went upstairs, and Hartington dropped into his room on the way. In Anne's sitting-room he showed her the diamond.

Anne picked it up.

"It's wonderful," she breathed. "Really wonderful, Lea. I can understand you going just crazy about collecting these things when you get hold of genius like this. It almost seems alive—as though it watches." She looked up at him. "But—Lea, do you know, it almost frightens me, and I'm not easily frightened. It seems so old and wicked."

Hartington smiled. "That's a confession, Anne. Like all these big stones, it's got a history. There is the usual tale of blood and murder and that kind of thing. I won't bore you by repeating it. But there's one other thing—a legend, a tradition, what you will, attached to it, which is more or less interesting and not quite so ordinary."

"What is it?"

He took the diamond from her and weighed it in his hand. His voice had dropped, and his eyes were fixed on hers very steadily.

"It is said that to the owners of this diamond will come everything in the world except love. They shall have riches, health, good fortune in all things except that. They shall go unloved all their days—unloved of women, that is."

"That's silly, Lea, isn't it?" said Anne, uncomfortable under his gaze.

"Is it, Anne?"

He swayed towards her as he spoke, and his face was eager.

He added: "If I thought it true I'd throw the thing out of the window—now."

"You would not, Lea Hartington. Rather than that I'd take it myself and risk being loved." She was trying to laugh at him.

His hand sought and held hers.

"Anne, this may be silly, this legend, and all that. But when I saw you to-day I wished I hadn't got the stone. I wished I had never bought it; that it had been stolen from me."

It was childish, but his earnestness was such that she forgot its childishness. His eyes held hers, very grave eyes and very tender, steadfast, kindly. A woman, she realised, would have an easy road through life if she walked with such a man.

Anne tried to smile, but it was a failure. She squeezed Hartington's fingers as they held hers.

"Lea," she said, "put the diamond away. Put it away." And then: "Of course, there is nothing in the story. There can be nothing. It is only a picturesque tradition. You say all these stones have traditions?"

He turned the diamond over. "All right, Anne." He was as a man awaking from a dream. "I'll put it away, Anne. You are not offended?"

"Lea, how can you ask? I—I think I'm ever so proud. Just that."

He allowed her fingers to linger in his for a moment, while he still regarded her gravely and tenderly.

The room was very quiet.

T

HE ball was held in the Salle Andalousie of the great casino, and thither flocked everybody who was notable in El Estrelado.

After her talk with Hartington, Anne viewed the prospect with mixed feelings. She was not sure whether she wanted to go or not, and to be uncertain of what she wanted was something so new to her that it caused her a slight despondency. She kept telling herself that she was "very fond" of Hartington, and the half-hearted nature of the admission only served to accentuate her uneasiness and unhappiness.

She found herself looking for De Valda, and tried to persuade herself that it was curiously alone which impelled the search. He was not there.

This rather astonished her, for if he was, as he said, the owner of El Estrelado, it was surely an extraordinary circumstance that he should refrain from visiting what must surely be one of the most important social functions of the country's season.

She danced with Hartington, chatted, laughed, enjoyed herself to the full—and all the time looked for De Valda.

He did not come. Neither had Bianca Cervano put in an appearance.

At midnight Bianca came.

A bell rang. It was just as a dance had ended. A man appeared at the great curtains which draped a high doorway at the end of the hall. The man was Vesey.

Seeing him thus, though she knew him and had talked to him, Anne could almost have imagined she was meeting a stranger. The tall, purple curtains, though they towered high above him, did not seem to dwarf him. He stood with his pale, bland face, his faultless dress, very calm, watchful, composed, even dominant.

The room was silent.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "it is my pleasure to introduce to you La Cervano."

An outburst of applause, and, swiftly after it, the music of the orchestra.

The lights of the hall were dimmed, but not extinguished, so that the whole place swam with misted light, which drifted to gloom in the far corner.

The dancers had drawn back away from the floor centre.

Vesey had vanished. He had stepped back through the curtains. It was done so quickly and unobtrusively that he appeared to have melted into thin air.

Bianca came.

She began to dance, slowly, with insolent, languorous grace. The tap of her heels, the click of her castanets, were startlingly loud and clear on the stillness of the great room.

To Anne it was as though she stood behind a veil watching some vividly living creature in another world, moving in a dream of riotous coloring.

THE insistent music quickened. It was as though war-drums, beating low across the hills, gradually rose in volume and sound.

The music became tumultuous. It seemed like to rend the roof. It whipped Bianca to fury, so that she flung this way and that, postured, stamped, scorned, invited.

So up and up till it crashed to silence, a great chord, throbbing through the place, echoing and re-echoing in the vaulted roof—with Bianca still, quiescent, her hands outflung.

They began to applaud. She bowed and smiled. She withdrew behind the curtains. The applause increased. She came out again. Women were throwing flowers.

The music restarted.

It was more indolent, this, more sensuous, an invitation in rhythmic movement more compelling than any words.

It changed. There was fury, hate, jealousy, crashing music, wildness—

The lights went out.

The arc sizzled and flared, drooped and died. The dimmed lights in the roof were blotted from sight.

On the whole great place came utter and abysmal darkness.

Instinctively Anne clung to Hartington.

"What is it, Lea?" she asked.

"Fuse blown," said Hartington. "That's all."

He had hardly spoken when a yell was raised from somewhere beyond the hall. It

came shrill with terror, plain to the ears of everybody in the place.

"Fire! Fire!"

There was a vivid red glow, with shadows fitting across it. An acrid smell mingled with the perfumes.

Somebody rushed. Who, it was never known, though afterwards Anne guessed it was Bianca.

Those who were fearful panicked. Those who might have remained unafraid were swept with those who rushed.

The orderly crowd was orderly no longer. It became a jostling, scrambling, fear-filled mass of folk, each anxious for his or her own safety.

Anne and Hartington, standing side by side, were suddenly swept sideways and round. All about them unseen hands were clawing and pushing. All about them people trampled and fought.

THE place rang with cries, screams, shouts. Hartington tried to clear a space for Anne, and did not succeed.

Anne went from him.

Neither she nor he knew how it was done. She only knew that strong hands snatched her and pulled her away.

She cried out and fought, but against those who held her she had no chance.

She was hustled across the floor and out through an arched doorway, into a corridor which was as dark as the room.

There she was left. Her captors ran away from her, and all she knew of them were their light padding footsteps receding along the corridor.

She stood against the wall, panting for breath, aghast at the happening, amazed at its denouement.

Why had they done it? Why—

The diamond! Lea Hartington's diamond, which he had persisted in bringing with him. Suppose it were all a joke! Suppose the extinguishing of the lights, the fire, were a sham part of a gigantic trick to get the diamond!

With this, Anne turned back towards the hall. She had not the faintest idea what she intended to do, but she was convinced she should get to Hartington as soon as possible.

As she turned, a man darted from the arched doorway which led back to the hall. He was running hard with his head down and he almost cannoned into her when he straightened himself and checked.

It was De Valda.

"Senorita! What are you doing out here?" She thought he looked hard and dreadful, a man in a white heat of rage which seared below the surface.

"I don't know!" Anne stepped in front of him. "What is the meaning of it? Why have the lights gone out? There is no fire."

He gestured quickly. "Fire! You are right there. Where is that fool countryman of yours?"

"If you mean Mr. Hartington—" began Anne icily.

"Tchah! This is no time for niceties. Where is he?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

De Valda ran on. He said nothing more. He did not even bow, but he sprinted down the corridor as though his deadliest foe were at his heels heavily armed.

Anne watched his shadowy form vanish into the darkness, and pursed her lips.

"Lea Hartington," she murmured. "You've backed the wrong horse. That fellow's question shows there's a game on."

At that moment the lights in the corridor came on, as did the lights in the hall.

Of all the well-dressed crowd which had filled the Salle Andalousie there was hardly a single member who did not feel ashamed of him or herself.

Some of the folk were injured. A woman had broken an arm.

Vesey came out through the curtains. He looked very pale, but his eyes were hard and bright, and there was still about him his usual bland placidity.

He began to speak.

Nobody could be more sorry than he at the catastrophic nature of this happening. The main switch had been pushed to the off position. Some red fire had been burnt. A panic had been deliberately raised.

The reason for all this he was unable to state. If it had been intended as a practical joke, then, it overstepped the border-line of joking and became a criminal matter. The police were telephoned for and were on their way. He would esteem it a favor if every lady and gentleman present would ascertain that they had lost no valuables during the incident. Those who had might step round to his office, where he would see them. It was the wish of himself and those responsible for the casing that nobody should suffer.

MEANTIME Anne, having heard Vesey's speech, having characterised it as a lie from start to finish, had searched the room for Hartington.

He was not there.

Her worst suspicions confirmed, she went out to the corridors.

She felt suddenly cold and her heart seemed to be beating about four times as fast as usual.

Anne stood still. She wanted to make frantic search for Hartington and she did not know how or where to start. As she stood she saw him.

He came along the corridor towards her, lurching slightly in his walk, with a wound in his head and his collar half ripped off. His bow hung at his shirt front and the shirt itself was torn and filthy.

"Lea!" If ever Anne had wanted to throw her arms about a man it was at that moment when she saw him.

She rushed up to him and clutched both his hands.

"Lea! I thought—something had happened. But—you're all right—you're here! Oh Lea! I—hardly know what to say to you."

He obviously pulled himself together.

"Anne," he said, "they've got the stone. They outed me when they dragged you away. It was a double event done so quickly that I'd hardly realised you'd gone when I went down, and realised nothing else. But—I know one of them."

Anne slipped her arm through his. "Come on, Lea; the police are coming. You can tell them everything." She was more concerned at his hurt than his loss.

As they moved they heard a step behind them, and for the second time since the lights went out Anne saw De Valda.

Hartington swung round, and his eyes blazed as they rested on the Argentino. His movement towards the man was so fierce that it flung Anne from him to the wall.

"You!" snarled Hartington. "You were one of them! Where's my diamond?"

De Valda was perfectly at his ease, tantalisingly so. Anne could have struck him. That Hartington did not strike him was ever afterwards a source of wonder to Anne. "I beg your pardon, señor. What diamond?"

Hartington's lips compressed. "Don't talk like that. It doesn't get across with me. I saw you, and—"

"Whore, señor? Smoke?"

De Valda offered his cigarette. Hartington did not appear to notice them. De Valda selected one and lit it, watching Hartington across the match flame all the time.

Hartington went on as though De Valda had not spoken.

"I saw you, and I would know you anywhere."

"I asked where, señor?" De Valda watched the smoke spiral from his cigarette end, as he twisted the thin white tube in his fingers.

"Out there!" snarled Hartington. "Where I was carried and robbed."

De Valda smiled. "Are you sure, señor? Do you not think you might have been carried there after being robbed?"

"So do you know something about it?" De Valda shrugged his shoulders. "I merely make the suggestion. It is one anybody of sense would make."

Hartington laughed shortly. "Menning I have none?"

"A man who carries the most valuable diamond in the world to an affair like this certainly lays himself open to such suspicion," observed De Valda, his eyes fixed steadily on Hartington's.

Hartington ignored the insult.

"So you know what diamond! So your question was an evasion!"

De Valda looked apologetic. "A slip, señor. In a court of law I fear you would condemn me utterly, even though my case was good. I am not a sound arguer."

"Oh—you can talk. Now listen, my friend. I understand the police are on their way here. I am going to lay information against you. I shall say I saw you, and shall identify you as being among the men who robbed me."

De Valda's smile vanished, and his face set.

"That is a wide statement, señor. Are you sure it is a true one?"

Hartington did not answer the question direct.

"I came to myself out there," he said heatedly. "I was lying behind a great clump of rhododendrons. There was a man moving away from me, and he looked round as I stirred. I saw his face distinctly. It was yours."

De Valda's brows were knit. His politeness was more icy, he was more urban and suave than ever.

He took the cigarette from between his lips.

"You would, in fact, call me a thief, señor?"

"Why not?" demanded Hartington.

ANNE shrank back against the wall, her hands pressed palm downwards to it, her eyes wide.

De Valda's tone was velvet.

"You are a liar!"

Hartington knocked him down.

De Valda got up. Anne rushed forward.

"Stop! Stop!"

De Valda put out his arm so that she ran into it and could not come between them.

De Valda spoke to Hartington.

"That," he said, "was Anglo-Saxon. It was cowardly, too, for it was unexpected. You rare thinks a blow smothers everything. Instead, a blow but starts everything. It will give me pleasure to kill you at dawn with any weapons you care to select."

Anne gasped.

Hartington steadied himself. The flaring rage died from his eyes.

He bowed. "As you will, señor. If the blow I gave you appeared to you to be cowardly, then you have my apologies for it. As you say, it is the way of my people. You calling me a liar, however; I will meet you. Small swords—no seconds."

De Valda bowed.

"In the gardens on the top of Cap Gris at six o'clock. It will suit you? I shall bring the swords. You probably have none."

"Six o'clock," said Hartington.

De Valda bowed to him. "I think," he said, "that you might easily become a gentleman."

He bowed to Anne and walked away.

ANNE crossed to Hartington and seized his arm.

"Les! Whatever have you done? It's madness!"

"Is it?" said Hartington, grimly. "I want to kill that fellow, with his sneaky talk and his smile. I suppose you imagine him a fine fencer and me a duid, eh? Well, I was the best man at Harvard when I was there, and I think I can give a good account of myself. Now I'm going to see the police and take you back to the hotel. Come along."

He interviewed the head of the gendarmerie, and that official was suitably dismayed and astonished when he heard of the extent of Hartington's loss. It was colossal, he said. If it became known it would be a blot on the escutcheon of El Estrellado. He was more than desolated. He almost suffered from mental paralysis.

Hartington, en route to the hotel, confided to Anne that, in the vulgar phraseology of his more colloquial countryman, the chief of police was a "muth," and had about as much chance of getting the diamond back as he had of picking a bit out of the moon.

"I'll have to do it myself," he added.

"Meanwhile, I'm cabling for Lannagan."

Lannagan, Anne knew, was the ablest private detective in the United States.

They were alone on the first landing. At that hour the hotel was drowsing, and, below them, the all-night clerk was sleepy over a book.

Anne put her hand on Hartington's arm.

"Les, are you going to the Cap Gris at six o'clock?"

"Of course I am."

"Then—then I may never see you again."

"Don't be silly." He laughed at her. "Now why do you think I've cabled Lannagan if I'm not coming back?"

She shook her head. "Be serious, Les. There is a chance that you might not. And—I should miss you—ever so."

"Anne!" He was eager and tender; his eyes alight. He went on: "If—that's true, Anne, then I almost wish I wasn't fighting."

"You mustn't say that, Les. But you know it must be true. You know I must miss you."

She looked up at him, and their eyes held steadily for a moment. Then she turned and ran into her room.

Hartington walked slowly down to the lounge.

Anne could not sleep. The short southern night was ended, and still her eyes were open. Through her window she could see the primroses down-light flooding the eastern hillock.

She bathed and dressed leisurely, and did not feel tired. She rang for coffee and a maid brought it. The maid, Anne could see, was as near mutiny as it was possible for a maid to be.

By this time—it was just after five o'clock—Anne decided suddenly the question which had lurked at the back of her mind ever since she had got from her bed.

She would go to the Cap Gris.

It was more than half an hour's walk through the keen, clear air to the top of the headland, and when she reached the gardens her cheeks were flushed, as with wine, and her eyes were like stars.

There was nobody there.

She went into the gardens, and, finding a convenient open space—the largest of all the grass-grown spaces—she concluded that was where the duel would take place, and secreted herself in the thickness of the shrubbery.

Her conclusions were correct. Hartington and De Valda arrived together. They had evidently met on the hill on the way up. They came straight to the open space.

"This," said De Valda, "should suit our purpose admirably. May I offer you the swords, señor?"

He unfastened a long case he carried and held it out so that Hartington could inspect its contents.

HARTINGTON took out a rapier, bent it, swing it, and used it confidently. De Valda smiled.

"I perceive that when you selected rapiers you chose a weapon of which you know something," he said. "It should be an entertaining meeting."

He tossed the box to one side, under the bushes.

Hartington slipped off his coat, waistcoat and collar, and De Valda slipped off his jacket. He was dressed in the suit of white flannels in which Anne had met him when she made her escape from the house behind the casino, and his silken shirt was open at the throat. They rolled their sleeves above their elbows, Hartington displaying a pair of white, muscled arms sturdy and strong. De Valda a pair of brown-skinned arms, long and lithe and sinewy, with wrists supple and tough as whipcord.

Anne tried to break through the bushes, but something held her rooted to the ground. She could not move and she could not cry out. She could only stand and watch and feel afraid.

She heard De Valda say: "By the way, it may interest you to know that the diamond is still in El Estrellado, as far as my judgment serves me. So that if you are fortunate enough to escape with your life this morning you need not leave this beautiful spot. Even the cleverest men are fools sometimes, and the man who has, I think, stolen the diamond, is foolishly staying on."

He lifted his sword sharply upright, with its hilt to his chin.

"Señor!"

Hartington imitated him.

They had engaged before Anne realised it.

There was little movement—no slashing, stamping or jumping.

They stood for some time, with the long, thin blades rasping on one another, ducking this way and that, with their points searching—searching.

Now and again a foot moved a hand.

On the grass these movements made no sound, and the only noise apart from the steel's grate was the quickened breath of the fighters.

The fight speeded. Its speeding was almost imperceptible until Anne realised it, then it became horribly perceptible.

It was due to De Valda. He was playing faster. His sword was moving faster. And he still smiled. Only now his eyes dwelt on Hartington's face almost reflectively. He was, though Anne, in her ignorance of

such matters, knew it not, a very wonderful swordsman, a descendant of a race of swordsmen whose names had been known throughout Europe in the days of ruffles and rapiers.

Now Hartington was certainly distressed. His breath was a little uneven. He fought, not with actual desperation, but certainly with desperate defence.

They circled still more, so that Anne could see his face.

He was unafraid! She was glad for that. He displayed no fear, only a tremendous bulldog resolution.

But of a certainty, Hartington's life was in De Valda's right hand, hung on the turn and the flick of De Valda's supple wrist.

Hartington's lips were slightly parted. For the first time he gave ground from sheer attack. De Valda lunged. The blade tore Hartington's shirt sleeve from elbow to shoulder.

De Valda laughed.

Anne held her lips with her hand.

Another lunge, and the other shirt sleeve ripped. It was wonderful, it was miraculous. Only it meant death. So that in it Anne could see nothing at which to marvel, but a great deal at which to shudder.

Hartington, lunging forward, to deliver a stroke he hoped might end the fight, slipped, staggered sideways, with his right ankle bending under him.

De Valda stood still, his point lowered. He could have run Hartington through during that stagger, but he refrained from doing so. Anne, horrified though she was, noticed and appreciated that.

Hartington sprawled on the grass and his sword went from his grip.

De Valda picked it up while Hartington climbed to his feet.

"Allow me, señor," he said. Hartington took the sword.

They began again.

But now Hartington stood still. He made no attempt to move either forward or backward, and so he became immediately an easy victim to De Valda's trickery.

De Valda toyed with him for a moment and a little puzzled expression crept into his eyes. His gaze wandered towards Hartington's right ankle and leg, with the smear of grassy mud extending down it.

He fought as though warily and withdrew a little. Hartington did not follow him.

He then leapt in so fiercely that Hartington was forced to give back a pace. In this his weight came upon his right foot and a spasm of pain crossed his face.

IT ended at last. There was a lightning movement, in which De Valda's whole lithe, panther-like body seemed flung at the joint of his wrist. There was a clash and a whirr.

Hartington's sword tossed in the morning sunshine, described an arc, and dropped point downwards in the turf, where it stood quivering like a frightened live thing.

With the clash of steel ended the place was heavily silent.

De Valda stretched out his sword, and putting its point under the cross hilt of Hartington's reflectively lifted the weapon from the grass, balancing it gracefully.

"I perceive," he said, "that you are hurt. It is unfortunate for me, because I wished to kill you, and now I am unable to do so."

"Why?" snapped Hartington. "My hurt is my own affair. De Valda. Give me my word." He made a dash for the weapon.

De Valda flicked it away beyond his reach and whistled softly.

"You know you are an extremely obstinate man," he said gently.

Hartington muttered something and limped after his sword. On this Anne ran from the bushes. "Les! Les! What are you doing?" she cried.

De Valda gestured despairingly.

"So it ends!" While Hartington stood still De Valda retrieved the sword and put them both into their case.

He slipped on his jacket.

"Senor, I would that I had sprained my ankle. I would willingly die if so beautiful a woman cried on me like that." He bowed to Anne.

"Senorita—it is a very beautiful morning. Until this moment I had not perceived it."

He walked away through the trees with the sword case under his arm.

ANNE and Hartington faced each other in the glade. Below them, receding, they could hear De Valda whistling tunefully a colorful song of old Spain. His exit had been so gracefully contrived, so swiftly carried out, that both of them were still surprised at the sudden nature of his disappearance.

As by a stroke of the sword he had used so skilfully, the whole tragic business had been converted into delightful ironic comedy.

Hartington spoke first. "Were you there all the time, Anne?"

"Yes, Les."

"Why?" The question was almost curt, almost angry.

"I—had to come. I just couldn't sleep, and I just couldn't stay away. I wanted to run out before—only something prevented me."

Hartington hit his lip. "I have been humiliated," he said bitterly. "Before you."

Anne changed the subject.

"Let us get down to the hotel, Les. Do you think you can walk all right?"

"I'll try," said Hartington.

"All right. Lean on me as hard as you like."

They began the descent of the hill, and Hartington's arm was across Anne's shoulders. The walk was long and painful, and punctuated by constant rests. More than once practically the whole of Hartington's weight was on Anne, but she bore it very bravely, and displayed considerable strength.

So at last they reached the foot of the hill and saw a cab, which Anne hailed.

In a little while they were back at the hotel, and Anne began to stir things to life. It was then after seven, and she procured hot water and bandages, sent for a doctor, ordered breakfast, and generally made things hum.

The hotel people cursed her under their breath and were smiling obedient to her face.

The doctor arrived. He was a grave, elderly Frenchman, and his skill was obvious.

He pronounced sentence on Hartington after a very brief examination.

A week without walking, and a fortnight's care after that, and he would be fit.

Hartington cursed the decision wholeheartedly, but had to accept it. When the doctor had gone he said to Anne: "And what about my diamond? What about when Lannagan comes, and I'm stuck here like a fool?"

"The handle Lannagan and the case," said Anne. "It's just the kind of excitement I want."

"You'll do no such thing," declared Hartington. "Those people, whoever they are are desperate."

"We'll see," smiled Anne.

That night three men met in Vesey's room in the low white house behind the casino.

The meeting was a momentous one for Anne, De Valda and Hartington.

There was Vesey, bland and placid, and the two Lorenzos—Ramon and Pepe; Pepe very fat and swarthy and greasy, with curly, greasy black hair and little dark eyes set in brown creases of fat. He smoked an extremely long, thin cheroot which gave forth an abominable and choking odor.

Ramon said: "Don't you think we had better go now?"

Vesey shook his head. "No. I've asked two fellows here so that we can discuss things."

He looked from one to the other as though he weighed them up carefully.

"Now listen. I'll put it plainly. We-Jackson and I (as you know, Jackson's now dead)—got a lease from old De Valda on this land where the casino is built. It seems that this chunk of territory is the last bit left of all the De Valda European estates."

Vesey went on. "Old De Valda was in a bad way. He'd kicked off in the Argentine, and foot and mouth disease had nearly basted him. You'll remember they stopped the importation of South American cattle into England, for instance. He was on his uppers. I met him at Monte Carlo. El Estrellado has always been a place that struck me as ideal from the casino standpoint. I tackled De Valda. I came to an arrangement with him something like this. I took this chunk of land on lease—all of it, from the hills to the sea, east and west—the whole darned country. I said, 'I'd develop it. He was no business man. He just handed it to me on a rental he thought huge. Anyhow, the rental saved his bacon, and he afterwards became a millionaire."

"Now," continued Vesey, "you didn't know all that, because I didn't think it necessary to tell you when you came into partnership with me. The rest you know fairly well, and yet it might bear repeating." He paused: "In repeating it, and in adding what I intend to add, I want you to remember that girl—Anne Trelawney."

W

HY Anne Trelawney?" asked Ramon.

"Because," replied Vesey, "she's the richest girl in the world, and, therefore, worth a whole lot to anybody who gets hold of her; and, further, De Valda's mad about her. He wants her. We might be able to use that to come to terms with him."

"Well—I got the lease. I built the casino. That started the trouble. De Valda came down like a raging lion. He said my contract had been to develop the place, to make it a wonderful pleasure and health resort. Instead, I was proposing to make it a hell on earth."

Vesey grinned. "He didn't like casinos, which is curious, for Spaniards are gamblers. Anyhow, his family pride was touched. He raved like a madman. He swore he would blow the place to smithereens. Jackson and I got out the lease contract. It was cast-iron. We could do what we liked. You bet we'd seen to that!"

Ramon nodded. He was sure they had. Pepe giggled and knocked the black-grey ash from his cheroot on to the carpet.

"There's an ash-tray in front of you," said Vesey sharply.

"I see it," answered Pepe. "Go on, Vesey."

Vesey glowered at him. "We beat De Valda. The agreement was submitted to

a lawyer and he told De Valda he had no case to fight. He went back to the Argentine, vowing that his one aim would be to make a large fortune, to sling us out when our lease was up, and to destroy all traces of our work, even though in doing so he robbed El Estrellado of half its visitors and had to find money from his own pocket to keep the place going."

"He was a fool," observed Ramon.

"Of course. Only, unfortunately, he's pipped us. He brought his son up on this casino business. I imagine the lad had it morning, noon and night. He got El Estrellado and its gambling hell on the brain. His last words to his father were a promise that he would carry on the good work."

Vesey stopped.

After a short silence, he added quietly: "The lease expires in one month's time."

Ramon whistled. Pepe giggled.

Ramon said: "That is why De Valda is here?"

"Yes."

Pepe observed: "And that is why you instructed me . . ." He paused. "I've never missed with a knife-throw before. If I'd got him . . ."

"You bungled it," said Vesey. "Anyhow, it's done. That was the biggest mess you've ever made, Pepe. I intended to get De Valda before he was on his guard. I thought a swift kill, and a quiet burial, and our troubles were over. Instead, like the giggling idiot you are, you spoilt it. The man is now as watchful as a cat."

PEPE accepted the rebuke without protest. When Vesey was like this there was a quality in him which Pepe recognised as something stronger than anything he himself possessed. He was terrible, but Vesey could be more terrible if occasion demanded.

"What is the idea, then?" asked Ramon.

"The idea is this," said Vesey. "This De Valda is the last of the tribe. They've got some distant cousins in Barcelona, or somewhere, folk of another name, who don't care a curse about the family escutcheon and all that rot. If this De Valda dies then that crowd are the heirs. They get the estates in the Argentine, they get El Estrellado. Now they won't worry about casinos and gambling halls. They'll be only too willing to renew the lease and go off and count their cattle in the Argentine. So De Valda dead means ourselves very much alive. We don't sacrifice all the money we've been drawing. We carry on, as secure as anybody can possibly be, and we can run our side-shows without fear."

Pepe did not giggle now. He was painfully aware that they stood at cross-roads in their lives.

Spending the income of millionaires annually, they yet were poor men in capital.

If De Valda ousted them, then they were ruined.

"I wish," said Pepe dimly, "I had not missed with that knife."

"You did," said Vesey shortly. "So why groan? Anyhow, we've got a month."

"Yes." Ramon was very serious. "De Valda must certainly die. I wonder why he came here—why he stays—knowing the risk he runs."

"Because he imagines himself capable of beating us, I think," said Vesey.

Pepe lit another cheroot. "What about the diamond?" he asked.

"Ah! I knew Hartington had it. We had word, you'll remember, I thought it a good thing to take it. You see, it represents capital—a kind of solid reserve fund easily taken away if we have to bolt."

"We split thirds," he went on smoothly. "You'll remember that, you two? Any game—no split. Because you'll get your lot—in lead."

Pepe gestured magnificently. "Vesey—how can you?"

"Easily," snarled Vesey.

"What about the girl?" asked Ramon hurriedly. "Where does she come in?"

"The girl," said Vesey deliberately, "does not yet come in, because I don't see how to get her in exactly. But this is my idea—or, rather, my two ideas. One is that she is so rich that she doesn't know what she's worth. Well, such a girl, ransomed, would bring a whole lot eh?"

"The other idea is this," added Vesey. "De Valda is mad on her. He brought her here, and she dodged him. I helped in that and made a note of the fact. Now, if anything would twist De Valda to reconsider that lease question it might be something to do with the girl. If we could only get her so that we could use her to force De Valda to cancel that agreement and let us carry on—then we should be saved."

"That," said Ramon, "is the better scheme of the two. In fact, it is the best scheme of all."

"Yes. It wants thinking about," agreed Vesey. "Go over it and plan something. Well—that's the lot."

That same evening, while Vesey was laying everything plainly before Ramon and Pepe Lorenzo, De Valda called on Anne.

It was after dinner, and his card was brought to her on the roof garden. Scribbled on it were a few words:

"A moment of your time—if you please."

De Valda was shown up to the garden.

Anne was sitting in her favorite seat under the shade of a palm, a rather secluded spot which, while it was certainly not hidden from the otherfolk, was yet sufficiently private for the conducting of an intimate conversation.

She instructed De Valda to sit, and studied him unobtrusively.

HE certainly was handsome, and his ease of manner added to his undeniable charm.

"I called," said De Valda, "to enquire if Mr. Hartington's foot was as bad as it seemed. I trust he is not going to be seriously inconvenienced by the accident."

"It's fairly bad," said Anne. "He has to lie up for a week, and then must be careful for a fortnight."

"A regrettable affair," observed De Valda.

"By the way, were you present all the time this morning?"

"Yes."

"You had come to see me disposed of. eh? You anticipated that I should offend your sight no longer." He was laughing at her in the way she knew so well.

"No. I was indifferent. I wanted to stop Mr. Hartington from fighting. We don't do that kind of thing."

"That is hurtful, isn't it?"

"Perhaps." She paused, considering him.

After all, he had been very chivalrous on Cap Gris that morning. She unbent a little. "I should like to say how much I appreciated your forbearance when you saw

Mr. Hartington was hurt."

He looked lugubrious. "It was not for-

bearance. It was annoyance. One cannot kill a lame man. And so I wanted to kill him. You see"—his dark eyes seemed to darken—"you smile on him. He stands between you and me, that colorless man;

and one day he must go, because one day I shall take you."

Ordinarily, Anne would have laughed. Lots of men had threatened one day to make her theirs—and she had laughed.

She tried desperately to appear indifferent.

"Is that a threat or a compliment?" she asked.

"Neither," he said gravely. "It is an intention expressed and fully fixed."

He leaned further across the table, speaking intensely, with his eyes burning into hers.

"You are pretending you do not care, but I can see the pretence in your eyes. You are endeavoring to appear cold and indifferent, but all the time I know the blood is courting in your veins and your pulses are thumping madly. And because I know it is written in your face for me to see, I love—love you! And because I love you every thought, your every inclination is something plain to my eyes. You are to me as an open book. I can tell the pride of you, the folly, and the great goodness which lies beneath."

She was breathing a little faster than usual and her cheeks were flushed. Her eyes were bright, alight. Her hands, clasped on the table top, worked nervously.

And then Anne thought of Hartington, with his grave kindness, his reserved courtesy, his patient honesty, his inability to voice the snide phrases of De Valda.

To listen to De Valda now, with Hartington lying on his back and unable to move, seemed suggestive of the unfair. Hartington was handicapped.

Yet it was intriguing—she found no stronger word—to listen to De Valda.

The night was delicious with soft breezes and flower scents.

De Valda said softly: "You do not speak. Have I offended you by those last words?"

She steadied herself. He had called her foolish and proud. It was presumptuous of him—but perhaps he was right. The incredible was happening. Anne Trelawney was acknowledging a few of her faults.

She said: "Are you sorry for your treatment of me? I think we could be friends if you were."

He hesitated. The temptation to be her friend was evidently tremendous. Then he shook his head.

"I want your love," he said.

On this he stretched out his hand and took hers in a grip so strong and swift that she was unable to release it. Before she realised what he was doing her fingers were lifted and pressed to his lips.

A SHADOW fell across the table—a shadow which hesitated and then moved on.

Blushing, sugary, disturbed, Anne looked up.

Bianca Cervano was walking by. De Valda released Anne's hand and got to his feet. He bowed towards Bianca.

Bianca smiled at him and then at Anne. There was something in the smile which Anne found to be chilling. Bianca walked on.

Anne said to De Valda: "And now, señor, I should esteem it if you would leave me. You seem to be not content with pestering me in private but even carry it into public. Good night—and good bye."

He was staring after Bianca and his eyes were dark. He recovered his wits as Anne finished speaking.

"Good night, señorita. Not good-bye. You are offended because a man offers homage in the shape of a kiss. There are many women"—his eyes strayed momentarily.

tarily after Bianca once more—"who would treasure such homage from Vincente de Valda."

She laughed. "Good night—señor."

"Good night, señorita." He looked at her slyly. "And may all your dreams come true—those dreams you dreamt just now."

He walked away.

She watched him and hated him and admired the liaison sway of his figure and the carriage of his sleek head.

to stay on here—to win from me the man I love."

Anne did not deny it. She was pretending to be indifferent.

"Well, you may try. And we shall see what happens. Only you will remember I have told you—you may die in El Estreñido."

Bianca walked out.

Had Anne followed Bianca from the hotel she would have traced her direct to the low white house behind the casino.

Kron greeted her with a smile.

"You have come to see the master, señorita?"

"Yes." Bianca paused, considering him. "Kron—would you be willing to earn twenty thousand pesetas—if the need arose?"

Kron's smile broadened into a grin.

"For twenty thousand pesetas there is always need," he said.

Bianca nodded. "All right. This is between you and me. There may be no need, however."

Kron telephoned through to Vesey and Bianca was shown up to the office-room where Anne had first met him.

He greeted her with a hint of sourness. "It's early. What do you want?" he asked. "To see you about that woman—Trelawney."

"What about her?" Vesey displayed some indifference, which, however, neither deceived nor perturbed Bianca.

HAVE you decided to deal with her—or have you abandoned the project, and think the diamond enough?"

"Why?" There was some insolence in Vesey's expression as he glanced towards Bianca.

"Because I wish to know."

He regarded her sourly.

Bianca tried to meet his gaze and failed. "I want to know," she repeated. "It is just a whim of mine, something I can't explain."

"Can't you?" Vesey was very cold, and all trace of sourness and ill-temper had gone from him; only in its stead was something more dreadful, a chill threat, cynical, sardonic, unswerving.

"I will tell you," he said. "Even though you yourself cannot explain it, I can."

"What do you mean?" Bianca was quick with resentful anger.

"Vicente de Valda," said Vesey quietly. "Now listen!"

"I—" began Bianca.

The telephone bell rang. Vesey picked up the receiver and stopped Bianca as she went towards the door. He listened to what the person at the other end was saying, and then dropped the receiver into its place.

"That," he said, "was Gonzales at the post office. You will remember he advised us that the American, Hartington, had sent through a cablegram for Laumann, a detective. Gonzales says a wireless message from the high seas has come through. Laumann is on his way, and will be here in a few days."

"I don't care," said Bianca. "I am finished."

Bianca went out. She still looked angry but the quality of her anger was lessened. Vesey had been so undisturbed, so cold, so awfully threatening. She knew he would do all he said, and more, because she knew what he already had done.

At last she went on downstairs, and so met Kron in the hall.

There was a question in Kron's eyes which she answered.

"It will probably be necessary for me to pay you twenty thousand pesetas after all,

iron," she said. "You will hold yourself in readiness."

A day or two later Anne was sitting beside Hartington on the seaward verandah of the Magnifique. Hartington had his injured ankle on a chair in front of him.

"It would be much better, Anne," he said. "If you were to get back to London, there is danger here. It's difficult to say where, or in what fashion the threat arises, but I feel it in the air. There is direct danger to you and to me so long as we are in El Estrellado."

"Then why not both leave at the same time?" asked Anne.

"Not I. I'm staying to get my diamond back—staying until Lannagan comes."

"Then I stay, too," said Anne.

Hartington was silent for a while. During the silence he studied Anne's profile.

AT last he said: "Anne, why are you staying on?"

"Because I wish to."

Another silence, more studying of her profile; some uncertainty in his eyes, and a little doubtful pain. He spoke again.

"Anne! There is no other reason? You are not staying because—because somebody is here—somebody in whom you are interested?"

"Whatever do you mean?" asked Anne, almost however, turning round.

"De Valda," said Hartington quietly. He saw Anne's lips compress momentarily and then relax. She said frigidly, and still without turning towards him:

"In anybody else but you, Les, I should have regarded that as an insult."

"Anne," he said quietly, "I am so glad to hear that. Because that fellow is not so kind for you. Not because he and I have quarrelled; not because he's a dog . . ."

She interrupted him. "He is not that, Les. Whatever else he might be, he is a man of high breeding."

Hartington went on as though she had not spoken: "But just because he is different. He isn't our blood, nor our kind. His looks are not our ideas. His people are not our people. There is a fascination about him which I admit without admiring—and again this not because I have quarrelled with him. That fascination is dangerous and transient. Such a man might easily he hated, Anne, and as swiftly."

Anne glanced at him. Her cheeks were high with color, and there was a dangerous fire in her eyes.

"Les," she said, "I don't think there is any need to talk about him. I don't know if you persist in doing so."

His eyes searched her face keenly. "I suppose it is because I love you," he said.

She sat looking at him, flushed, her eyes tender and very kind. He smiled wistfully and eagerly. His eyes asked her more than ever his tongue could have spoken.

Just then De Valda stepped through the open doors of the drawing-room behind them and came out on to the verandah.

He bowed elegantly.

"Good morning, señorita. It is a perfect start to any day to meet you so early. And now is my friend, the enemy?" He smiled at Hartington.

Hartington nodded. "I'll be about in a day or so, thanks."

"That is good news," De Valda said.

"When you get well, señor, I would make a suggestion to you."

"What is it?" asked Hartington.

"Leave off hunting for your diamond and leave it to me to return it." He talked down Hartington's attempt to interrupt.

him. "I know you have sent for an American detective."

"How do you know that?"

De Valda shrugged his shoulders. "Everybody in the game knows it. You see—the postal service is public, and all the public services are paid by one man. He is the master."

Hartington frowned. "That is hardly a compliment to the country which I think you claim to own, señor."

De Valda's face darkened. For a moment his ease of manner slipped from him.

"You are right," he said quietly. "You are right; but you, Señor, are a clever man."

Hartington flushed angrily, and then laughed.

"Thanks! Well, Señor De Valda, you'll probably be wanting to get along. It isn't very pleasant sitting on a verandah talking to a cripple on a beautiful day like this. It's very good of you to call."

De Valda stood up. "You could send me away without further discussion of your little affair?" he asked.

"There is no reason for discussion."

De Valda gestured despairingly and glanced at Anne.

"There was one other thing, señorita, which brought me here this morning. I am wondering whether it would be possible for you to spare me half an hour of your valuable time during to-day. I would wait on you anywhere, at any time. For instance, one can take a pleasant tea in the Palm Court of the Plaza."

"I am spending the day with Mr. Hartington," said Anne coldly.

De Valda tapped the ash from his cigarette.

"I have become exceedingly unpopular," he observed. "It is a pity, because I mean so well." He bowed. "Adios."

He walked from the verandah.

THAT afternoon Anne, as was now customary with her since Hartington's hurt, went for a long walk across the cliffs beyond Cap Gris. Usually she spent the morning with Hartington, and it was he who insisted on this afternoon jaunt, for he declared her health would suffer if she suddenly ceased the vigorous exercise to which she had always been accustomed.

There is a lonely road beyond Cap Gris, which winds through a wealth of color towards the dimming, heat-blazed heights of the east, a road set high above the wonderful blue of the sea, with nodding flowers at its edges, and the great hills lifting soft and majestic north.

On this road that afternoon Anne met De Valda. He was extremely frank. He stopped her, and said:

"I have been waiting an hour, señorita. I knew you came this way each afternoon and I was determined that you should grant me my request."

She tried to leave him. "I am afraid you have wasted your time," she said. "I much prefer to walk alone."

He stepped in front of her, suddenly very intense, even angry.

"You will think this an intrusion," he said, and his voice was trembling ever so slightly. "You will regard it as one more evidence of that presumption with which you credit me and which you dislike in me. But I insist on your listening."

"Why?"

"Because no man wishes to stand by and see the woman he loves behave like a fool and worse. No man—"

"Oh, I am a fool!" Anne tried to brush him aside.

He seized her arm.

"That man—Hartington," he went on fiercely—"is worth millions of dollars. He has so much money he cannot spend it all—I—who am also worth so much—know what it is. He has this diamond. It is of colossal value. Yet, to him, it is nothing. It represents the cost of an evening's pleasure. For its sake he risks all. He risks his own life—he risks you."

Anne did not answer. She looked away.

De Valda's hand fell from her arm. He stepped closer to her, and though he had released her, she now made no attempt to leave him.

"Don't you see?" he asked. He was pleading now, and there was a strange little break in his voice. "Don't you see? I love you—love you. For that love I would lose you. I would send you away from here—send you back to your own country—with him. In doing so I know I give you to him. I know that back in New York you would marry him—because—well, just because it would be so easy. He is the kind of man any woman might regard with affection. I say that, I who have cause to hate him, I who have tried and wished to kill him."

He looked at Anne. For a little while he did not speak.

"Perhaps I can explain," he said. "Just a little, so that you may see. I am fighting here—fighting for my father's honor. Just that. Fighting a man who is relentless, unswervingly cruel, who sees only the goal ahead of him, and goes forward to it without heeding where his feet may tread."

"Vesey," said Anne involuntarily.

"The same. That man means to beat me. Well—who shall say that in this matter between him and me I cannot be as unswerving as he? Only—I have a weakness. In my armor there is a chink. It is you."

He looked at Anne. For a little while he did not speak.

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He looked at Anne. For a little while he did not speak.

"I shall not go," she said at last. "I don't see why I should."

"I am sorry," he said. "I am more than sorry. You see, I have promised."

"Promised what?" asked Anne. Only now she spoke a little less firmly.

"That I would beat him. We promised my father, who is dead. Were the promise only to myself I should leave El Estrellado, I should break my word and go back to the Argentine, and so make you safe. Because while I do not fight Vesey you must be safe: just so long as you do not interfere in this foolish affair of the diamond."

"You would break your promise?" she asked slowly.

"Were it to myself—yes." His eyes met hers steadily.

She looked away.

He stood waiting for her to speak.

"At the end of the week," she said. "Mr. Hartington's detective will have arrived and Mr. Hartington himself will be on the road to recovery. I will give you my answer then. I withdraw my statement that I will not go. I will think it over."

He reached for her hand, but she resisted his effort to pull it to his lips. "I shall walk on a little way," he said. "You might prefer to be alone. And—señorita—thank you."

She walked back along the road.

FIVE days later a telegram was received by Hartington.

Its office of origin was Cherbourg. It was worded—

"Landed this port Mauretania. Proceeding aeroplane—Lannagan."

Hartington turned the telegram across to Anne when she came along to see him. "Lannagan's arrived," he said. "Things will now begin to hum. In two days, the doctor says, I can try my foot out. By the way, Anne, I wonder whether you'd like to get down to the 'drome and meet Lannagan. The plane should be in at any time now."

"I'll go," agreed Anne.

She left him soon afterwards and returned to her own room. The arrival of the telegram had given magnified importance to all the thoughts which had crowded her head since she met De Valda on the flower-bordered path beyond Cap Gris this afternoon five days previous.

Ever since his words and his attitude towards her had filled her memory.

He had been sincere. She realised that, beneath all his veneer of mocking suavity, his trick of turning phrases, there was a burning, ardent sincerity.

De Valda loved her.

Hartington loved her.

They both loved her.

She told herself she loved neither, and knew she lied.

With that she asked herself despairingly if she loved them both, and was frightened.

That was the outcome of all her thoughts—fear; fear of herself, fear of the future.

ON her way down to the aerodrome to meet Lannagan she pondered on the advisability of leaving El Estriollo. She did not want to go. She asserted that flatly, and admitted, at the same time, that she did. She had not decided by the time the aerodrome was reached.

In less than an hour an aeroplane topped the northern hills and in a little while it made a clean and easy descent and taxied across the grass.

Anne went towards it.

Besides the pilot another man was in the fuselage, and Anne went up to him.

"Are you Mr. Lannagan?" she asked.

"Yes. You're Miss Trelawney?" He held out his hand. There was none of New York's Four Hundred whom Lannagan did not know.

He climbed from the fuselage. Anne found him to be a tall, easily moving, lithe man, with a keen, hard face, tanned and lined. His eyes were grey and alert, humorously inclined. She liked him.

"Mr. Hartington's crooked," she said. "Hurt his ankle and can't walk. He asked me to come down to meet you. I've got a car across there."

"That's fine," said Lannagan. "And it's real good of you to trouble. I'll get my bag."

As they raced towards town Anne told him how the diamond had been stolen.

At the hotel she took him straight up to Hartington's room, and there Hartington laid before him every detail of the whole affair, including his suspicions of De Valda. "I know this De Valda," said Lannagan when Hartington had finished. "He's as rich as all Wall Street, and if he's lifted your stone he's got webs in his attic, because he could buy it and not notice the cost any." He turned to Anne. "Tell me about this guy Vesey, Miss Trelawney."

Anne told him all she knew of Vesey, and of her interview with the man and her impressions of him.

Lannagan listened in silence, and made no attempt to make notes.

"I see. Anything else?"

Anne hesitated, and then related her meeting with De Valda and his insistent warning to her, suppressing, however, all that was personal.

She found Hartington's eyes on her when she had finished, and added, lamely, "I didn't tell you, Les, because I thought it not worth while."

He nodded and still studied her.

Lannagan plunged into a talk of further details, and Anne withdrew.

FREDERICK LANNAGAN was a curious mixture of the cautious and the apparently reckless. When engaged on a case he would for long periods display an inactivity which was often galling to his clients; while at times he would be consumed with energy.

As Hartington had explained the situation to him, he recognised in it a condition of *deteat* for himself and his employer.

Their opponents had so skilfully covered themselves that it was impossible for anybody to name the thief.

In turning it over in his mind, Lannagan realised that all they had to work on was suspicion. It was more than possible that Vesey and his friends knew nothing of the diamond. It was likely that the stone was even then in Amsterdam being recut or broken up.

The only people who knew the truth were the thieves; so reasoned Lannagan. Allowing that Vesey and his people were they, then it seemed a plausible hypothesis to approach one of them with the idea of extracting information.

Lannagan decided that he could lose nothing by seeing Kron.

In this he was mistaken, for he lost all he had ever had to lose.

He went to see Kron after dinner, and he did not take the trouble to telephone as a preliminary to his visit. He reached the low white house behind the casino, and was admitted by Kron himself.

Lannagan looked Kron over. There was something about the gigantic black, in his ornate uniform, which was... Lannagan realised, extremely sinister. Seen in the setting of the quiet house, with its atmosphere of stealthy terror, he became formidable, the incarnation of all the house seemed.

Kron knew Lannagan, but there was nothing in his manner to show it. In fact, all Vesey's people had been warned of Lannagan's arrival, and were ready for any move he might make.

"You wish to see the Senior Vesey?" asked Kron.

Lannagan shook his head. "No. I want to see you."

Kron looked suitably surprised, and allowed a little gratification to appear in his surprise.

Lannagan added abruptly: "I'm a detective."

Kron stared; his jaw dropped. "Yes, senior. And you wish to see me?"

Lannagan nodded. "That's so. I want to talk to you privately—in a place where we can't be overheard." As he said this Kron heard the rustle of crisp paper. He saw a glimpse of a tightly-rolled wad of bank-notes. His eyes glistened, and the glisten was unassumed. The wad of notes was slipped deftly into his gigantic paw.

He said: "This way, senior." His manner was a little subdued. In fact, Kron was suddenly beginning to think. The bank-notes he had received must represent a

considerable sum. As an underling in the Vesey organisation, his remuneration, while comparatively large, was as nothing compared with what the leaders of that organisation received. He was remembering that in dealing with Lannagan he was dealing with the representative of a millionaire. There were possibilities in the situation which instantly appealed to Kron.

He took Lannagan to his own little room off the hall, and there he pulled forward a chair, so that Lannagan sat on one side of the table with his back to the door, and Kron sat opposite him, facing the door.

On Lannagan the atmosphere of the house had little effect except that it keyed up his supersensitive mentality. He was devoid of all fear.

He sat in Kron's quiet room in Vesey's quiet house very assured and easy in mind. The door was shut behind him.

"Now," he said, "you're a man of the world. You know when money is money. You'd rather be hit in the neck with a wad of notes than with a brick?"

Kron grinned.

Lannagan leaned forward and spoke very quietly. "I know a man who's got a hundred thousand dollars to give away," he said.

Kron's breath came in sharply. "A hundred thousand dollars!" he repeated.

Lannagan nodded.

Lannagan, watching him, realised that he had won before the argument started. It was always a good thing to mention a large sum of money as a preliminary to any deal of this description.

"I'll talk straight," he said, decisively. "We're now on terms, Kron, and I reckon I can talk to you as a gentleman. My client, Mr. Hartington, is willing to pay one hundred thousand dollars to any man who can put him on the track of recovering his diamond. That's the lot, plainly."

"What diamond?" asked Kron.

LANNAGAN smiled. "Now, don't tell me I've wasted my time. Don't try to stall. Let's have it all plain. Let's put our hands on the table and count up the pips. A hundred thousand dollars from me, a word from you. That's all."

Kron shifted uneasily. It was delightfully simple. Of course, there was always Pepe with his knife, Vesey with his bland cold ferocity, Ramon—and Bianca. If he betrayed them he might one day have to answer for his betrayal. On the other hand—he jerked a question.

"There must be a guarantee, senior. I deal in secrets only."

Lannagan nodded. "Sure. Hand me the word, and I'm a clam. Nobody'll ever know where I got it."

Kron's eyes wandered round the room, and with this a strange thing happened.

Behind Lannagan one of the top, small panels of the room slid silently back. In the space it had occupied showed Vesey's face.

Kron sat still—staring, gripped with cold fear, with perspiration about his temples. He could not read what was in Vesey's face. He only knew that Vesey's eyes were fixed on him coldly and contemplatively. He cursed that foresight of Vesey's which had ordained these sliding panels in every door in the house.

Lannagan realised the change in Kron, realised Kron's stare, and its direction.

He acted very swiftly. He dived sideways from his chair, flat to the wall, and his pistol gleamed in his hand.

"What's the game?" he rasped.

Vesey spoke quietly.

"Kron—if that man leaves this room alive you may count yourself as dead."

There was a ring at the front door bell.

DURING dinner that evening Anne was called to the telephone. She found that it was Vincente de Valda who was ringing her up.

He said: "That detective—Lannagan. What is he doing?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Is he going to Vesey's house?"

"Perhaps."

She heard an exclamation of annoyance. The fool! Does he not realize that this is not America? That the policeman round the corner is not his ally but the paid servant of those he opposes? If he goes to that house to-night he will never leave it alive."

Anne laughed. "You are really too melodramatic, señor. I think Mr. Lannagan can quite well take care of himself."

The receiver at the other end was slammed into place. Anne frowned and went back to her dinner.

Her coffee finished, she made a decision. Lannagan must not go. If he wished to see Kron he must arrange the meeting in another way.

She did not wish to alarm Hartington, and she went down to him and asked if Lannagan was about.

"He'll be gone," he said. "He dined early and went right away. My ankle seems much better to-night. I think I'll be out in a day or two."

"That's fine," said Anne. "Has Mr. Lannagan gone straight to Vesey's?"

"I presume so. Once he starts, you know, he doesn't hang about for the grass to grow. Why?"

"Oh! I was interested."

Anne made an excuse to leave him and went to her room. She remembered how perturbed she had been when she heard Lannagan was visiting Kron, and her fears increased.

Suddenly she wondered whether she should go to Vesey's and ask for Lannagan. She might get there in time, meet him in the hall, and persuade him to come away.

She hurriedly slipped off her evening gown and changed into a walking suit. Then she went down to the lighted, brilliant streets, and hurried towards where the glare of the casino lifted a challenge to the night.

She ran up the stone path to the door and pulled the bell knob. The clang of the bell sounded strangely loud, even through the door's thickness.

WHEN the door-bell rang, the two men in the room—Kron and Lannagan—and Vesey behind the door, stood still, as though they had leapt into position like a tableau vivant.

It was Lannagan who first recovered himself.

He snapped: "I'm gonna put a bullet through that door unless it's opened now!"

He swung his pistol round. Kron moved. Lannagan hesitated, fearing an attack from the quarter, and in the moment of that hesitation Vesey killed him.

Vesey shot him through the door, from low down, the bullet crashing through the wood, hurtling across the room, and so into Lannagan's chest.

Lannagan dropped heavily to his knees, strove to stay thus—upright—for a second, and then rolled sideways. His gun slid from his grip and went under the table.

Vesey opened the door.

"There's somebody ringing," he snapped.

"Don't stand like a fool. Pick this up

and carry it down to the basement. Get rid of it. Quick!"

Kron felt as though his heart had turned to ice. He picked up Lannagan and carried him from the room.

The door-bell rang again.

Vesey swung his gun by its trigger guard and glanced hastily round the room. Everything seemed all right. He forgot Lannagan's gun under the table, where it had alid when Lannagan fell.

The door-bell rang again. He closed the door and went out into the hall. He omitted to turn the light off in the room.

DIRECTLY Anne rang at the door of the low white house the first time she wished she had stayed away. The wish was prompted by the same kind of feeling that she had experienced when she heard Lannagan was going to interview Kron—a feeling of unfounded, but nevertheless dreadful fear which gave rise to the most horrid forebodings.

She waited. The door was swung inwards, and she faced Vesey.

He simulated some concern, and exhibited a surprise he most certainly felt.

"Miss Trelawney! This is indeed an honor. Will you come inside?"

He stood aside for her to pass, and she looked past him into the hall. As when first she saw it, it was shadowed and heavy with stillness, its ornate decorations like a sarcophagus comment upon the gloom which overhung it.

A strangely familiar odor drifted to her nostrils. It was acrid, burnt. For a moment she could not name it. Then she had a picture of one of her father's ranches, years previous, of herself as a young girl riding with madmen with some cowboys, and of the men firing pistols to amuse her, and frightening the drifting, lurching herds of cattle.

Condite!

She sniffed, and looked at Vesey. Vesey said: "And to what do I owe the honor of this visit, Miss Trelawney?"

Anne did not answer his question. "Has anybody been shooting here?" she asked, and remembered a crash she had heard.

"Shooting!" Vesey looked politely astonished.

The hall was dim, twilit. Vesey had left the light burning in the room where Lannagan was murdered. The light in the room was stronger than the light in the hall.

Anne became aware of a shaft of light through the door of that room striking down at the hall floor.

She looked towards its source, and found it to be a little jagged hole in the door.

She said a little breathlessly, for now she dared not allow her imagination any scope for flight: "I came to see Mr. Lannagan."

"I beg your pardon. I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance." Vesey had seen her look towards the bullet hole, and was cursing himself for his negligence in leaving the light of the room burning.

"But he came here," said Anne.

Vesey shook his head slowly. "I'm sorry. You've made a mistake, I'm afraid. Who is he?"

"A detective Mr. Hartington has brought from the lock. She was locked in the diamond."

"Whom did he come to see?" asked Vesey, making no attempt to open the door for her.

"Kron," blurted Anne, and wished she had not spoken.

"Oh! Well, he may be here, for all I know. Kron has many visitors of whose arrival and departure I am unaware. Just a minute I will fetch Kron."

He walked past her and vanished through a door beyond the stairs. Directly he had disappeared she stepped hurriedly to the house door and tried to open it. Vesey had locked it and, though she had not perceived him do so, had taken the key from the lock. She was locked in the house!

From this door she turned to the door of the room with the light—Kron's room. She opened it and looked inside.

There was little sign of disorder, except that a chair was overturned—Lannagan having done this when he leapt to the wall. There was no mark on the carpet, for the wound had bled little.

But she saw Lannagan's pistol under the table.

She stooped quickly and picked it up, turned it over in her hand and examined it closely.

Hastily she inspected the magazine and found it fully charged. The pistol had not been fired.

Then who had fired the shot she had heard, the shot which had plugged through the door?

She was wondering this when she heard light footsteps in the hall outside, and hastily concealed the pistol in the pocket of her skirt. Kron appeared in the room doorway. He looked pleasant and friendly.

"The Señor Vesey," he said, "regrets that for the moment he cannot come back to you, señorita. But he has been called to the telephone. He told me you wished to see me."

"Yes. Has Mr. Lannagan been here to see you?"

"Lannagan?" Kron looked very puzzled. "No, señorita. Not anybody of that name. I am sorry."

"All right. Thanks very much. I'll be going. Will you tell Mr. Vesey I'm very sorry I troubled him?"

SHE stepped towards the doorway, but Kron did not move. His grin had broadened.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but there are instructions that if ever you come to this house again, señorita, you are to be detained."

"Whatever do you mean, Kron?"

Kron shrugged his shoulders. "The Señor Vincente de Valda, señorita. He gave me instructions before and I disobeyed them on Señor Vesey's word. Now the instructions have been issued afresh, and I must obey, for Señor de Valda is the master here."

"That's a lie, Kron," said Anne steadily. Her right hand was carelessly moving towards her skirt pocket.

Kron shrugged his shoulders. "I cannot help your insults, señorita. I have to carry out my master's orders."

"Is Señor de Valda in the house?" asked Anne.

"No, señorita. He is down at the casino."

Anne laughed. "I imagined he did not go there." Her hand was on the pocket lip.

"Oh, yes, señorita."

The gun was out.

"Now, Kron!" Anne's voice was tense. "Open that door!"

Death itself stared into Kron's eyes from the little jewelled hand of this beautiful woman.

"Did you hear what I said, Kron?" There was a quality of old dead Trelawney in Anne's voice.

Kron put his hand in his pocket and produced his key.

"Keep facing me," snapped Anne. "Feel

sideways and behind you for the lock. And work fast!"

Kron obeyed. He fumbled for the lock. He found the keyhole. He turned the key.

There was a step behind Anne. She heard a soft voice. "What is all this?" Vesey had arrived.

HEARING Vesey's voice behind her, Anne's first impulse was to swing round and confront him with the gun; but with that impulse came a swift caution, inherited probably from her hard-riding, hard-living ancestors.

Instead, she stepped back so that she was flat against the wall near the door, where she could see both Vesey and Kron. Vesey had a lighted cigar between his fingers. He looked astonished.

"Miss Trellawney!" he said.

Anne spoke breathlessly. "Stand still—Kron! Move and I'll kill you. I mean it. And you—Vesey. Don't you come nearer!"

Vesey said: "Poor girl! Poor girl!"

Anne laughed harshly, mirthlessly. "That cuts no ice with me, Vesey." In this brutal moment her speech became brutal. "You stand still—and quiet! I'll do all the talking necessary."

Anne felt that the strain of it was breaking her. She knew she dared not attempt to pass out through the door until she had Kron more than jumping length away from it. She thought he would never reach Vesey's side. His movements were the slowest of any human being she had ever known.

He was within a yard of Vesey when a shot was fired. Vesey fired it. He fired it through the pocket, downwards to the floor, and his idea was to startle Anne so that she would give him and Kron an opportunity for rushing her.

It did startle her. It startled her so much—for she was by this time unstrung—that her pistol fell to the ground.

"Now!" roared Vesey.

Kron jumped forward.

Anne made no attempt to pick up the pistol, but turned and bolted like a hare through the door. She had yards start of Kron, and she was as swift-footed as he. She got through the door, and as she went she snatched at its edge with eager fingers, pulling with all her strength.

Kron reached it as it whirled in front of him and slammed shut with a crash which woke every echo in the house. He began to rip at the lock. Vesey came to his side.

"You'll get her, Kron." Though he spoke swiftly, though in that moment he must have seen the imminence of absolute failure, there was hardly any emotion in his voice. He might, in fact, have been giving quick directions on an important business matter in which there was no element of peril and only need for haste. "Get out after her! Follow her. Telephone me. I'll make arrangements this end."

Anne went straight across the gardens to the crowded street and headed for the hotel. She had not the least intention of going for the police, because she realised that as they were all in Vesey's employ, whatever their consciences might prompt, they must be inclined to look favorably upon any arguments he might advance in connection with any legal matters in which he became involved.

There was only one person in the whole place on whom she could really depend, and he was a cripple—Hartington, so that actually, she reasoned, she stood alone.

This reasoning was typical of her and produced by her own immense self-confidence. She had just escaped from deadly peril, and she prided herself on the fact that the escape had been entirely due to her own quickness and resolution.

Though she did not look behind her as she sprinted across the gardens, she was confident Kron would be following her, and on reaching the broad boulevard beyond them she verified this suspicion by loitering before a brilliantly lighted shop window and casting furtive glances back.

Sure enough, Kron was there.

She reached the hotel and went into a telephone box. She wished to verify what she already knew was true. She rang up the house of the member of the American corps diplomatique who lived in El Estrellado.

The gentleman was, they regretted to inform her, staying at a little watering-place just over the border, along the west coast. Anne thanked them.

From the telephone box she went upstairs to her room and wrote a short note. This she sealed in an envelope and laid on her dressing-table. It was addressed to Hartington, and across the envelope was written:

"To be handed to Señor Leslie Hartington if I have not returned by noon tomorrow—AT."

In the note she explained her destination and further that she feared danger from Vesey. She did not commit to paper her suspicions regarding Lamagan.

She took some money and hid it under her clothing and then left the room and made her way to the garage. The big Rolls she had bought was soon started, and she went carefully round it, testing its oil level and greasers.

She got behind the wheel and the vehicle slid with silent, suave power out into the road.

While she was in the garage Kron was at the telephone telling Vesey that she was preparing her car for a run.

Vesey grunted. "Thought so. She's going after the American diplomatic representative. Well—may she get to him."

He rang up Ramon once more.

THE Rolls threaded its way comfortably through the narrow streets and surged easily up the long slope to the open cliff road. There was a joy—in its passing—which was, to Anne, like a draught of champagne.

On the clear road she opened out. The dashboard showed her the speedometer needle quivering on forty.

Cap Gris was dropped and she slid like a volplaning bird down the long drop into the closed valley between the Cap and the next headland.

She was half-way down, travelling fast, for the road was straight, when through a gate hidden by heaped stones, a car slid right across her path.

She stubbed the electric horn frantically and felt for clutch and footbrake. The car was a big one, long, and it occupied all the width of the road. Instead of her rushing down on it it seemed to leap up to meet her.

The Rolls was easing. Its speed was slackening. Use of the handbrake would

stop it before a collision materialized. It was then that Anne recognised the man who sat at the wheel of the car. It was Ramon—the fellow who had followed her about when first she came to El Estrellado.

Ramon—Vesey—Kron! They were all connected. And they were blocking her road to the border.

She released her brakes and trod on the accelerator. She heard a yell from the car. There was a sharp explosion and a bullet tipped over the top of her windshield. Between the road edge and the cliff edge was a stretch of rough stubble. As she swooped down on the stationary car with its now panic-stricken occupants she swung the Rolls sideways. It went up to the grass with a bump. For a terrifying second it seemed that she would never get it round before it plunged over the drop.

Then, with a lurch and a leap, as it spurred the roughness of the stone-strewn grass, it hit the road again, the polished wheel spun under her hands, and the car leapt straight ahead.

She heard a medley of shouts. She had covered a hundred yards when she and the Rolls were lit up by a great white light behind them. Ramon had got the car round and was hunting her.

THE car behind was fast. It had been built specially for speed work on the roads, and Anne found that it held the Rolls.

The Rolls went up the hill like a climbing plane. Its speed was such that Anne was confident that she had gained; yet still the great white light shone on her, still above the deep purr of her own engine she heard the unchecked, thunderous exhaust of the chaser.

There was no time nor distance now. Only the chase, the speed of it, and its peril. It was endless, without beginning. It was all her life.

Her fingers lost feel of the wheel. Her brain lost thought of everything except the road's dangers. She took hills mechanically, she swung bends without fear.

And still the white lights held her, and still the drumming of the hunting car roared menacingly behind her.

Above the clamor of the cars sounded a near, hard explosion. Something whined past Anne's ear, struck the upper metal framework of the windshield and ricocheted into space. For a sickening second she felt faint, and the big car lurched sideways.

They continued to fire, but the bullets did not come near her, and it was only after a great number of shots had been uselessly expended that she realised their object. Something went ahead of the car on the off side and hit the road. They were firing low down. They were, in fact, shooting at her rear tyres.

She realised the lights of a village set back from the cliff path, and wondered whether she should turn off and seek shelter there. As she wondered she came upon the road which led to the village, and it had flashed behind her before she could turn up it.

They got her on a bleak stretch of open top road, which crossed a flat headland.

Their shooting had increased in speed, and they were evidently using all their ammunition in their only chance of capturing her.

She was half-way across, travelling like mad, when the car dropped and lurched.

They had hit the nearside tyre. The wheel held. It saved Anne's life. The rim bumped and crashed on the road, but the spokes withstood the shock, and though the car swayed giddily and horribly sideways and round, there was no imminent danger of its capsizing.

In fact, it streaked up on to the grass, where Anne pulled it to a standstill. The other car ran up to the road, its roar dying to an even, steady thud.

Meantime Anne had scrambled from the Rolls and was bolting as for her life across the fields.

"Get her!" roared Pepe; and Kron and Ramon started in pursuit.

She came to a low stone wall and scrambled across it, with Ramon easily the best of her pursuers, and, in fact, it was Ramon who captured her, breathless, dishevelled, but not at all frightened. In fact, she was defiant.

"This senorita," he said, as he clutched her arm tightly, "is useless. May I remind you that struggle would be undignified?"

She walked by his side. "What are you going to do with me?" she asked.

"Offer you the hospitality of a charming little place we have up in the hills. All right, Kron, I've got her."

Kron fell in on the other side of Anne, except for a malicious grin, he indicated no emotion regarding her capture.

So they came back to where Pepe, with a long cigarette between his lips, was sitting in the car waiting for them.

He lifted his flat-topped hat on Anne's approach, and smiled broadly.

"A pleasant ride, senorita," he said. "A very pleasant ride. And may I, as an experienced motorist, congratulate you upon your remarkable skill in the handling of automobiles?"

He then spoke to Kron.

"There's a spare wheel on the Rolls. Jack her up and get it fitted in place of the damaged one. We want both cars."

Kron moved away to carry out the order.

RAMON drove the Rolls at an easy pace along a road which generally headed inland, but which wound considerably, the object of its makers being evidently to avoid climbing the hills which constantly barred its straightness. The mountains became more and more distinct, and Anne could catch flashes of white amid the shadows of their summits, as the moonlight struck an unmetalled deposit of snow in some crevasses.

The car swung off to the left abruptly, as to a path which could not be dignified by the name of road, and which wound up through close-banked pines, up and up in dismal darkness—for the trees shut out the moonlight—turned back on itself several times, and at last emerged into an open space on the crown of a great hill, which itself was dominated by a mountain which seemed to stand within a few yards of it, but which was, in fact, half a mile away.

In this open space was the Chateau Noir. Anne saw it fully as the car slid out from between the pines, a squat building of angular plan, with a castellated gateway and towers in the Scottish baronial style, a place which had once been of immense strength for defence, and which still preserved an air of dark grimness and secrecy, wrapped as it was in the pines.

Ramon sounded the electric horn three times, and as the car ran quietly up to the

gateway the ponderous doors swung inwards and allowed access to a little square courtyard, where the car stopped.

Pepe yelled "Juanita! Juanita!"

An old woman appeared, wrapped in a vivid shawl. Pepe said to her: "Take us to the east wing. The senorita will sleep there."

Juanita led them to the east wing without a word. They passed through long stone corridors, damp, with foul air filling them. On it all was an atmosphere incredibly old, as though time sought to bury and obliterate the evil of the place.

Anne's room was chosen in the east wing, a round room in one of the towers, on the top storey. It had a little barred bowman's window incapable of giving passage to an average-sized man. There was a low iron bedstead in it, and some dirty clothing tossed haphazard across it.

Pepe dismissed Juanita after telling her that she would consider herself at Anne's service, and when she had gone he turned to Anne.

"Here you will stay," he said, "until such time as arrangements have been made regarding you."

"And then?" asked Anne.

"You may go free." His little eyes were fixed steadily on hers.

Anne was silent.

KRON drove very fast to El Estrellado, because he wanted to tell Vesey the glad news that Anne was taken and so re-establish himself in favor, for he deemed that Vesey would blame him for Anne's escape. Kron knew that Vesey would say he should never have allowed Anne to gain possession of Lannagan's plato.

The journey back occupied an hour or more, and when he dropped down the long hill into El Estrellado there were general indications that the revelry of the night were over and that the town was retiring to dead rest.

Kron had run down the Boulevard des Americalnes, and was crossing the square when he caught sight of a brilliantly-lighted limousine car heading his way. Inside the car was Blanca Cervano.

The dancer saw him at the same time as he saw her, and she lifted her hand for him to stop. Obedient to her signal he ran to the kerb-side, and the chauffeur pulled her up just behind his. Kron went round to Blanca.

"What are you doing driving the car at this time, Kron?" asked Blanca.

Kron said: "We have been out after that American woman—Trelawney."

"After her. What do you mean?"

"Oh—she was wanted. Senor Vesey ordered her capture. We have effected it."

"Where?"

"On the western road."

"And where is she now?"

"They have taken her to the Chateau Noir."

"Who has taken her?" Blanca was surprisingly interested, thought Kron.

"Ramon and Pepe," he replied.

Blanca thought for a moment, and then put her hand on Kron's arm.

"Listen, Kron. Vesey wants that woman to use against Vincente de Valda. You understand. There will be a bargain struck—with her release, unharmed, as Vesey's argument on his side. Now you will remember I told you I might one day wish

to kill a woman—and that the price would be twenty thousand pesos!"

"Yes, senorita."

"That is the woman," said Blanca quietly. Kron looked at her without speaking.

She appreciated the look, and spoke at length. "I see you think to yourself if you kill this woman you rob Vesey of his argument against De Valda, and so bring down on you his anger. You are right, Kron. You are right. If Vesey discovered you had killed her—then, perhaps, Vesey would kill you. But you are clever. You can think; and so can I. For the moment, Kron, are you willing to earn twenty thousand pesos if there is a sure, safe way—and to keep your mouth shut until that way is discovered?"

Kron grinned. "Certainly, senorita. Certainly. Only it must be safe."

"It will be," said Blanca. "Of that you can be assured."

M ORNING—and no Anne.

Hartington, trying his injured ankle in a feeble walk round his sitting-room, wondered what had become of her.

Knowing her, he tried to think of any occasion when he could have offended her during their last interview, but failed to find one. With breakfast long past and the morning growing old, he became alarmed and sent a maid up to Anne's room.

The maid came back with some startling news. Anne had not slept in her bed the previous night. She had, in fact, ordered out her car late and driven off westwards.

Hartington asked if Lannagan had been seen, and was answered in the negative. So that Anne and Lannagan had vanished for the time being!

Hartington was endeavoring to assimilate this extraordinary fact when Anne's maid brought him the note Anne had left. He read it hurriedly, and at once astonishment changed to fear.

Anne said that if she were not back by noon Vesey was the man to question. And she was not back. Which meant that she had fallen into the danger she had evidently anticipated encountering when she penned this note.

Hartington, with the note in his hand, was about to tell the maid to get his car brought round when a bell boy announced De Valda.

"I won't see . . ." began Hartington; and then added quietly, "Ask him to step up."

De Valda came, smiling and very debonair. He had a bunch of flowers in his hand.

"And how is the invalid this morning?" he asked as the maid withdrew and closed the door after her.

Hartington did not answer his question. Instead, he said, "Where is Miss Trelawney?"

De Valda's ease of manner vanished. There was a quiet quality in Hartington's voice which told him that the simple question covered far more than an ordinary curiosity regarding Anne's whereabouts.

"What exactly does that mean, Senor Hartington?"

Hartington hesitated. He hated this man intensely, and his hatred was founded on solid, honest aversion for his type.

His anxiety for Anne expressed itself in a burst of rage against De Valda and all the circumstances.

"The whole lot of you are a rotten gang of scoundrels!" he said. "You know what I mean as well as I do."

De Valda kept his temper. He answered

Hartington coolly, and the only sign of emotional disturbance within him was a hardening of his eyes.

"That is a wild accusation, señor, and one which does you little credit. I asked you what you meant by demanding the whereabouts of Señorita Trelawney. Can you tell me?"

Hartington fidgeted with Anne's note. Then he blurted: "Well, you're all alike; anyhow. I apologize for calling you a scoundrel. Read this."

He thrust the note towards De Valda. De Valda smiled at him. "Thank you, señor, both for the apology and this." He glanced at the note. Hartington saw a line of white show between his even lips.

"That Vesey!" he muttered.

"Well?" asked Hartington. "I'm going to ring up the police."

DE VALDA shook his head. "Useless, señor. Utterly useless. The police are probably accessories to any criminal move which has been made against the señorita."

"What the devil can we do, then?" demanded Hartington explosively.

"I would suggest that you stay here and rest your ankle." There might have been a smile in De Valda's eyes. Hartington was pain against the señorita."

"I shall do no such thing. I reckon I'm the only friend she's got here, and do you think a crooked ankle is going to keep me in this room while she's—Heaven knows what's happening to her!" There was pain in Hartington's voice as he uttered this.

De Valda was very grave. "You are right, señor. Heaven alone knows what is happening. But rash deeds, hot words will not discover it to us. We must move carefully. I say—we—señor."

He stopped and looked at Hartington. Hartington was silent, and returned his stare. Then he held out his hand.

"In this, De Valda," he said, "we're partners."

De Valda took his hand. "There is an honor in this for me, señor. You see—I love the señorita, too."

Hartington nodded. His eyes were a little wistful.

De Valda went on. "I am going to see that Vesey, and I wish to go alone. My reason for that is this. One may conceivably walk into Vesey's house behind the casino and never walk out again. That would apply equally to two as to one. I may die to-day, señor, because I see Vesey. There is no reason why we both should die. One must be left—to fight."

"But this," exclaimed Hartington, "is ridiculous. It's the twentieth century. There are police on the streets. There are railway trains, yachts, ordered cabs—"

De Valda interrupted him. "It is El Estrellado, señor, where men yet fight for women with knives, as they do still in Andalucia. The police, you say? I would not trust them with one peseta of mine. Are you agreed that I see Vesey?"

"What good will it serve?" Hartington was now business-like. He had realised he had to face the facts squarely, and his business training taught him the futility of gestures.

"It will, I think," answered De Valda, "tell us the whole position."

"You are sure of that?"

"Fairly so. I should not go otherwise."

"Right. Au revoir." Hartington's hand was out once more. "And don't get killed. You might want to kill me in another duel one day."

De Valda's ring at Vesey's doorbell was answered by Kron, and De Valda stepped into the hall while Kron closed the door after him. As usual the house was silent and still, stagnant with a heaviness which hinted at lurking peril.

De Valda turned to Kron, and, producing cigarette, asked for a match.

Kron struck a match and held it to the cigarette end. De Valda puffed till the cigarette was alight, and then spoke up into Kron's face.

"Kron," he said gently, "I am going to see the Señor Vesey about Señorita Trelawney. You understand?"

Kron did not answer. He was trembling a little and the palms of his hands were sweaty. There was something horribly threatening in De Valda's gentleness. Kron was just beginning to realise that up to that moment none of them had understood how dangerous De Valda might be if really driven to the limit.

"Now," went on De Valda, "it is quite possible there will be trouble. For you, Kron, I have neither respect nor admiration. In fact, you count so little in my estimation that I should consider it a waste of time to kill you. And I do not like to waste my time. So I warn you. If there is trouble—two men will die at once in this house. You will be one of them. Tell Señor Vesey I'm here."

Kron stood still for a moment and then went into his room. De Valda heard him announce his arrival in a rather quivering voice. He came out with the intimation that Vesey would be pleased to see him.

De Valda went upstairs and found Vesey in his office.

"Hello!" said Vesey. "This is an unexpected pleasure. What's brought you along?"

"Where is Señorita Trelawney?" said De Valda.

THE question did not startle Vesey in the slightest.

"So you know?" he said.

"Assuredly. Otherwise I shouldn't be here."

Vesey lit a cigar. "Well—we might as well have a chat now you are here. I want an extension of lease—or generous terms to you. That is to say, I double my rental to you."

"And I break my word to my father," said De Valda.

Vesey shrugged his shoulders. "Business is business. You have the situation before you. Señorita Trelawney is—where she is. An agreement is in my desk—a generous agreement, as I have said. Within two hours of its signature by you Señorita Trelawney is back in El Estrellado—unharmed."

"Señor Vesey," said De Valda calmly, "I have a good mind to kill you where you sit."

"You'd hang, De Valda, if you did."

"It would be pleasant to do so, remembering what it was for."

Vesey's bland face became hard. "That cuts no ice in this room, De Valda," he said roughly.

Vesey's hand moved towards one of the bell pushes on the desk-top.

"Ring," said De Valda. "Ring for Kron. I have already told him what will happen to him if there is trouble. He knows surely that at the first word you can be dead. This hand I have in my pocket holds a pistol. I told Kron two would die in this

house, and that he would be one of them. You, Vesey, will be the other."

Vesey's breathing was hard and difficult.

"You refuse to bargain, De Valda?" he asked hoarsely.

"Bargain! I? I came here to threaten Vesey. That was all. Up to now I have been content to watch, to evade your assaults until the time had expired and legally, you had to go. But I watch and evade no longer. You have struck just too hard, Vesey. Just that! You have overreached yourself. So you will go. You—the two Lorenzos, Kron, and the woman Cervano. Do you know, Vesey, I could kill that woman as easily as I could kill you?"

Vesey was trembling. The constrained ferocity of De Valda's speech was the most awful thing to which he had ever listened. This man would do all he said, and more.

VESHEY steadied himself. He was naturally a man of little emotion and the momentary feeling of fear inspired by De Valda's threat passed, leaving him in his habitual state of cold calmness.

"That, De Valda," he said slowly, "sounds very terrible, and it might impress anybody except me. Unfortunately, I am not impressed. Do you prefer to go now, or will you listen to the plain facts?"

"I'll hear the facts, Vesey." De Valda knew that his leaving the house would not be the simple matter Vesey's speech made it appear. Vesey wished to see him dead, and there could be no greater opportunity of accomplishing it than in this house.

"I have put before you my suggestion for an extension of lease," began Vesey. "I want to elaborate it, so that you will perceive I have left no loophole through which you could hit at me afterwards if you agreed."

"An impossibility," suggested De Valda quietly.

"So you say. But we will have it all plainly, anyhow. Now you will give me your word—if you sign this agreement, and if Señorita Trelawney is returned unharmed—that, as far as you are concerned, you divulge no part of mine in the transaction, and, in fact, no hint at all of the transaction having been enacted. I would accept your word on that."

"The compliment overwhelms me, Vesey. And the rest of this admirable arrangement?"

"You are probably thinking that the girl herself may make trouble for me. I have covered that. She has seen Pepe, Ramon, and Kron in connection with her abduction. Not me. Those three men understand exactly what that means if ever she is free, and the contingency has been provided for in our arrangements."

"In what way?" For a moment De Valda's indifference was gone. He thought there was a hinted threat against Anne in the arrangement.

Vesey smiled slowly. "They will disappear. It is fixed up to the last word. They will just vanish, with large sums of money and an allowance from me until everything has blown over. She will then have nothing against me."

Vesey stopped, his fat fingers drumming gently on the desk-top.

"That's the lot, De Valda. You see my cards now—all of them. Play your own hand. Where the girl is you can find out for yourself. If you refuse to meet me,

then you may never find out. But I have given you my last word. And remember, if you kill me, you leave her in the hands of Pepe Lorenzo, who has no particular quarrel against you, and who is very fond of pretty women. You might wish to go now." His hand strayed towards the bell-pushes once more.

"You need not ring, Vesey." De Valda was very quiet. "You will show me out yourself, and I shall be close to you with my pistol in your side. We shall talk nicely as we walk."

"You will think over what I have said?" asked Vesey.

"Yes. As far as is necessary. I only want to say one thing. That none of you will live to enjoy your wealth. Come along."

They went to the door and out to the corridor. The quietness of the house seemed intensified. Neither of them spoke. Their feet made no sound on the heavy carpet.

Vesey unbolted the door at De Valda's direction. Of Kron there was no sign.

"Thank you, Vesey. Good morning."

De Valda walked out.

Vesey went back to his room, and sat down to think things over. He had De Valda surely, and yet there was always one thing to be considered. De Valda, having lost, might smash things, and, as he had pointed out, if none of them lived to enjoy the wealth their triumph brought them, then the wealth was a valueless thing and the triumph empty.

So that, after all, it seemed that the old name was raised. De Valda must die.

Vesey put himself in De Valda's place for a moment, and, viewing the matter from De Valda's standpoint, realised that there was one thing De Valda must discover before he made any further move. The place where Anna was imprisoned. He contemplated this for a while from every angle, and then sent for Kron.

"Sit down, Kron," he said. "I want to talk to you." Kron obeyed.

THE Señor De Valda this morning threatened you, didn't he?" asked Vesey.

Kron admitted, with some diffidence, that it was so. He felt uneasy because he thought he had made rather a mess of Vesey's visit to the house, and was afraid Vesey might imagine he should have done something in the matter of De Valda's call.

"I see," Vesey studied Kron for a moment. Kron, he realised, had been selected by De Valda as the weakest of his opponents. "I want you to be afraid of De Valda, Kron," he added.

Kron stared incredulously, and said nothing.

"Further," added Vesey, "this is what I think will happen. De Valda will come to you and he will demand from you the whereabouts of Señorita Trelawney."

"And I shall defy him!" declared Kron. "You won't. You'll tell him."

"Senor!"
"You'll tell him," repeated Vesey. "I have thought it all out. De Valda has to die. He is essentially a man who works alone. He will wish to discover where the girl is. There are only four people who know—you, the Lorenzos and myself. Already he thinks he has frightened you. He will decide to force you to disclose her whereabouts. Is that sound?"

Kron, who was hopelessly adrift, pretended that it was wonderful.

"Right. You will tell him and you will then tell me. De Valda will go to get her. I can see no other way for him. But knowing that he will come, we can always be prepared for him. In fact, Kron, you might become his ally. You might help him. And once he gets to the Chateau Noir his death will be a matter of moments. Now, is that all clear?"

"Yes, señor." Kron was really frightened now.

"All right, Kron. That will be enough," said Vesey.
Kron went out. As he went he remembered Bianca Cervano and her desires concerning Anne. He was, he reflected, in about the biggest mess a man might land into. There was only one line of action of the three before him which promised any monetary gain, and that was the one which involved the murdering of Anne.

It might, after all, be better to earn Bianca's twenty thousand pesos and make a run for it while he was safe.

KRON became suddenly important, and the importance was unsought by him, and, in fact, disliked by him. From being the hall porter at Vesey's house, and Vesey's underling accomplice, he became the centre of intrigue—the man to whom two distinctly variant plotters turned for advice, guidance and assistance. These two were Vincente de Valda and Bianca Cervano.

It was Bianca who first claimed Kron's services.

She invited him to her great house on the Promenade de l'Europe, and there, while he sat on the edge of a gilded chair and sipped tea from a cup so fragile that his immensely fingers could have crushed it like paper, she spoke words of death to him.

"I have found the way, Kron," she said, smiling across at him. He thought he had never seen anything so attractive as this woman.

"Which way?" he asked, speaking for the sake of answering her, and thinking only of her beauty.

"The way to kill that woman—Trelawney—without danger to you or myself."

Kron put his cup down. He did not wish it to jerk about and betray how he was trembling.

"In fact, Kron," said Bianca quietly, "I am arranging that she kills herself."

Kron sat up straight and stared, and now he had no eyes for her beauty, but only eyes in which to express astonishment, even incredulity.

Bianca still smiled. She offered him perfumed cigarettes and lit one for him.

"You shall help," she said.

Kron's heart sank again. This helping would help him to ruin one day, he decided. But he listened. He could not smoke Bianca's perfumed cigarettes and drink Bianca's fragrant tea, with Bianca's beautiful face within three feet of him, and refuse to listen.

She said reflectively, "There is Pepe," and looked at Kron.

Kron took the cigarette from between his thick lips.

"Pepe," purred Bianca, "likes beautiful women."

Kron managed to say something.

"Senor Vesey—"

Bianca laughed. "Darn him!"

Kron agreed mentally, but failed to see how the condemnation could effectively be carried out except by a power higher than theirs. He said dully, "He would be furious."

"Perhaps," said Bianca, indifferently.

"But when a thing is done it is done. Pepe will be the culprit—not you, nor I. Pepe will die the death. And the woman—I think she will die."

"But Pepe has instructions," stammered Kron.

"So!" Bianca's eyebrows lifted, and she spread her hands. "Of course he has. Now you listen to me, friend, Kron, and you shall hear a pretty idea, so simple that if you fail to carry it out you are a bigger fool than Vesey thinks you. But you will not fail. I know my men when I see them."

Kron swallowed the tea and took another cigarette.

"You will—say on Thursday—go up to the Chateau Noir. I believe Thurday is your afternoon and evening out, isn't it?"

Kron nodded.

"Well, there is no reason why you should not call to see your friend, Pepe. None whatever. And if you take with you a case of wine—if you and Pepe drink in all good fellowship—deeply—who shall blame you?"

Kron's eyes were glowing. The plan was simple and sure. He had, in fact, contemplated a visit to the Chateau Noir on his next time off.

Bianca added softly: "Kron, it could be done. It would be simple, easy, an accident, a thing you had not foreseen. You agree? You would wish me to hand you, now, a post-dated cheque for twenty thousand pesos?"

Kron's eyes gleamed. Bianca's last indifferent question, accompanied as it was by a movement towards a near-by escritorio, supplied the last touch to the see-saw of his intentions.

"The cheque," he said hoarsely.

Bianca wrote it. It was dated for the following Saturday—two days after Kron's trip to the Chateau Noir.

"By that time," said Bianca, "the woman will be dead of her own hand, and Pepe will be dead also. Only—Pepe will have earned it. And you, Kron, will be rich. Of course, you know a cheque can be stopped?"

Kron nodded. He knew that well enough, and did not need Bianca's little threat to tell him so.

He went out.

AS he walked back along the Promenade de l'Europe he strove to decide whether he had been wise to accept Bianca's money, wise to be so grasping, or whether he had better have pulled with Vesey only, and trusted Vesey to reward him well. This wonder made him hesitate. Should he go back and give Bianca her cash?

In the jostling crowd he found a decision on this impossible, and so he turned into one of the arcade-like windows of a great magasin, and was staring with unseeing eyes at an exhibition of costly furs when a man stepped to his side, and, without looking at him, said quietly:

"Kron, don't look round. I am De Valda. Walk ahead of me to the Hotel Magnifique. I have something important to discuss with you. If you fail to do this you will find big trouble in the next twelve hours."

That word "important!" Kron hated it. Everybody had something of importance to discuss with him since he had arrived in El Estrellado. But he went off to the Magnifique, and De Valda followed him.

Kron waited in the entrance hall, and was taken by De Valda up to Hartington's sitting-room. At De Valda's request, Hartington had moved into the bedroom, where he sat with the door ajar, listening. De

Valda had pointed out that, alone, he would have more chance of making Kron speak. "I tell you why I've brought you here, Kron," said De Valda. "I want to know where the Senorita Trellawney is."

Kron shook his head. "I don't know," he said.

He remembered Vesey's instructions, and his heart sickened. If ever a man was in a mess it was himself, he decided. Amid all these plottings, with the inevitable explosion which was due when the plotters came into contact, he reckoned his own death was assured.

He said again, doggedly: "I don't know." Why he refused to speak he did not know. He knew he was disobeying Vesey, but he would have persisted in the disobedience but for De Valda. For the moment, in fact, Kron had lost his head. Later in the interview he recovered it with stupendous results to everybody concerned.

"That's a lie, Kron," said De Valda, coolly. "Now come along."

Kron shook his head.

De Valda shrugged his shoulders. "Right you are, Kron," he said, "you may go."

Kron stared at him. The release was so easy, the discontinuance of questioning, the absence of threat so marked that he was frightened. This meant something.

THREE was a hidden danger behind this easy dismissal, a danger deadly and sure.

"Senor," he stammered.

"I said you could go, Kron." De Valda examined the end of his cigarette with minute care. "By the way, I think I should tell you before we part, that when I summoned you to this interview I decided that unless you told me the truth I should kill you to-night."

Kron did not answer him. He could not. He sat dumb, stricken, dazed, while a minute slipped by, a minute which seemed like a year, during which he saw only De Valda's suave smile in all the world.

At the end of the minute something snapped in his head, and the dulling taints which had followed on De Valda's threat, was broken.

"Senor, I—will tell you. I will do anything—help you—anything."

De Valda laughed. "Well, where is she?"

"At the Chateau Noir, senor."

"I thought so. Who guards her?"

"Pepe and Ramon."

De Valda uttered an oath. "That Pepe?"

"I will tell you," said Kron eagerly, as though now he had confessed the most vital fact, he did not mind what he said. "The castle is watched, is locked and barred. Nobody can enter or leave."

"I know." De Valda's eyes met his level. "Kron, you said you would help. You've got to. Where do you go to the castle again?"

"On Thursday, senor," said Kron, and forced the cunning back from his eyes.

"All right, Kron," said De Valda. "I shall come up to the Chateau Noir on Thursday night. How can you let me in?"

"I, senor?" This was a little more than Kron had bargained for.

"Exactly. You. Listen to this, Kron. On the one hand you stand to die unless you help me. On the other hand, if you aid me, then I shall make you rich. A hundred thousand pesetas would not be too much, in my view, as payment for the service I ask you to render."

"A hundred thousand pesetas!" Kron felt his head whirling. Blanca offered twenty thousand. De Valda offered a hundred thousand.

thousand—or death. Kron's momentary clarity of thought was passing, and he was finding the game too big for him. And at the back of his mind was always the smile and the cold face of Vesey, with his threats.

Yet—De Valda was offering a hundred thousand pesetas. On Thursday night Kron might earn a hundred and twenty thousand pesetas provided he handled the affair properly.

He said: "You know the Chateau Noir, senor?"

"Very well from the outside," answered De Valda. "I have never been into it."

"No? At the rear there is a little wicket gate, always kept barred night and day, as it is never used by Pepe and Juanita and Ramon. Now that wicket gate, senor, will be open at midnight on Thursday." Kron looked cunning. "The senor will pardon my mentioning it, but there is the question of the money. How shall I receive it?"

"In cash—afterwards, Kron."

Kron shook his head. "I am sorry, senor." He was very determined on this point. "If anything goes wrong in any direction—any accident, anything unforeseen—I shall still have taken my risks, but you might not deem it necessary to pay me. Would a post-dated cheque be too much to ask for?"

De Valda considered. "No. You shall have it, Kron." He was realising that in so small a matter he could not afford to risk Kron's friendship. Without Kron he could never gain entry to the Chateau Noir.

He wrote the cheque, and Kron's eyes gleamed at the imposing array of figures at its foot. Still holding it, De Valda said: "There is one last question, Kron. The Senor Hartington lost a diamond. Who has it? I may say that he is prepared to pay you your share of the proceeds from it if he recovers it."

Kron shook his head. "I don't know, senor. I don't really."

De Valda looked regretfully at the cheque in his hand. "This Kron, is a business deal," he said. "We are making one big thing of it, and the cheque I hold here relates just as much to the diamond as to the senorita, although it does not actually pay for it. You will lose nothing by disclosing where the diamond is. You will gain this hundred thousand pesetas. Now, come. Be a sensible man. Where is it?"

Kron glanced at the cheque and then at the wall behind De Valda.

AT last he said: "Vesey has it. That is all I know. He keeps it for what he calls an insurance against flight. He splits with Pepe, Ramon, and myself."

"Thank you, Kron. Here you are." The cheque was handed across, and Kron took it. "If Senor Hartington, acting on his information, discovers the diamond, you may rest assured that he will deal generously with you. Good afternoon."

Kron went out. He felt mazed and his thoughts stumbled. The complications he had constructed that afternoon were now beyond his understanding. He only knew that everybody in the game was going to make a desperate move for victory; that he was the hub of all those movements; that Thursday night at the Chateau Noir was likely to prove an exciting time.

When he got back to Vesey's house Vesey sent for him.

"So you saw De Valda at the Magnifique this afternoon?" said Vesey.

Kron nodded. He had expected Vesey to know, for the man had many spies, but with the knowledge of what had transpired he was suddenly afraid.

"Well. When is he going to the Chateau Noir?"

"On Thursday night, senor."

"What time?"

"Just before midnight."

Vesey grunted. "Right. I'll be there to meet him. You've done well, Kron."

Kron left him. De Valda's cheque felt heavy in his pocket.

Thursday night at the Chateau Noir Kron could not imagine what it was going to be like.

DE VALDA and Hartington ton had discussed the situation earnestly and on Thursday afternoon they made a decision. Their discussion had mainly been on a plan De Valda had set forward, and with which Hartington did not altogether agree. On Thursday afternoon De Valda put forward his plan again, with emphasized arguments in its favor.

"This is the way of it, senor," he said. "I can get admission to the Chateau Noir at midnight to-night. Now I don't know how I shall be let in, except through the wicket door at the back. If you come with me, it is quite possible that admittance will be refused."

"I quite see that," agreed Hartington impatiently. "But here I am, with my foot practically fit. Do you mean to tell me that . . ."

De Valda talked down his objections.

"There is another thing. Your diamond, the diamond which has kept you in El Estrellado, is, we know, in Vesey's house. That it is in the wall safe in his bedroom we can be quite confident because I know Vesey's ways. Well—why not choose to-night to get it? Kron will be at the castle. I can give you the exact hour when Vesey may always be found at the casino."

"I don't want the darn diamond if Anne is in danger!" said Hartington heatedly.

De Valda smiled. "Throwing it away won't help her, senor. May I advance my last reason for this plan?"

"Go on," said Hartington moodily.

"You will get your diamond. You will have a car standing by. Now I do not for a moment imagine I shall drive straight to the Chateau Noir, get in through the little gate, take cup of coffee, and ride away with Senorita Trellawney. It will not be so easy as that."

"You mean there will be danger? So that two of us will be better than one?" asked Hartington.

De Valda spread his hands. "Let me finish. I admit there will be danger. It is obvious that there will be. And the danger will be great. It will be so great that I might not be able to overcome it. In fact, this is how I view it, senor. I may get into the castle. I am confident I will. But I may not be able to get out again. Now, if we both arrive together we might both be in the same boat. But suppose I know that within a certain time after my getting there I can confidently count on your bursting in—a surprise to those against whom we are fighting."

At last Hartington turned and faced him. He was cool and quiet, as De Valda had seen him when they fought the duel. In

De Valda's eyes was a little flicker of appreciation. This was the man he wanted at his back for the night's work.

"I'll do it, De Valda. You know more of these people than I do. If this were an operation on Wall Street I should expect you to take my advice. I'll take yours. Tell me what you want me to do. The times, and everything."

De Valda stood up and held out his hand.

"Thank you, señor. That is one of the greatest compliments I have ever had paid me. Whatever happens to-night"—he paused, and added quietly—"in whatever fashion the serenata we both love may afterwards decide between us, I should like to say that you will always have my respect and admiration and friendship."

Hartington took his hand. "And you mine, De Valda. There was a time when I hated you. I suppose hate sometimes breeds admiration, eh?"

"Often," smiled De Valda. "And now we will plan."

They discussed times and means. To Hartington De Valda gave a complete plan of the two storeys of Vesey's house which he would have to traverse. They talked for more than an hour.

It was late when Hartington slipped from the Hotel Magnifique and threaded his way through the crowds to the gardens of Vesey's house.

The house was quiet and dark. No lights showed in it anywhere.

RAMON breached the delicate subject of treachery to Vesey over tea with Bianca that afternoon. They were standing on the verandah of her room overlooking the sun-swept bay, and below them, on the sun-kissed white promenade, a lolling crowd was moving to and fro.

Ramon said: "Has Vesey ever mentioned the Hartington diamond to you, carissima?"

"No. Why?" Bianca helped herself to another cigarette.

"Only it is strange, sh? When you helped to secure it for him?"

Bianca studied him quietly. "Tell me what you are thinking about, Ramon," she said. "We understand one another too well to be afraid to talk."

Ramon hesitated, and then stretched out his hand.

"Bianca," he said quietly, "do you think you yet love me as much as I love you? Always you have said that I must wait while you devoted yourself to your art. Well—waiting is weary; when beauty is before one's eyes. My love grows with waiting, and becomes too heavy a load for me to carry. Is there no hope for me, carissima?"

Bianca looked away. She was thinking of Vincente de Valda, of Anne Trelawney. Ordinarily she would have laughed at Ramon and have turned his protestations aside with a light word.

Yet—it might be worth while to hear what Ramon had to say. She allowed her eyes to become tender, so that, half-veiled by her lashes, they swam with soft allure. "Ah—Ramon," she whispered. "Sometimes one tires. Sometimes love seems best of all." Her hand caressed his.

His throat was full. His eyes were hot and eager. He snatched her fingers to his lips. She looked down. Her eyes were mocking, taunting, scornful; only he could not see them.

"And now what is it?" she asked.

He lost all his discretion, he who had come to tempt her to his side. He spoke a little thickly and feverishly,

"We three shall share the diamond—Pepe, yourself, and I. And you and I shall go away to America, where you are now well known and shall be famous. And I shall buy you wonderful clothes and wonderful jewels. There were some rubies I saw in the Rue de la Paix—rubies for your dark loveliness, Bianca."

He went on. He talked of De Valda and Anne and Vesey.

It became chaotic, but out of it Bianca grasped the understanding that Anne might never marry De Valda after this night.

From this she began to think. She let Ramon talk and gave her conscious self to listening. Her subconscious self thought hard.

A PLAN emerged. Even then, outside the silken beauty of her hose she could feel the stiletto she and her kind always carry. Long practice had taught her the trick of seizing it with one swing of her skirt and a swift stoop.

She smiled at Ramon. "I think you and I will be very happy," she said. "And I think your plan is a good one. Am I to come with you to Vesey's house?"

"It is good of you to offer," Ramon was like a boy, she thought, when one used him properly. "But there might be danger. I shall go alone. I will meet you in the Plaza at half-past eleven. The car will be there."

Ramon laughed. There was little mirth in the laugh, and a hint of hysteria.

"Then it behoves us, my heart, to keep away from the Chateau Noir to-night, for in the morning there will be dead men there."

"Dead!" breathed Bianca. And then, as Ramon, with a little exultant cry, swung round, she added: "Vincente—dead!"

"What?"

There was a quick lift in Ramon's voice.

His outstretched hand was closing over something white and hard and brilliant—the diamond.

Bianca stooped and straightened. Something flashed like silver in her hand.

Hartington heard Ramon's agonised voice, heard a thud. The electric torch struck a straight line of light across the carpet as it still burned on Ramon's outstretched arm.

To Hartington those moments of savage slaying, of awful drama, were ever afterwards a hazy memory of shadows flitting across a dim-lit screen. In those moments he realised a story which had a terrible ending. Ramon had loved Bianca. Bianca had toyed with him; had allowed him to steal the stone which was worth so much; and then, unwittingly, had betrayed to him that she loved another man. And she had killed him, ruthlessly, swiftly and surely.

Hartington found himself running down the corridor. He did not want the diamond. Had he found it in his hand then he would have cast it from him—far, so that he might never see it again.

He only wanted now to get to the Chateau Noir, to get Anne away, and take her back to the ordered civilisation of an Anglo-Saxon country.

Bianca heard him running, and stood, fearful, in the gloom.

Vincent de Valda might die up in the hills at the Chateau Noir. She remembered that, and it swamped the fear which Hartington's flight had engendered. She must go to the Chateau Noir.

Her fingers closed over the stone, and as they did so she remembered some words of Vesey's uttered ironically when they were planning its theft. He had said something about the possessor of the stone having everything but love, and had pointed out that he was willing to risk that if only he could get his hands on the diamond.

She sobbed, swaying, the stone still clutched tightly. Then she moved towards the door, out to the corridor, and so from

the house. She found her car and took its wheel herself. She would go to the Chateau Noir and see for herself.

She still held the stone.

THEY were very convivial at the Chateau Noir on that night of fate, Kron and Pepe had tastes in common, and among them was a love of good wine, of which the cellars of the Chateau Noir contained a choice selection. Before midnight there were many empty bottles, the necks of which had been broken off.

Pepe remembered Anne.

He looked sly. He tapped the side of his nose and winked at Kron. He would show Kron something. He sang another love song. He drank more wine.

He summoned Juanita.

"You will go and fetch the señorita down here," he said magnificently. "It is not right that so far a lady should languish alone in her room while we make merry here."

Juanita muttered something and shuffled out.

They had to wait for some time for Anne, for she at first attempted to resist the command. But Juanita overcame her reluctance at last by pointing out that it was useless, and would but precipitate the trouble already brewing. There was a chance, said Juanita, that with careful handling Pepe might drink himself to helplessness before he did any harm. It was, in Juanita's view, Anne's one chance.

Pepe greeted Anne with a bow and a flourish, and indicated a chair.

"Be seated, señorita!" he said graciously. "Be seated and grace our joyous board."

Having got her seated, Pepe ignored her, except for occasional glances in her direction. He continued to drink with Kron. He continued to strum his guitar and sing. He continued to talk to Kron. But never once did he address Anne. Only did he look at her sometimes through the wreath of smoke from his cheroot.

To Anne it was like waiting for fate. She must sit and watch these two men, silent, and the watching might endure all through the night.

At last Pepe stirred himself. The last bottle of wine was empty, the last glass had been smashed. He braced his shoulders and looked across at Anne.

"I trust, señorita," he said, "that you have spent a pleasant evening."

Anne did not answer.

He cocked his head to one side and looked lugubrious.

WHAT this silence? Have you no word for one who loves you as I do? No word?"

In the far dark corner of the hall a door opened quietly an inch. None of them saw it. They were too intent on the opening lines of the tragedy Pepe was about to stage. Pepe rose and stood before Anne.

He stepped forward, his arms outstretched. The door at the back of the hall opened as Anne scrambled frantically back from him, knocking over her chair with a crash.

Pepe, intent on Anne, was warned only at the door's opening by a little choked cry from Kron.

He turned and saw Vesey.

Anne picked up her chair. She

performed the action mechanically, for she was trembling so that she could hardly stand, and afraid so that she could not think. She only knew that the entry of Vesey had at least saved her for the moment, and that she must sit down, else she would fall.

She collapsed into the chair, where she remained, breathing heavily.

Vesey was uncertain. He had heard enough to tell him that Pepe contemplated treachery towards him, but Pepe's mention of Ramon's errand to El Estrellado told him that the diamond was in danger, and he did not wish to lose it.

He decided it might suit him better to wait a while until Ramon returned with the stone, when he reckoned he might win all the tricks on the board were he sufficiently clever and brutal.

He smiled at Pepe, who had wheeled round and was staring at him with dropped jaw and round eyes.

His appearance had sobered Pepe completely, so that he was in a dangerous state, ready to snarl at anything and anybody, ready to kill on the slightest provocation.

YET, as Vesey had reckoned, Pepe did not know whether Vesey had heard anything, and, with Vesey smiling at him, he thought he had not. He, too, played a game. He would wait for Ramon, on whom he could depend—for Kron he counted as nothing—and then they would kill Vesey, and, if necessary, Kron.

"Hello, Vesey," said Pepe at last. "What brings you here?"

"A car," said Vesey, tersely. "Finished all the wine?" He looked at the array of empty bottles.

"There's some more," said Pepe, hastily. "I'll call Juanita."

"It doesn't matter," said Vesey. "After all, it might be better if I kept my head clear."

"Why?" Pepe was round on him in a flash.

Vesey's smile was inscrutable. "Only—there is danger for us here."

"In what way?"

"A friend of ours is en route. A friend of the señorita's."

"Who?" Pepe began fearfully to realise while he had been scheming others had been doing the same.

"De Valda," said Vesey.

Anne sat up straight, her eyes alight. So De Valda was coming. After all, her friends had not forgotten her nor abandoned her.

"So!" Pepe's breath came in hissing. He stared into Vesey's eyes, afame with suspicion and wrath. "Is this a trick?" Pepe, knowing his own guilt, was ready now to suspect anything.

"What do you mean—a trick?" asked Vesey, harshly. If Pepe wished to precipitate the crisis then he was ready for him.

Pepe flung his hand towards Anne.

"You would rob me of her. That is what I mean. I don't believe De Valda is coming. I don't believe anything. You have deceived us all. Where is my brother?"

Pepe, in his rage, had lost his head and was expressing all the fears he felt for Ramon.

Vesey looked round slowly at Kron. If the battle was to open now he wanted to

know how the forces were arrayed, whether for or against him.

At that moment De Valda walked from the back of the hall into the firelight.

It was as though a dimness had fallen on the hall and its occupants. Vesey's reply to Pepe remained unspoken. Pepe's fierce speech stopped short. Kron forgot that he was supposed to be drunk and sat up, very alert and very frightened.

Anne got up. She uttered a little cry.

"Oh! Thank heaven! Thank heaven!" She ran towards him and clutched his arm.

He did not look at her, but kept his eyes on Pepe and Vesey. He moved as she came to his side, and gently put her behind him. His first words were for her.

"I have to crave your pardon, Señorita, for the time you have waited here for me to come." There was the old assurance. She saw it even in that moment of tragic relief. "But I had to find you. These gentlemen were rather secretive. I suggest that you sit down."

He guided her across to the chair—and still watched Pepe and Vesey.

When she was seated he rested on the arm of her chair.

"I should like," he said, "to correct the Senor Pepe Lorenzo in the estimate he obviously has of my character. Senor Lorenzo, I have just heard you say that I would not keep my word. Unfortunately, it is a failing of mine to do so. I always keep my word."

De Valda went on. He wanted time. He knew Hartington was coming, and once Hartington arrived the game was his. Neither of the men before him was a match for either himself or the American, for they lacked supreme courage.

He said: "To demonstrate that, Senor Lorenzo, I would tell you and, while telling you, recall it to the memory of Senor Vesey, of a little conversation I had with him a few days ago. Do you remember it, Senor Vesey?"

VESNEY did not answer. He would have paid a million francs to Kron, if Kron had shot De Valda just then.

"Ah! Perhaps you forget. Well, Senor Lorenzo, the conversation concerned the señorita here and yourself. Senor Vesey told me she was in your hands. It annoyed me. I confess that I am easily annoyed with you. I always have been. I then and there told the Senor Vesey that the next time I met you, whether here, in his house, in the Plaza, anywhere, I would kill you. I intend to keep my word, Senor Lorenzo."

Vesey's voice broke the stillness following on De Valda's threat.

"Kron!" he said, watching De Valda all the time. "If you risk it—and pull a gun on De Valda, even if you don't get him, I'll give you a million francs."

Anne got up. She stood between De Valda and Kron.

De Valda's smile vanished. His lips moved soundlessly for a moment, and for that moment it seemed he would risk all and shoot Vesey where he sat—risk Pepe's leap while he shot, risk death.

Then he recovered. "Kron is not a fool,

Vesey. Neither are you, Señorita"—his voice dropped—"for that action I am more than ever your faithful servant. Will you please sit down?"

Anne obeyed. Kron had not moved. He was dumbfounded, frightened.

De Valda realised that he could not keep these men talking until Hartington arrived. It was impossible. The strain was too great. Something would break, and when it broke there would be death, perhaps for him, perhaps for Anne.

He addressed Vesey, without, however, looking particularly at him.

"I believe," he said, "it is a custom of yours to carry with you a pack of cards. I will make a proposition to you. In the matter of the señorita we are on fair terms, I think. Neither of us can claim her. She is not in great danger from you; but I have not yet ensured her safety. Now, you want a concession from me. This is my offer."

He paused, casting a swift glance at Pepe. "We will each give our word to carry out the bargain I propose. You know me, and know I shall keep my word. You, I believe, will keep yours, because it will be advantageous to you. I will play you at any game you like for the concession. If I lose you have the extension of lease, and I ride away with the señorita. If I win—then I take the señorita out of this place as best I can."

It was a mad scheme, ridiculous when viewed later, but it was the only thing he could think of so that he could waste time and so ensure the arrival of Hartington.

Vesey said: "I'll do it." His hand moved as though to get the cards.

"A moment, please. The señoritas will take them from any pocket you care to indicate. I have such an admiration for your beautiful hands, Señor Vesey, that I prefer to keep them in my sight all the time."

"They're in my left-hand pocket," growled Vesey.

"Señorita, may I trouble you?" Anne took the cards from Vesey's jacket pocket. She had an idea while doing so of endeavoring to take a pistol from him, but she realised that it would precipitate disaster.

The Moorish-table was brought forward and Anne took the cards from their case.

Anne shuffled. Of a sudden she was mightily cool. The presence of De Valda had given her a great deal of her old confidence. Besides, none of the others, she saw the ridiculousness of his proposal, and realised that he could not have made it seriously.

It was, she decided, to waste time, for she was remembering Hartington.

"You first, señor," said De Valda.

Vesey cut. They all watched him—including Kron. In this there was a dreadful omission, a thing De Valda had not noticed.

Pepe, intent though he was on Vesey's cut, realised it fully.

VESEY cut. He was as cool and collected as De Valda, and, in fact, like De Valda, he was playing a game. In De Valda's proposition he had seen a chance to win through, not by beating De Valda on the cards, but because of something De Valda had overlooked, that something which even then was becoming obvious.

He turned up the card he had cut.

It was a nine of clubs.

De Valda smiled at him. "Mid-way, señor. Well, there are even chances that I shall beat it." He was in no hurry to cut, for he wanted to waste all the time possible.

De Valda lit a cigarette.

"Come on!" urged Vesey, as though in a fever of impatience.

De Valda cut the cards.

He lifted his hand as he did so, and disclosed a Jack of hearts.

"My cut, señor," he said.

Vesey grinned. "Jack of hearts eh?" He cast a sidelong glance at Anne.

Anne reshuffled the cards, and stacked them on the table. Vesey cut again, and now Kron was more interested than ever. If Vesey won this time there would be some fun.

It suddenly came to Pepe that if De Valda won this time he would miss his chance. He gathered himself to jump, and Kron looked round at him. Pepe sat back, trembling. If De Valda won, his chance was gone. He now forgot to be ready to jump in his anxiety to see what De Valda and Vesey cut.

Vesey had shown a seven of spades.

"Spades, señor," said De Valda tactfully, "are, I believe, the death cards of the pack. Of course there is nothing in it; but I mention it in passing as an interesting superstition."

Vesey did not answer.

De Valda cut.

He had cut the deuce of clubs.

PEPE suppressed what would have been an audible sigh of relief. There was perspiration on his brow. When Vesey cut so low as seven he thought his chance was gone.

De Valda was shaking his head. "Black cards, señor. I don't like it. Black cards are not good. We have both cut them—you for death and I for some other misfortune, I don't like it."

Vesey grinned at him. "What does it matter? Señorita, may I trouble you?"

Anne shuffled once more, and now there was some tension in the atmosphere.

Vesey, looking a little disturbed, cut the queen of spades. Kron, his revolver forgotten, was looking, goggle-eyed, at the cards and the players.

Pepe was moving—

Anne saw this from the corner of her eye, and it decided her not to turn in Pepe's direction.

She saw his right hand dropping downwards, backwards, while his eyes were fixed malevolently on De Valda's back.

Anne wondered what she should do. Should she warn De Valda? Should she call on Kron? Or should she allow the crisis to be precipitated and risk all?

While she hesitated De Valda cut.

He cut the king of diamonds.

"I have won, señor," he said.

Pepe jumped!

Kron gasped and tried to lift his revolver. Vesey's hand dropped over his and held him still. Vesey's pistol was coming from his pocket.

Anne, in a whirl of speed, saw Pepe's right hand go up and saw the steel it held.

She pushed hard, so hard that De Valda, chair and all, went sideways to the ground.

while Pepe's stab missed by a foot, so that he toppled on to his face.

De Valda was up like a cat. Vesey was up on his feet.

There was the roar of an explosion, and De Valda dropped sideways behind the larger table towards the middle of the hall.

"Missed, Vesey!" he yelled.

Vesey, with a snarl, covered Anne with his pistol.

"Now! If anybody moves this woman dies. Pepe! Pick yourself up!"

It is probable that in the next few moments De Valda would have been defeated but for a happening which reversed the tide of conflict and placed victory within his grasp.

A quiet voice from the gallery drew all glances in that direction.

It said, with a little drawl:

"Vesey! Put your hands up. If you don't—I'll kill you!"

Vesey obeyed.

Hartington had arrived in time, and it seemed that the game was won.

HARTINGTON dropped over the gallery and landed lightly on the floor of the hall, and with his arrival Anne did the most foolish thing she had ever done in her life, more foolish even than her mad dash from El Estrellado when she knew that Vesey and his people were on her heels.

In fact, she was beginning to experience that reaction which must come after severe strain and nerve tension. The subsequent ordeal had brought her to breaking point, and when Hartington dropped from the gallery, when his arrival spell bound her Vesey and Pepe, she gave way.

She saw him very trim and neat and clean, an unromantic figure dominating romantically picturesque ruffians. He seemed to her like a breath of those ordered citius for which she had longed during her captivity. She ran towards him.

"Les! Les!"

She was between him and Vesey, her arms outstretched.

De Valda, who stood up, watched her with eyes in which there was astonishment and pain.

Vesey, realising that Hartington now could not shoot, acted with all the promptitude which had brought him success in his nefarious business.

His gun boomed. There was a crash, and the great lamp which swung from the ceiling went out.

Darkness came down on the hall like a blanket, and with it, a vast clamour and confusion.

Vesey's voice rang like a trumpet.

"Get him, Pepe!"

Somewhere in the darkness, moving like a panther, Pepe was trying to find De Valda.

Anne felt herself seized and dragged towards the door. She heard Hartington whisper: "Your car—shed in courtyard. Go to it."

She clung to him, so that her arms were about him, and her hair brushing his face.

"Les! Les! Don't leave me! Don't leave me!" She was breaking down.

He got her to the door. Behind them the place was now silent, except for stealthy movement and breathing.

They must wait for De Valda, who was

trying to reach the door, towards which Vesey and Pepe and Kron were creeping. The firelight cast a great red glow across the floor middle. Outside its radiance was a heavy darkness. In this darkness the four men moved.

There was no attempt at shooting. Each knew that he dared not fire until he was certain of hitting the mark, for his pistol flash would reveal his position to the others, when death would result.

Anne, leaning heavily on Hartington, ever afterwards had but a hazy impression of it all. In the darkness, with only the slight sounds coming to her ears, it all seemed unreal, as though it was impossible that living men moved about, intent on death.

There was a swift movement to her left. Across the door leapt something shadowy, and from the left came a shot. The shadowy something seemed to stop in mid-air and then dropped.

She heard another shot from the hall's interior. Close to her a quiet voice said: "I promised, Pepe!" But the thing across the threshold did not hear, for it would never hear again.

Then the door slammed. There was a heavy thudding on it from the inside.

De Valda's voice came to her as Hartington dragged her away.

"The cars! Before they get out!"

She was conscious of running as fast as she could, but of little else.

THEY found Anne's car ready, as Kron had promised, and as De Valda busied himself with it, Hartington said: "Shouldn't we go back and pick up those two fellows and arrest them?"

De Valda looked up. "No. Leave them. Pepe was the worst, and he is dead. Let Vesey and Kron go, because they can't do any harm, and it is not good for the reputation of the place that Vesey should be hauled into publicity."

De Valda drove the car steadily downwards towards El Estreñado. Behind him Anne nestled close to Hartington, and lulled by the smooth flight through the chill air, relaxed after the tension of the past days, she slept. Her head was on Hartington's shoulder and Hartington felt the happiest man alive. They ran into the town as dawn lifted primrose above the eastern hills, and Cap Gris was yellow with light.

"I will see Miss Trelawney upstairs," said Hartington to De Valda.

De Valda nodded. "I am going round to Vesey's house. I think it is now mine."

He went off, and so found Ramon dead beside Vesey's safe.

Half an hour later a posse of police, inspired by fear of their new owner, were driving rapidly out to the Chateau Noir. They discovered Pepe dead in the hall, where De Valda had shot him. Kron was nowhere to be seen; neither was Vesey nor Blanco.

The danger had passed, and Anne, very beautifully dressed, radiant with health, sat on the verandah of the Hotel Magnifique and faced another danger, a danger even pleasanter yet hurtful—the danger of a choice between two men.

Hartington was avoiding her. De Valda, now fully occupied with the affairs of El Estreñado, had little time for visiting. In Hartington's avoidance of her she realised a sportsmanship which she admired. While

De Valda could not press his suit, Hartington refrained from doing so.

She had had a letter from Aunt Jane, written from the house of their English friends in London, asking her when she was starting for New York, and saying how much the Davis people (with whom Aunt Jane was staying) wanted to see her, and this letter seemed to suggest a way out of the difficulty. Why should she not go to the Davis's, stay awhile in London, and from that distance, perhaps get the true perspective of the whole affair?

Meantime Hartington had called on De Valda at De Valda's request. De Valda was busy in the office which had once been Vesey's, and he immediately ceased work and dismissed the clerk as Hartington entered.

"Just a few minutes, señor," he said. "I wish to talk to you about the señorita."

Hartington sat down.

"Now," said De Valda, "it seems to me that she is very troubled. In fact—appalling thought—she thinks she loves both of us. She fears to hurt either of us. Do you agree?"

"Entirely," said Hartington. "It has worried me considerably."

"So. Well—we both love her—" He eyed Hartington in silence for a moment.

"More than ever," said Hartington with emphasis.

"And," continued De Valda, "it is therefore the last thing we desire that she should be troubled on our account. I suggest that we go away from her; that you return to New York; or, if she is going back there, that you continue your travels. I shall go to Spain for a little while until she leaves El Estreñado. There is a little business I can do there."

Hartington did not immediately reply, but studied De Valda in silence.

"I'll think about it, De Valda," he said slowly. "You find no fault with it?" asked De Valda quickly.

She nodded.

"None at all." Hartington got up. "I'll be getting along." He held out his hand.

There was something he implied in the handshake which made it different from a mere symbol of parting.

ANNE went back to London.

She told De Valda and Hartington that she must go there to see her aunt, and they both expressed approval of her decision. They saw her on to the *Cercle Express*, and she reached the great metropolis without any trouble.

Anne had never realised London like this before. She had always associated it with fog and gloom and black mud and roaring, teeming traffic, mixed in that apparently inextricable jumble into which the Englishman always seems to get his affairs and from which he usually manages to extricate them.

Now she saw the traffic was orderly and controlled by the most efficient police force in the world. She saw bright sunshine, bright colors, men dressed as only Englishmen know how to dress. There was something snug and secure about it all. The age-old city was like a mother, with her mighty arms flung wide, welcoming all the world to her ample bosom. Anne was pleased to see Aunt Jane, pleased to see the Davis family, those old friends of her childhood.

One day Hartington came. He was staying at the Savoy, and he

telephoned Mr. Davis, whom he knew very well, and was immediately invited to dinner. His arrival both pleased and disturbed Anne, for it opened up to her once more that vista of doubt and longing which she was endeavoring momentarily to close.

He greeted her with the old grave friendliness, and there was nothing in his manner to indicate that anything more had ever grown between them.

During the evening, for they spent it at home, Hartington studied himself and the folk around him. He and Davis had much in common. They were of an age, and could talk of meetings here and there about the world, of trips across the Atlantic, both ways, on business in which they had been mutually interested, and in which, more often than not, they had been associated with Anne's father. Hartington could remember Mrs. Davis when she was young like Anne, when he himself had been young like De Valda, and had admired Mrs. Davis from a distance, and, in friendly fashion, envied Davis his possession of her.

So, during that evening Hartington framed the resolution which had been steadily growing at the back of his mind ever since De Valda put forward his proposition.

Later, when Aunt Jane and the Davis were engaged at cards, Hartington took an opportunity to be alone with Anne.

He said: "I want to talk seriously to you, Anne. You won't mind, will you?"

"Of course, not, Les." Her eyes were soft and kind, and seeing it, he was hurt. He went on very bravely.

"I've been thinking—about us: you, De Valda and myself. I've been thinking a whole lot, Anne. And I've realised something." He paused. "Your father has been dead a good few years now, hasn't he?"

She nodded.

"None at all." He got up and came across to her, lifted her to her feet and put his hands on her shoulders.

"Well, I was his best pal, Anne, though I was somewhat younger than he, and I always had a kind of paternal interest in his escapee daughter." He was smiling in a queer, twisted fashion.

"Les . . ." breathed Anne. His fingers tightened on her shoulder. "De Valda shall come over here, I know where to get him, and he'll be here as fast as boat and train can bring him. I think, Anne, that you will be very happy. He is a fine fellow, and my friend."

He leaned forward gravely and kissed her on the lips. She clung to him for a moment, sobbing, while he stroked her hair.

There was no cablegram nor message from De Valda, but one day a taxi pulled up outside the house, and De Valda himself got out of it. Hartington met him in the hall and brought him right in to where Anne was sitting.

As Hartington withdrew and closed the door, Anne came across to meet De Valda. "It was Les," she said. "He showed me the way."

He held out his arms to her and she came to him.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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